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Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Vol·1
No·1

June
1918

A Message from General Gorgas
The High Road to Self-Support
Not Charity—But a Chance
The Sluggard and the Ant
How Can a Woman Best Help?

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross

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CARRY ON

Vol. I JUNE, 1918 *No. I*

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After this first issue, Carry On will be sent only to those who specifically request it. Upon return of the enclosed post card your subscription will be entered for one year without charge.

It is necessary to confine the circulation of the magazine to those who are interested in the reconstruction of our disabled soldiers and sailors.

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THE Medical Department of the Army will "CARRY ON" in the medical and training treatment of the disabled soldier until he is cured or as nearly cured as his disabilities permit. We shall try to do our part in his restoration to health efficiently, with the belief that the wounded and sick soldier shall have the opportunity to return to civil life capable of pursuing a career of usefulness. This will enable him to enjoy the freedom and happiness afforded by world wide democracy for which he has given his all.

W. C. Gorgas.

June 12, 1918

Surgeon General, U. S. Army

The High Road to Self-Support

By Douglas C. McMurtrie

Director, Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men

THE provision of training for disabled men received a tremendous impetus at the opening of the present war. With the call of the able-bodied population to arms, the ensuing shortage of labor necessitated the draft into industry of women and old men. No potential productivity could be neglected, and the rehabilitation of the physically disabled became a national necessity. The dictates of national gratitude and national economy in this instance coincided, and in conjunction have stimulated extensive and vigorous activity.

The wounded soldier comes through the field and base hospital, and, finally, if his disability is such as to disqualify him from further military service, he is returned from overseas to a convalescent hospital at home. Certainly at this point, if not perhaps earlier, preparation for his social and economic rehabilitation should begin.

Before deciding what can best be done for him, the recent experience of the disabled soldier must be taken into account. In the first place, he has been away from home influence and environment for some time—perhaps one year, perhaps three. During that period he has led a life in the open, free from the many routine responsibilities of the civilian. He has been provided automatically with every necessity of life—his only reciprocal obligation being to obey the mandates of military discipline. After his injury he has been given every care which the medical corps and its auxiliaries have been able to provide. Every effort has been made to minimize worry or exertion on his part. These influences have the effect of deadening his initiative and his sense of social responsibility, and readjustment to civil life becomes in consequence more difficult.

The new handicap usually throws the man into a state of extreme discouragement. The loss of a hand, an arm, or a leg seems to the man formerly able-bodied an insuperable obstacle to his future economic activity. The prospective pension is the only mitigating feature of this depressing outlook, and he begins to calculate how he can exist on the meager stipend which will become his due. He has basis for this expectation, for has he not known in the past several men each of whom lost a limb through accident? It was necessary for them to eke out a living by selling pencils on the street, or in some similar enterprise of makeshift character. Again, life will hold no pleasure in the future; he will always feel sensitive about his missing limb. Besides, nobody has any use for a cripple.

REBIRTH OF AMBITION

Such a state of mind will be encountered in the convalescent soldier. It must be met and overcome. With returning health, initiative must be reawakened, responsibilities quickened, a heartened ambition must replace discouragement. We can go to him and truthfully say: "If you will yourself help to the best of your ability, we will so train you that your handicap will not prove a serious disadvantage; we will prepare you for a job at which you can earn as much as in your previous position. Meantime your family will be supported and maintained. You will be provided with a modern artificial limb so that a stranger would hardly know you are crippled. Finally, we will place you in a desirable job."

The first reaction to this program is fear that an increase of earning power will entail a reduction of pension. When re-education of the disabled was first begun in both France and Germany, it was found that many of the men were unwilling to undertake training, in apprehension of prejudicing their pension

BACK HOME

award. The solution of the difficulty was official announcement that such would not be the case, but that pensions would be based on degree of physical disability alone, without reference to earning power. In Canada, a placard to this effect is posted in all military hospitals and convalescent homes.

THE WISE CHOICE OF TRADES

The choice of trades in which disabled men may wisely be trained is of primary importance. In addition to considering whether men with certain types of physical disability can engage in a given trade, its present and prospective employment possibilities must be taken into account. If it is a seasonal trade, if the number of workers in any locality is so small as to make difficult the absorption of many newly-trained men, or if the industry is on the wane rather than enjoying a healthy growth, the indications are negative. The ideal trade is one in which the wage standards are high, the employment steady, and the demand for labor constantly increasing. In picking trades the present boom conditions should be discounted. Machinists are now earning fabulous wages, but it should be considered whether there will not be an extreme reaction after the war.

A VOLUNTARY ENLISTMENT

It is the general consensus of experience that the decision by the man to undertake a course of training must be voluntary. Of course, he may be retained in the military organization and detailed to trade classes in the same way as he is detailed to guard duty, but this would not make for successful results. The unwilling and rebellious pupil learns but little; the earnest and ambitious one makes rapid progress. The man must be persuaded, therefore, to take up instruction; the future advantages of being a trained workman in some skilled trade should be pointed out, and the practical arrangements to be made for him during the course of instruction carefully explained. There is no royal road to success in this effort, but after gaining the soldier's friendship and confidence, a patient persistence will win the battle. If a competent visitor has been in touch with the man's family during his absence at the front, the members of the home circle can be easily convinced of the wisdom of his reeducation; this will make all the simpler persuasion of the man himself.

INSPIRATION OF FELLOWS

A great aid in helping a soldier to decide about his future is acquaintance with the records of other men with similar physical handicaps who have made good—men who have been trained and who are now holding jobs at attractive wages. In addition, such practical results lend plausibility to the expectations in prospect which are being held out to him. A difficulty, however, is found in the abnormal premium on industrial labor in war time. Even a disabled man may be able to go out and earn seven dollars a day in a munitions factory. This constitutes a very potent counter-attraction to representations of modest but permanent employment after a course of training. If he makes the opportunist choice he will, upon the return of employment conditions to normal, be reduced to the status of a casual laborer, perilously near the verge of mendicancy. No pains should be spared to avert this eventuality.

Care should be taken, however, that representations to the man, while encouraging, should in the main be accurate. Workers with wounded soldiers should not be misled by reports of extraordinary success in isolated cases. The men will, sooner or later, learn the truth, which will thus tend to discredit the veracity of the vocational officials.

BUILD ON FORMER EXPERIENCE

In deciding which of the available courses an individual disabled soldier should pursue, the first effort should be to fit him for an occupation related as closely as possible to his former job. His past experience—far from being discarded—should be built upon. A competent journeyman bricklayer who has lost an arm may be prepared by a suitable course in architectural drafting and the interpretation of plans, to take a position as construction foreman of a bricklaying gang. It were idle to give such a man a course in telegraphy. But a train hand who has been all his life familiar with railroad work may most wisely be trained as a telegraph operator, with a little commercial instruction on the side. This man will then be fitted to obtain employment as station agent at some minor point on the road. There is an additional advantage in instances such as the two mentioned in that the former employer will be willing to engage again a man with whose record and character he is familiar—once there is assured the competence of the ex-soldier in his new capacity.

WHAT OF THE UNSKILLED?

This rule applies, however, only to men who were, previous to their enlistment, operatives in the skilled trades. Their problems are the simplest of solution. But in the present war, when not only professional soldiers, but whole nations are in arms, there will return disabled many young men who had not yet attained a permanent industrial status. Some will have entered the army direct from high school or college; others will have been migratory workers who had not yet found a permanent niche and whose experience has been too varied to be of much value, still others will have been drawn from unskilled and ill-paid occupations which hold little future opportunity for the able-bodied worker, and almost none for the physically handicapped. Among the latter will be found those who have been forced to leave school and go to work at too early an age, and to whom society has not given a fair chance. When they now return from the front crippled for life and having made a great patriotic sacrifice, it is surely the duty of the state to repair so far as practicable the former inequality of opportunity, and provide for them the best possible training. It would be a cause for national pride if, in the future, such men could date their economic success from the amputation of their limb lost in their country's service. And this is entirely within the realm of probability.

With these latter classes there is, therefore, no former experience of value to serve as a guide in the choice of a trade in which the war cripple is to be trained. We must then fall back on the general principles of vocational guidance. The more important factors will be natural talent, personal preference or taste, habits of work, temperament, and the general character of the individual. Advice in each case should be given by an expert vocational counselor, a man familiar at once with trade education, with the requirements of the various industries themselves, and with the current status of the labor market. His opinion should take into account the report and prognosis of the medical officer, and also the past record of the individual.

THE SOLDIER'S OWN CHOICE

As the decision to undertake training at all must be voluntary, so must the choice of particular trade meet with the full approval of the soldier himself. And if, after beginning the course, the subject proves definitely distasteful, the opportunity to change to another trade should—within reasonable limitation—be permitted. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the unwilling pupil is a poor learner indeed.

SPECIALIZED MACHINES UNWISE

It would seem inadvisable to train a man for an occupation which he can pursue only by use of specialized apparatus adapted to the indi-

A FRENCH CLASS IN MODELING

BLINDED SOLDIERS ARE TAUGHT POULTRY RAISING

vidual motor limitations imposed by his deformity. While a badly crippled man may be taught to operate a lathe with special treadles or to run a typewriter with special paper feed and shifting mechanism, his employment opportunities will be precarious. It may be possible to secure for him one specific job which may be arranged for at the time he starts training. But if he cannot get along personally with his employer, if his family must move to another city, if his wages are not advanced as his product increases—for these and a myriad other reasons, he may become practically unable to obtain other employment, and the value of his training will be thus nullified. Ingenuity should be directed rather to fitting crippled men to meet the demands of standard trades, in which there will be, not one or a dozen possible jobs, but thousands. Only thus can the man be made actually independent.

It is absolutely essential that training, if provided at all, be thorough. The pupils are men, not boys, and they cannot go out in the apprenticeship category, as do the graduates of regular trade schools—and even in these the present-day standards of proficiency are high. If ill-trained men are graduated from the classes the results will not be fortuitous. Employers will be convinced that the theory of re-educating returned soldiers is unsound; the men will come to distrust the representations of prospective success which have been made to them. There will be, further, an unjustified disturbance of the labor market and its wage standards if a school turns out into a trade as professedly skilled operatives a crowd of undertrained and inexperienced men. Schools of re-education must not contribute to difficulties of this character.

In fact, in every respect, we must give the disabled soldier the best possible preparation for self-support. Let us discharge, to the highest degree, the nation's obligation to our wounded. Let us so act in this greatest of all wars as to mitigate the shame of their treatment in the past.

* * *

The Sluggard and the Ant

By Two Cripples

THE SLUGGARD

ONE of my arms below the elbow was shot off in an accident. The other arm was shot off nearer the hand. I cannot and I have not been able to do any work myself. Fortunately for me, I was and am able to control my children who did my work as I directed them. Otherwise I should have been an object of charity. That is how I made my success at farming.

Injured soldiers should live on a pension. Other people should follow gainful occupations.

THE ANT

I have both arms off, my right arm is taken off at the shoulder joint and of the left arm I have a three-inch stump, and you have no idea how much this stump helps out. I am farming 180 acres; I have 80 in corn and 80 in oats every year. I have a married man working for me. I always pay my hired help well and keep them satisfied and interested in my work. I plow corn with a riding cultivator, haul corn, or anything, drive the binder when cutting oats, the mower when cutting hay; in fact, everything my hired man does but hitching and harnessing the horses, milking the cows, and a few odd jobs; but while he is doing the rest of the work I am feeding the hogs, horses, and cows and tending to business affairs. I do the feeding by taking a scoop shovel on my shoulder and holding it with my hand and chin and it does not hurt or bother me in the least.

I do my own planting of corn and sowing of oats. Of course, I have things fixed and made handy for me. All the doors and gates are made so I can open them.

I do all my driving with the lines over my shoulder. I drive four and five horses abreast by hitching them so I can drive them all with just two lines. I learn how to do new things every day. I can drive a Ford car as good as any one, cranking it with my feet. Since my accident I have bought 120 acres of land, have not quite paid for it yet, but expect to in three years.

I also have gotten married and, of course, a man in my condition needs a wife. We have a little boy four and a half years old who is also a great comfort to me. I never allow myself to get the blues, or discouraged. I try to always look on the bright side of things. I find it helps me. I pay my bills and keep my credit good, and whenever I need money I can get it, and that is what it takes to make the farm go. I do all my own correspondence and write my checks with the pencil between my teeth. I think I have given you a-plenty but there are many things that I can do that I have not written, and if I can help you any in the future will be glad to do so.

Ruins

By Charles Hanson Towne

They sat at supper in a shadowy room,
"But you," she said, "you are an artist! You
Deplore this tearing down of all our dreams!
You know that War is shattering the world,
And Beauty falls in ashes at our feet."

He looked at her, full-blown and glorious
With flaming eyes and tossed, abundant hair.

"How I abhor this hour!" he softly said.
"I never thought the world could come to this.
Yet always through the years, the flame of War,
Like a long crimson serpent, has crept and crept,
And poisoned all the beauty that we built.
The Parthenon was stricken by the blast
Of cruel cannon in disastrous days;
Yet in the moonlight it is wonderful
In a strange way the mind can never name.
And strong barbarian hordes tore down that dream,
The Colosseum; and manly Romans wept.
Yet it is lovelier on soft Summer nights
Than ever it must have been in the young years.
And Rheims—it shall be doubly beautiful
With a new meaning through the centuries,
Hushed with its memories of this dark hour."

Her face grew grave. "You dare to tell me this!—
You say a ruin is more wonderful
Than the pure dream the architect once dreamed?"

"I cannot answer. But one thing I know;
Men rush across the seas to catch one glimpse
Of fallen fanes and tottering columns. Yes,
They fare through desolate places that their eyes
May rest at last on crumbling marble . . . See!
Those men and women rise—and we must rise
To pay our tribute to that noble man
Who has come back, a ruin from the War."

She turned. There was a soldier at the door;
And one sleeve of his uniform hung limp,
And there were many scars upon his cheeks.
"A ruin!" the artist whispered. "Yet he seems
The only whole and perfect man I know!"

From The Outlook

Not Charity—But a Chance

By Herbert Kaufman

CLOSE examination of your family tree will disclose a monkey sitting on the bottom branch. Examine it again and you'll find a prognathous, long-toed, upstanding brute, covered from head to foot with coarse, springy hair.

Without tails our dim ancestors could not have swung through the upper reaches of the primeval jungle and thus have escaped from sundry voracious horrors that infested the Dawn. When beasts grew weaker and great-great-great-great-grandfather developed brain talons, his progeny descended to terra firma and, for lack of employment, caudal appendages and long, strong, flexible toes disappeared from the species.

In brief, we educated ourselves out of their use, and Nature, always thrifty, ceased to waste material where it wasn't essential.

As soon as man learned to build houses and wear pelts, she removed him from the class of fur-bearing animals; we became smooth-skinned—evolution shaved us and simplified our physiques. Evolution constantly says: "Exercise faculties and functions or lose them. What limbs and instincts you don't require, progeny shan't acquire. It's my particular job to reshape you for the environment you select. At this particular moment, for instance, I'm at work eliminating your toes altogether. As you avoid exertion and institute conveniences—elevators, trains, automobiles, telephones, automatic machinery and the like—I shall correspondingly divert attention from legs and arms and devote myself to the improvement and extension of your nervous system.

"Behold how your once stodgy fingers have thinned and tapered—but consider how adept they are. Your neck is longer; the jugular vein and throat are not in peril nowadays. Formerly I had to guard it for you by exposing the least possible area and by hiding vulnerable cords under tough layers of muscle and cartilage.

"I've pulled in your chin and removed ounces of bone from the jaw, but your forehead is rising century by century and your whole head is roomier; so that there may be ample space to add gray matter."

The foregoing may seem a far-fetched introduction to the subject of crippled soldiers and their reconstruction, but when one pauses to reflect that a tailless forebear was even more badly off and sadly handicapped in the prehistoric ages than a legless being is in this period of wheel-chairs, elevators, typewriters, adding machines and switchboards, the preface is quite germane to the subject.

Few questions demand more insistent attention than this matter of maimed folk. Europe is permanently injuring a million men annually, but not *disabling* them—with negligible exceptions, these victims of battle can be restored to self-support.

The staggering cost of maintaining such a multitude at State expense has forced society to consider ways and means of applying their remaining efficiency to suitable tasks.

We repudiate the callous conviction of recent pasts, that amputation cuts off opportunity; we dissent from the cruel prejudice which hitherto sequestered the blind in depressing asylums, or the communal un-economy which sentenced them to the beggar's hand-organ and tin cup.

All that is done with, and with it must go unworthy, primitive abhorrence and debasing pity.

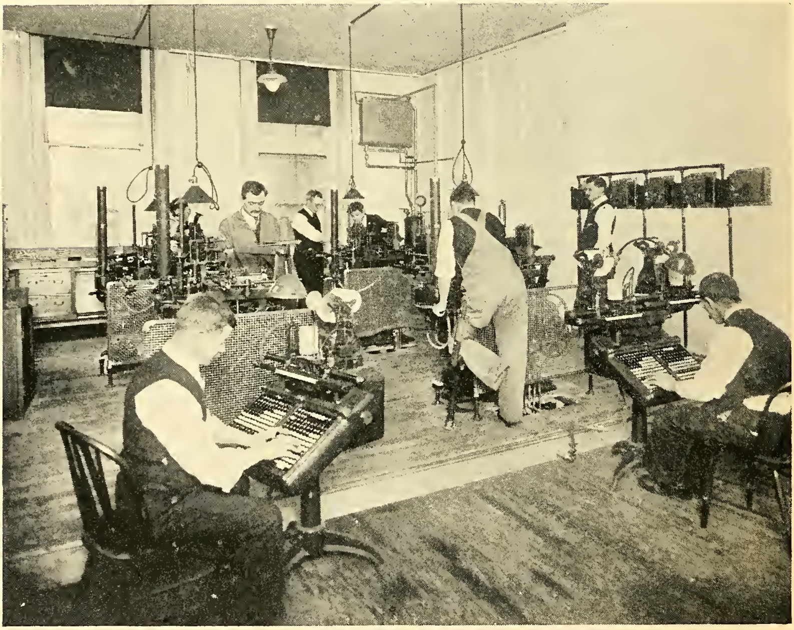
We're going to put these people where they belong; where their sound energies and sturdy intelligence can be turned to mutually profitable account.

A missing foot is not a drawback for a desk responsibility. One hand or two play no part in the exercise of superintendence. Imagination needs no eyes; it has a thousand. There are few heights prohibited to those who can find ideas in the dark.

The vital reconstruction is not for the surgeons—they'll do their bit, never fear.

We, the stay-at-homes, the sons and brothers of scarred and marred men sacrificing their persons, writhing in agony for our sakes—mangled in defense of our wealths and liberties—holding the gate against barbarism—we must be reconstructed, *too*—must reconstruct our impulses—must lose the Tarpeian Rock attitude toward the crippled—must learn to measure the worth of a fellow by his enterprise and capacity and give him the preference at every post and in every engagement—*if he can deliver the goods.*

A civilization that won't do its duty by its defenders isn't worth fighting for—prepare to prove that *this* one is. They don't want your charity—they demand their chance.



THE FOURTH ESTATE

An expert on a typesetting machine is well paid, and there is always a demand for his services. The Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, of New York, has installed an up-to-date equipment of monotype keyboard and casting machines, where under competent instructors, handicapped men are now being taught this interesting and profitable trade.

Our First Blinded Soldier

He is Being Re-educated and Will Make Good

By Sergeant W. H. Zimmerman, A. E. F.

YOU ask me to tell you how I lost my sight in France? Well, it was all over so quick that there isn't much to tell.

To start at the beginning, I was born in Missouri but my parents moved to Texas where I went to school until I was sixteen years old. My parents are old now and they live in California which we call home.

In 1910 I enlisted in the army and a year later was ordered to the Philippines. I was there until 1915.

Now I don't like war but you bet your life I love my country and when Uncle Sam needed men to go to France I couldn't get 'over there' fast enough. And let me say right here that the worst part of being blind is that I have had to let someone else get the Germans I wanted. I don't hate them, oh no! I just wanted to show them that we mean business and that no country can sink our ships and kill our women and kids without paying the price.

Well, I got to be sergeant in the ordnance and was in an 'advance' station. I was detailed to bring up the stuff that was needed in an auto truck. One day when I was going in with a full load the truck skidded and went over into a shell hole upside down with me under it.

When they took me out they found my pelvis broken, some internal injuries and I was blind. I had a good constitution and I know it helped but if it hadn't been for the surgeons and nurses I would never have told this story. The way they treated me was fine. The doctors just jollied me up and the nurses never stopped working until I was well. Oh yes, they cut me up a little but when they did it I just had so much confidence that I knew I was coming out all right.

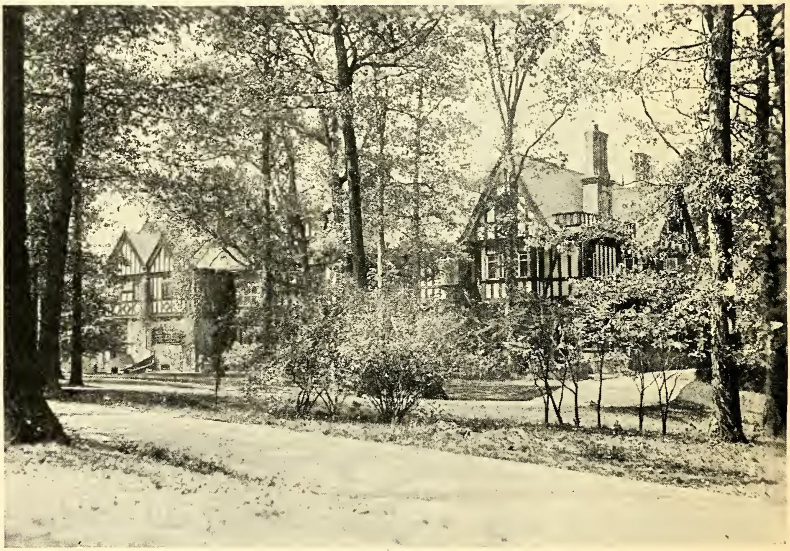
Well, one day one of the nurses brought a paper or something for me to see and the doctor had to tell me that I was blind. My first thought was, it's hard luck somebody's got to take my place and I've got to quit at this stage of the game; and then I made up my mind as I had never been a drinking man and had lived a decent life I had a good show of getting well.

I know now that I'll never see again but I also know there is still a chance for me back in everyday life and I am fighting to make good. When I went over there I had a girl so when I returned I made up my mind I would have to give her up. I didn't know that blind men could make a living. I always thought of them as selling lead pencils and shoe laces.

I came out here to Evergreen, the Army Blind Hospital School, and they told me about the preparations they were making to educate us blind fellows and how they were going to get good jobs for all of us if we would just work hard. You can bank on it, I made up my mind then and there that being blind was not half as bad as not making good, and I have been trying hard to learn to write on a typewriter and brush up on my English and spelling and things.

You see I have got to get a job now, because they sent for my girl to come down here to see me and she said, "Bill, if you make good I am going to marry you." Well, blindness is a handicap of course but it's not going to stop me.

And you can believe it or not, but if I could see again I would go right back and get in the game. Of course, I don't want to die or anything like that and yet if I had my choice I would take my chances fighting for my country. But so long as I can't do that I am going to work so I can take the place of some other fellow who is able to fight. That is one way I hope to be able to help.



EVERGREEN—U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 7

Here on the beautiful country estate of Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett, at Roland Park, near Baltimore, Md., our soldiers and sailors are being trained for useful occupations. This is the main house of a large and diversified group of buildings which Mrs. Garrett generously has placed at the disposal of the Government.

Reconstructing the Public

By Captain Arthur H. Samuels, S.C., N.A.

"AFTER the war, if a cripple stops me on the street and asks for help," said a philanthropic business man in New York recently, "how can I tell whether he is a real veteran or just an impostor? Of course, I always want to give something to the boys who went over the top. Will they wear a button to show that they've been soldiers?"

And the answer was this: "*Any man who stops you and asks for alms is a beggar whether he was in the war or not.* No buttons or insignia will be necessary."

This New Yorker had naïvely got at the very roots of reconstruction. Thousands of men and women everywhere are puzzled over the same thing, for the public does not yet understand the distinction between the cripple who can make good if he wants to, and the beggar who *could* make good but *doesn't* want to.

The gap is wide; and one of the most difficult and vital tasks confronting the Government and the other forces involved in the problem is to reconstruct the public attitude: to destroy utterly the worn-out notion about the cripple and to teach the new.

Picture a soldier who has lost both legs walking—he *will* walk—into the president's office of an industrial plant, where he is received cordially and with honor.

"It happened in the Toul sector," he says "about a year and a half ago and it was nine months before I was discharged from the hospital with these artificial legs. But early in the game I made up my mind to make good. I couldn't go back to railroading—I used to be a conductor—so I decided to take up stenography and typewriting. The Government gave me a fine course, everything I needed. I am qualified to hold down a secretarial job and I need one right now. I can't afford to be idle."

The president who really admired his caller, listened politely. He liked the man's personality. He reached for his check book.

"We are proud of men like you," he said as he wrote, "and you deserve to succeed. Here's fifty dollars. I'm sorry I haven't a position open. Good luck to you. You deserve success."

Now the ex-soldier was human and he accepted the money. He shouldn't have done so. But he is not the one to be blamed. The president, unwittingly, did a vicious thing by offering it to him and every man or woman who gives alms but not opportunity to the disabled man—soldier, sailor, or civilian—is an enemy of reconstruction. One gift of money that is not actually earned may utterly stifle the ambition of a handicapped man.

Business men must be told this again and again. The American public must know that their Government has provided a fair compensation and insurance for the wounded, which, with vocational training, provide our returned soldiers and sailors with adequate means to re-enter civil life. There is a general appreciation of the fact that our men will not be turned loose and allowed to drift as after former wars, but it is natural that a subject so new and complicated has got to be explained, iterated, and reiterated.

This is being done today in an infinite number of ways. The various forces that create and guide public opinion in America are at work enthusiastically and wholeheartedly, offering every possible means of cooperation. For after all, reconstruction is not a matter of propaganda to be jammed through; it is news—one of the biggest pieces of news that has yet found its way into the channels of national publicity.

Newspapers, magazines, motion pictures, pamphlets, speeches—these and other mediums are bringing reconstruction and its significance into the American home and American industry. The Office of the Surgeon General, the American Red Cross, and the Federal

AN EMBRYO GARDENER

A good many men, after living in the field, will not go back to 'inside' work. In all parts of America there are splendid opportunities in farming and gardening, where loss of limbs is no drawback. The agricultural courses at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., are among the most popular.

Board for Vocational Education are a small portion of the factors making it known.

The success of this great plan will depend on the attitude of the public. Public opinion is a pretty loose term as it is generally applied. In this instance, however, it is pat, because it represents several very definite and concrete elements—the man himself, his family, his friends, and his employers. Sympathy and encouragement are plentiful these days while we are in the throes of the conflict, but they will be difficult to maintain when the thrill of battle has passed and the nation has settled down to its normal activities. And *after* the war—long after—they will be needed most.

Men and women of America by word-of-mouth, house-to-house publicity based on what they read and hear are rapidly developing a new psychology toward the handicapped. Gradually they are reconstructing themselves. And the more thoughtful are beginning to comprehend that physical reconstruction and vocational training will not stop with the coming of peace, but will become powerful and permanent factors in American society and industry.

How Can a Woman Best Help?

By Alice Duer Miller

PRACTICAL experience of the war shows that the degree to which a soldier can recover is in a large measure a question of his state of mind; and his state of mind is usually a reflection of the state of mind of his wife or his mother. Women have always known in a general way that mental attitude has much to do with a patient's recovery in ordinary illness. Now we see that the same thing is true of the man who has contracted tuberculosis, has been blinded, has lost an arm or a leg, or is suffering from any of the physical or mental diseases that war leaves in its wake. The hope of his future lies in making him believe he has a future. His return to useful activity depends on his own conviction that he can be useful. The instant he is content to be an invalid he will become and remain an invalid.

To prevent his losing hope, to keep up his sense of responsibility is in the power of his womankind. That is why it is necessary that

BACK TO THE OLD JOB

Most of our wounded will be able to resume their former occupations. Although he lost both legs, this soldier will continue in his profession as a draftsman. At present he is being physically reconstructed at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., but as soon as his artificial limbs are fitted he will leave. Meanwhile, the most effective curative agent is his occupation with mechanical drafting.

every woman who has a man on the other side should understand what the government is trying to do for him, why it is doing it, and how she can help.

First of all she ought to know that each man's pension will be continued however little or much he progresses on the road to health and self-support. The government does this not only from a sense of justice, but because, knowing that recovery is largely a mental state, it realizes that it would be setting up an obstacle, if it should penalize a man for recovering by taking away or even decreasing his pension.

Then, women should see that the government is doing this for the sake of the wounded men themselves. Protection of the health of soldiers while they are part of the fighting force, is for the sake of the army. But this re-education of wounded men for civil life is done in the interest of the individual. In past times, governments have found it cheaper to entomb such men in institutions for incurables and in soldiers' homes—to pay them their pensions and forget about them. The present idea is that the country owes them more than their pensions; it owes them the fullest possible return to a normal life.

But in order to return them to normal life it will be necessary to retain control of them beyond the military hospital. There must first come bedside treatment, of course—the direct medical or surgical treatment for the disease or wound; then the special treatment necessary to fit him for his selected occupation; then, outside the hospital, his training in a vocational school; and then at last his entrance upon his industrial job.

In every step the help of women is essential; not only in cheering him during the first stages, but in encouraging him to follow patiently and exactly the detail of his training—a routine more wearisome to many natures than fighting.

Our government asks that we use our love to strengthen the will of our wounded—not to weaken it. This may sound like a harsh thing to say to a woman who has sent out a strong healthy man and receives him back blinded or crippled, until we remember that the object of it is to save the soldier and to keep alive in him the courage that was by no means all expended at the front.

The shock to the man who wakes up after the operation to find that he has lost an arm or a leg is not only the shock of his own handicap, but the horror of being a dependent—something useless and abnormal. Too much sympathy of the wrong kind intensifies this feeling, instead of decreasing it. And as a matter of fact, it isn't true; with the help of modern science, the handicapped man can still attain a high degree of usefulness and activity.

The recovery of our disabled soldiers—their return to a useful life—is in the control of the women of this country. No war work that has ever been offered to us is as important—or perhaps as difficult.

But it can be done only with the help of women—only if wives and mothers and sisters will give as much pride and self-sacrifice to the return of their men to civil life as they gave to sending them away to the colors.

Salvaging Man Power

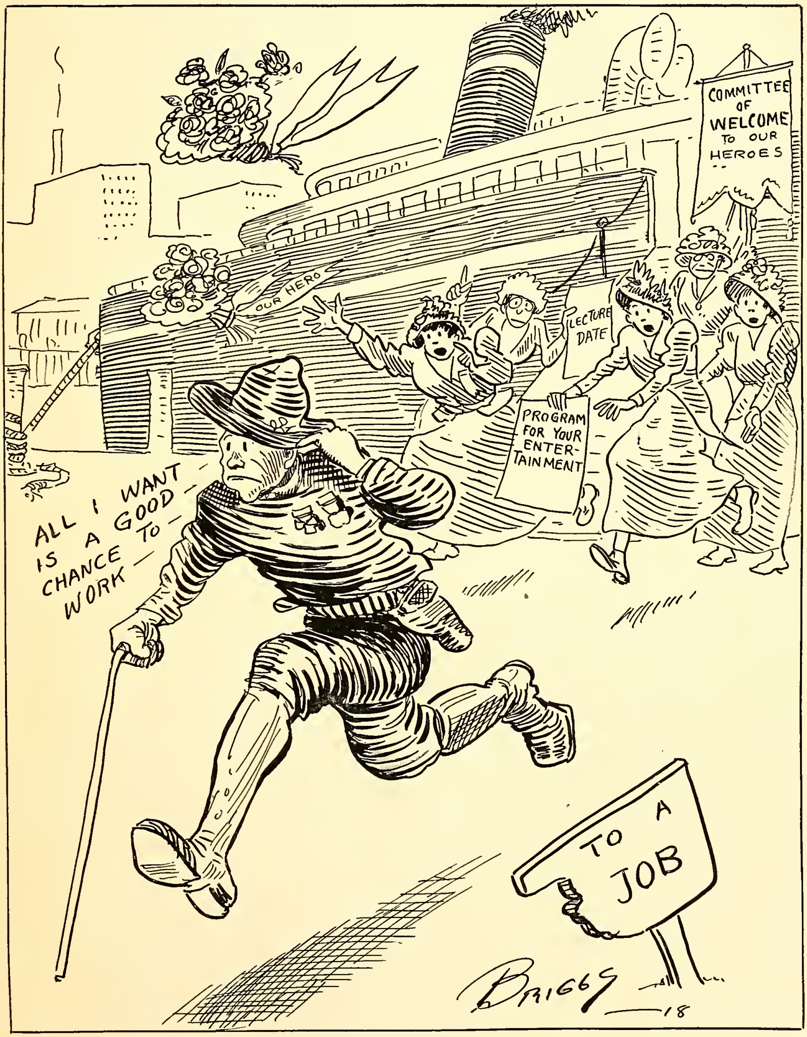
SALVAGING the man power of America has already begun in several of the army camps in this country for by no means will the work of rehabilitation be restricted to soldiers returning from overseas. At Camps Upton, Sherman, and others, units have already been founded for remedial training in physical defects. Men who are considered unfit for active duty in the line because of certain minor weaknesses are taken into the rehabilitation units where they are studied individually and given proper care and exercise under the direction of both medical and line officers. A majority of these soldiers are made fit to return to the line; and others not physically capable are assigned clerical jobs, thus releasing able-bodied men to take their places with the fighting forces.

* * *

A doubter is self-thrashed. Impossibilities are personal opinions. The mind that dwells upon the adverse chance is soon blinded to anything else.

When a Feller Needs a Friend

By Briggs


COMMITTEE OF WELCOME TO OUR HEROES
OUR HERO
LECTURE DATE
PROGRAM FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT
ALL I WANT IS A GOOD CHANCE TO WORK
TO A JOB
BRIGGS '18

Victim *versus* Victor

By Gelett Burgess

YOUR boy, your friend, may be wounded—what then? Perhaps he will recover; perhaps he may be permanently disabled—what then? He may be blinded, he may lose an arm or a leg or both—what then—afterwards?

His wounds, you know of course, will be 'glorious' for a time at least—but what then? How long before he will cease being a hero, and become just a cripple? How long before people will tire of their sympathy? What then? Haven't you thought of this dreadful possibility? Of course you have! Don't you wish to avert it? Of course you do. Well, it can be averted. You can do it.

Vague promises of spiritual benefit are poor consolations for the soldier who has been disabled in the service of his country. A real man's ambition needs more fuel than philosophy. It needs a dignified practical field for endeavor. Discarding all mere sentimentality, then, what, after his convalescence, will be his real position in society? Has he to look forward only to sitting in a chair and being supported—to becoming a night watchman or an errand boy?

No. This is the literal truth. Many, even most disabled, men will have a chance to be better off, handicapped though they are, after the war than before. Not better off physically; that of course cannot be; but actually better off financially, socially and mentally.

But, to bring this blessing about, you, his friends and relations must help. By your attitude you can decide whether he is to rise to self-respect and usefulness or to fall to the status of a mere parasite and object of pity. All that is necessary is for you to understand his opportunity, and insist that your boy avails himself of it.

Already the Government is planning the greatest educational work ever conceived. Every disabled man discharged from the hospitals—beginning indeed, at his bedside, long before he is discharged—will be given, if he will accept it, a thorough course of vocational instruction in the trade or profession for which he is best suited. These courses lasting just as long as is necessary to make him competent, will make him able to compete successfully even with whole men.

Think what that means—a free technical education for your boy! Perhaps he was a machinist. With efficient instruction that he could not before afford, he may fit himself to be a foreman in his old shop. If before he was wounded, he was only a 'hand', he may be taught enough to make him an expert. Before the war he took any job he could get. Under the supervision of the best obtainable vocational teachers, he will be trained for the job for which he is the best adapted or most inclined.

Do such possible results seem marvelous? Here in the United States, civilians have achieved inspiring victories over their so-called disabilities. Already in England, France and Germany the work has been going on; and all this has been accomplished. Just look at these authentic cases and see:

A. Clay, of the Royal Engineers, was paralyzed in the right arm. Before the war he was a butcher. Now he is a telephone engineer.

C. S. Wooding, a sailor in the British Navy, lost his right leg. Before the war he was a laborer; now, a hand boot-maker.

C. E. James, of the British Royal Marines, lost his right leg. Before the war he was a gardener; now an electrician in C. A. V. Magneto Works.

In the soldier-student list in the vocational schools at Alberta there is a lumberman who, after having his right leg destroyed in the war, was educated in motor-mechanics, and afterwards fitted himself for the civil service and now holds a position in the Canadian customs at a $2,000 salary.

THEY TRIED—BUT COULDN'T STOP HIM

It required very little verbal persuasion on the part of the young lady who sold Aubrey McLeod a Liberty Bond recently. He may have been thinking of the day the Huns bombarded a certain hospital in France and left him without legs. McLeod's home is Marlboro, Mass. Before he joined an ambulance unit, he was a student of Chemical Engineering at Purdue University. And he's going to leave Walter Reed Hospital before long, to complete his college education.

An ex-carpenter, having lost all of his right hand except the thumb and index finger, has fitted himself as a building inspector.

At the École de Tourvielle at Lyons, a boy of twenty-two, wounded in the right thigh and right wrist, had been a restaurant waiter. Now he has obtained a diploma as wireless operator.

At the École Joffre, a former farm worker who had lost his arm, has become a cutter in a bindery, and his output at a motor-driven machine is equal to that of a normal man's.

At the National Belgian School at Port Villez, a waiter with one hand crippled has qualified as a sign-painter and is succeeding at that trade.

In a Canadian convalescent hospital a mechanic after being healed of his wounds now earns double his former salary as foreman of a machine shop.

A driver of a milk wagon took up mechanical drawing and after six weeks' instruction secured a position at a salary of $75 a month with good prospects of advancement.

A locomotive fireman after losing one arm, received special instruction in telegraphy and railway routine and became a station agent. A mechanic qualified as a custom-house clerk.

A guide and trapper with one eye blinded and the other injured, became a first-class carpenter.

Not every man, of course, can double his pay; but almost every handicapped man can be educated to earn his own living. And often the training provided reveals astonishing talents that have never been suspected even by the man himself.

Here, then, is the chance for your soldier or sailor to recover his self-respect, his hope, his happiness and his usefulness to himself and to society. Perhaps you are one who thinks that a grateful government, after he has given so much in its defense, should provide for him a life of perpetual idleness. No doubt you are willing to support him, thinking he has done his share.

But of all kindnesses this would be the most destructive. Only by the surmounting of obstacles does a man grow and attain his full mental and moral stature. Then do not, no matter how much you long to have your boy at home, deny him this chance of self-development. Insist that he benefit by this great technical schooling. For then, after he is restored to you—and to himself—he will be not a victim, but a victor!

Blazing the Trail

PENDING the adoption of a definite national program of reconstruction, the American Red Cross established in New York, through the gift of Jeremiah Milbank, the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, to train the wounded or injured for selected occupations in which they would be capable of self-support after discharge from the Federal forces.

The purpose of the Institute is to build up an experienced training organization to conduct industrial surveys with a view of determining occupations from which the cripple will not be disqualified by his physical handicap, to develop the technique of placement, to collate and publish the experience of foreign countries in the field of re-education, and to bring about through a campaign of public education an enlightened attitude on the part of the people toward the disabled. At present, instruction is being given in six trades: mechanical drafting, printing, manufacture of artificial limbs, oxy-acetylene welding, motion picture operation, and certain branches of jewelry work.

The students as yet being trained in these courses come from civilian ranks. The teachers in most part are themselves handicapped and are thus able to demonstrate to the pupils that the various operations are not impossible. The field work is quite extensive. The Institute is thereby enabled to get in touch with prospective pupils, to bring to light the history of men who have succeeded in surmounting their handicaps as well as to determine the best opportunities in the various industries and their limitation and extent.

* * *

Recently a training course in vocational re-education was conducted by the Institute in cooperation with the Federal Board for Vocational Education to prepare men to act as vocational officers under whatever form of national organization Congress decides shall handle the re-educational work. The course included a trip to the various Canadian reconstruction centers through the courtesy of the Invalided Soldiers Commission and the Ministry of Militia and Defense.

* * *

Experiment—what's the use of owning a variety of mental tools if they're left to rust in idleness.

A carpenter unfamiliar with the resources of his kit isn't much of a builder. Neither will you be until you become an adept with your various faculties.

* * *

The roomiest thing we know is a man's head. Columbus had space in his sufficient for a new world. Carnegie's skull was large enough to accommodate a square mile of steel mills.

From His Neck Up

A Man May Be Worth $100,000 a Year

HE is president of the State Bank of Olivia, Minnesota, and his name is Michael J. Dowling. That he holds a position of responsibility and trust and reached it after a long, hard fight is interesting.

But the fact that Michael Dowling started out on his life career, minus both legs, his left arm and the fingers of his right hand is more than interesting. It is teeming with significance. On Mr. Dowling's own word he is neither wonderful nor exceptional. He is simply an ordinary mortal who has never known what it means to quit and who uses the brains with which he was endowed.

His accident was the result of a fierce Minnesota blizzard in which he happened to be caught, thirty-five years ago. When he was physically able to get around—it took much longer in those days than it does now—Dowling decided that he had to have an education. He absolutely refused to become a public charge; and it was arranged for him to attend school where he was so apt a pupil and developed so strong a liking for school work that he became a teacher himself.

But a country school wasn't big enough to hold Dowling very long and he went into business. From that day he climbed steadily. He married; one of his daughters is in college, and the other two are preparing to follow her. His political career, which made him speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives, established him as a man of affairs in his community, and he is so looked upon today.

Mr. Dowling never thinks of himself as a cripple because he isn't one. He laughs at you when you mention the word. He drives his car, rides horseback, and enjoys life with the enthusiasm of a boy. It is natural that the success of the handicapped man should be close to his heart; and it has been always. But when the war came to America, Mr. Dowling's desire to serve his country was quickened, and he offered himself for any work among the wounded that might bring cheer and sound practical advice.

There are no illusions in his mind as to the re-education of the soldier and sailor. He has deep confidence in the power of American medicine and surgery and in the teaching brains of the country that will be brought into play. What he emphasizes as the greatest need in this country today is common-sense—'horse-sense' he calls it—toward the handicapped man. Sentiment, yes; but intelligent sentiment that will kindle a man's ambition, not quench it.

He has a fine inspiriting philosophy, has Michael Dowling, and a whimsical manner of stating it. When he was asked how much he thought physical disability interfered with a man's earning capacity his answer was characteristic: "From his neck down a man is worth about $1.50 a day; from his neck up, he may be worth $100,000 a year."

The Enemy Was Ready

How Germany Made Preparation for Her Wounded

AT the outbreak of the war, Germany of all other countries had laid the most solid foundation for the care of her wounded. Immediately all the resources accumulated in peace time for the rehabilitation of cripples were mobilized—almost simultaneously with the military mobilization.

One week after the beginning of hostilities, the Kaiserin, at the suggestion of Dr. Biesalski, Germany's leading orthopedist and secretary of the German Federation for the Care of Cripples, sent a telegram to the members of the Federation, asking that the fifty-four German cripple homes throw open their doors to war disabled soldiers. To this, all the homes immediately consented. Dr. Biesalski made a tour of Germany under the auspices of the Red Cross, in which he visited the principal cities, urging the formation of voluntary committees. The immediate result was the initiation of work in all parts of the empire under various auspices and with various plans.

There are four stages in the treatment of the disabled soldier: (1) medical treatment; (2) provision of artificial limbs and functional restoration; (3) vocational advice and re-education, and (4) placement. These activities are cut sharply in half, the first two being, as a rule, controlled by the imperial military authorities, and the last two by private and state agencies.

The medical side of the problem tends thus to be conducted on more uniform lines. The vocational and economic rehabilitation is in the hands of local committees. There is no central authority giving general direction to the work; the re-education schools are of varying types and most unevenly distributed. The matter of re-education is largely in private hands and mostly done by volunteers. It is not even supervised by the imperial government. In spite of the friction that sometimes developed, especially in the beginnings, between the civilian workers and the military officials, the work ranks high, both with regard to volume and to the efficiency of the individual institution. This is due primarily to the existence of a strong body of enlightened public opinion as to what constitutes the duty of the nation toward the wounded.

WHAT PUBLIC OPINION HAS DONE

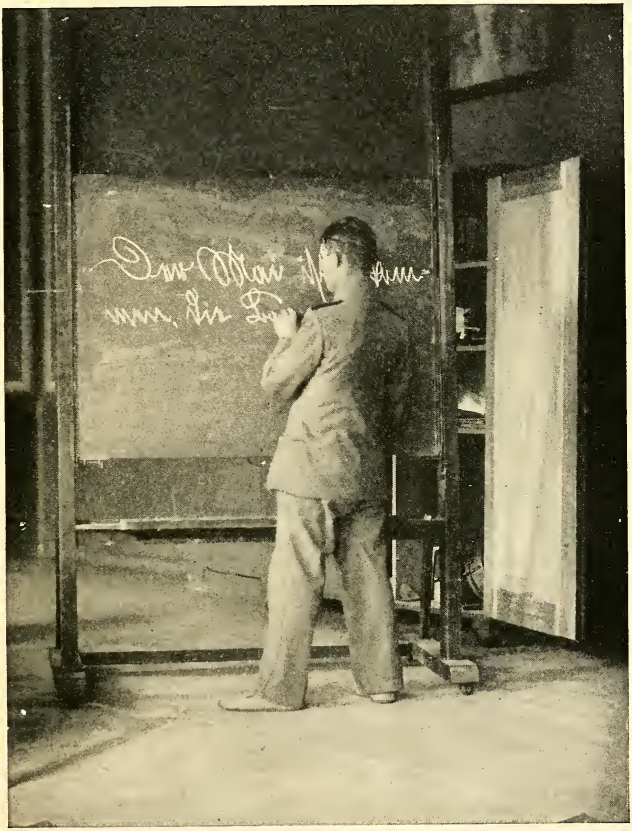
As in every country, there was in Germany the usual outburst of charity, misguided by the traditional attitude towards the war cripple, which was a combination of hero worship with pity for an assumedly helpless member of society. The newspapers were loud in their demands for *Heldenheime* (old soldiers' homes), where all cripples could be maintained in idleness for the rest of their lives. Public sympathy towards the veterans was in danger of being absorbed in the undesirable forms of charity, to the total disregard of constructive forms of assistance.

Immediately, however, an educational campaign was started to divert public opinion to an interest in the work of rehabilitation and re-education. This public education on the subject of proper treatment for war disabled has been very efficient and effective. *At the present time, German public opinion has fully assimilated the idea that the real public duty towards the handicapped soldier is to restore him to work and to an active participation in the economic life of the country, and that this is a patriotic duty.* The faith in the possibility of the rehabilitation has become a part of the patriotic faith. The principle that no one need be a cripple unless he himself wishes it, and that "the wounded man must sink back into the mass of the people as though nothing has happened," is accepted as a creed.

DIFFERENT METHODS, BUT UNITY OF PURPOSE

While the methods used in the different localities and institutions may vary greatly, there is a complete unity of purpose. Germany has a very definite scheme as to what constitutes the reconstruction of her wounded. It is accepted by all the institutions working to this end, it is put in practice, and it is said that in ninety per cent. of the cases the desired results are obtained. Dr. Biesalski puts it this way:

1. *No charity; but work for the war disabled.*
2. *Disabled soldiers must be returned to their homes and to their old conditions; as far as possible, to their old work.*
3. *The disabled soldiers must be distributed among the mass of the people as though nothing had happened.*



EDUCATING HIS LEFT HAND

It is not difficult to learn to write with the left hand. The German is made to adapt himself very quickly; and thus he may still serve.

4. There is no such thing as being crippled, while there exists the iron will to overcome the handicap.

5. There must be the fullest publicity on this subject, first of all among the disabled men themselves.

Dr. Biesalski says further that from ninety per cent. to ninety-five per cent. of all the war wounded treated are returned to industrial life.

TWO HUNDRED ORTHOPEDIC HOMES

There is a fairly complete network of orthopedic homes distributed all over the empire, about two hundred in number, and all under military discipline. The time of treatment for a man in the orthopedic hospital is from two to six months. Men are kept here until they are ready to go back to the army or are pronounced definitely unfit for service. Even if they are so unfit, the war department does not discharge them until they are pronounced by the physician physically fit to go back to civil life.

More and more emphasis is being placed on physical exercise as a means of bringing the physical condition back to the standard. The plan is that a man shall begin very simple but systematic physical exercises even before he is out of bed. These are gradually increased until finally he has two or three hours a day under a regular gymnasium instructor. Games and outdoor sports are found to have an immense therapeutic value, both psychological and physical, as compared with medico-mechanical treatment. Though the hospitals do not attempt to train a man to a trade many of them have workshops attached for purposes of functional re-education. There is great stress placed on the fact that even this occupational therapy should be really useful and should lead the patient direct to some practical occupation.

GENERAL INTEREST IN ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

All artificial limbs are furnished and kept in repair by the government. The government has prescribed maximum prices for the different types. Otherwise there is no official supervision: no standard pattern is prescribed, and the matter is left to the doctors and engineers of the country.

The result is an immense stimulation of activity. The magazines are full of descriptions of new appliances recommended by doctors and manual training teachers from all parts of the country. At an exhibition of artificial limbs, held at Charlottenburg, there were shown thirty kinds of artificial arms and fifty legs in actual use. The German Orthopedic Society has devoted much discussion to the matter and there has been wide education and publicity.

The principle now thoroughly accepted is that the appliance should reproduce not the lost limb but the lost function. It should not be an imitation arm or leg, but a tool. The standard of merit is the number of activities it makes possible. The so-called *Sonntagsarm* (Sunday arm) is never supplied except on request to clerical workers.

RE-EDUCATION WITH MEDICAL TREATMENT

Re-education in Germany goes on at the same time as the medical treatment. This has two causes: First, there is the strong conviction that results can be obtained only by getting hold of a patient at the earliest possible moment of convalescence, and second, the fact that, since the Imperial Government does not pay anything towards re-education, it is more economical for the care committees to attend to it while the men are in the hospitals and thus save themselves the expense of maintenance.

The first civilian function in the care of the war handicapped is vocational advice. The local care committee usually appoints vocational advisers, whose appointments must be sanctioned by the local military authorities, controlling the visits made to the men at the hospitals. As soon as a man is well enough to be visited, the committee sends to him its representative to get full facts on his experience and his physical condition and then advise him as to re-education or immediate work. It is insisted that a man must, if humanly possible, go back to his old trade, or, failing that, to one like it.

In most instances, there are no workshops maintained at the hospitals. The local care committee may utilize the local trade schools.

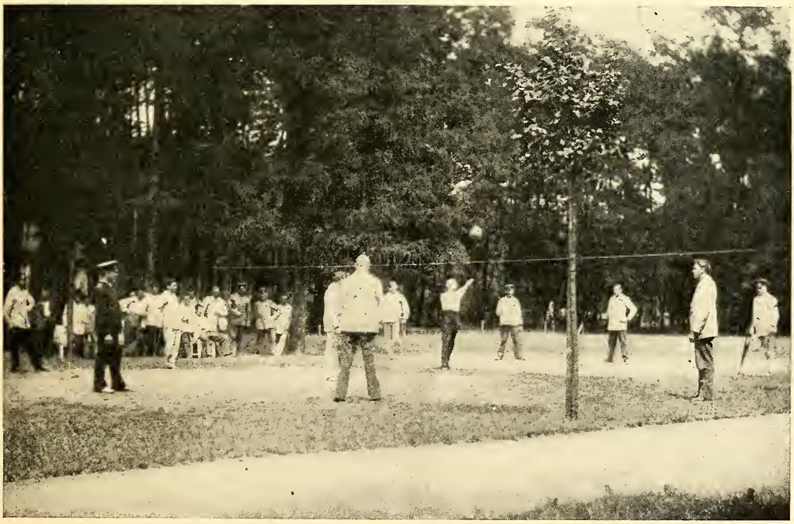
There are excellent facilities for this, since every town has at least one trade school. Some representative of the educational authorities generally serves on the local care committee and the schools are eager, in any case, to offer free instruction.

German magazines are full of advertisements of free courses for soldiers, offered by schools of the most varied kind, public and private, from agricultural and commercial schools to professional schools and universities. On the other hand, in a large town, with a large number of hospitals, the committee may create a school of its own. Thus, in Düsseldorf, for instance, where there are fifty hospitals, the committee has taken possession of a school building equipped with shops and tools and given twenty courses open to men from all the hospitals.

GREAT VARIETY OF TRADES

The instruction offered and the trades taught present a great variety. It is planned that none of the courses shall take more than six months, the maximum time for hospital care. These short courses are intended for men of experience who need further practice in their old trade or in an allied one. If a man needs further training after this short course, he becomes the charge of the local care committee, which supports him while he attends a technical school or pays the premium for apprenticing him to a master workman.

A special effort is being made to return to the land all who have any connection with it, such as farmers, farm laborers and even handworkers of country birth. All the hospitals which have any land give courses in farming and gardening for their inmates. It is estimated that there are several hundred such hospital farms, small or large, run by the wounded. In addition to this, there are definite summer farm courses at agricultural schools and universities, which are free to cripples. There are in the empire ten regular agricultural schools for war wounded.



EACH PLAYER WITH AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB

From the earliest stages of convalescence, Germany insists on regular exercise and recreation for her disabled soldiers. These prove a good tonic, not only for the body, but for the mind as well.

CLASS IN BOOKBINDING

This work constitutes a routine feature of after-care for men with injuries to fingers or hands. It is likewise training for remunerative employment.

There is no uniform machinery for the placement of war disabled. The principle is universally recognized that a "man must go back to his former trade and, if possible, to his former position." The care committees, while interviewing the man in the hospital, get also in touch with his former employer. Sometimes a position is thus secured even before the man has started his training, and the latter is then adapted to the requirements of that particular position. It is, however, not always possible to place a man with his old employer. Some of the larger care committees run employment bureaus of their own. Others turn over the man who cannot be taken back to his old position to another agency.

Employers' and workmen's associations are of considerable assistance in the placement of war cripples, especially the Federation of German Employers' Associations, which has been recently formed for this particular purpose, and the many master guilds of handworkers. There are also a number of agencies due to charitable or private initiative.

Finally, there are open to war disabled a very large number of positions in government service. The Imperial Government has promised that all former employees of the railways, post office, and civil service will be re-employed, if not in their old capacity, in a kindred position. These men are to be paid without consideration of their pensions. The post office department has decided to give all future agencies and sub-agencies in the rural districts to ex-soldiers, provided they are fit for the positions and want to settle on the land. Many city governments make efforts to take in the handicapped. A number of employments under the war department are reserved. The war department, through its recently created welfare department, attempts also to develop a placement activity wherever there is no very active local care committee, and publishes twice a week a journal which lists the positions open for handicapped veterans.

Looking After the Soldier's Family

Home Service of the Red Cross Lends a Helping Hand

By W. Frank Persons

Director-General of Civilian Relief, American Red Cross

A MARYLAND boy discharged from the Army after developing tuberculosis returned to his home to get well. A Red Cross Home Service worker who knew her business talked with the family physician and called on the family with a tactful offer of assistance. Fortunately little aid was needed. The people were intelligent and already knew something of the nature, treatment, and prevention of the disease. The boy was having good care and the other members of the family were being protected.

It remained only to help with information about the War Risk Insurance Law and the filling out of the application for compensation. But the ex-soldier and his mother were somewhat surprised and affected by the friendly yet restrained and sensible manifestation of interest in him after he had supposed he was all done with the glory of service and was only a sick and forgotten civilian. "It is these things you are doing for us that make us want to fight harder than ever," said the lad to the Home Service visitor as she left, with several new friends to her credit.

Here in a word is what the Red Cross is trying to do through the Home Service Section of each of its thousands of Chapters for every disabled soldier or sailor who leaves the service in need of any advice or help. It is trying to make these boys 'want to fight harder than ever'. But now they are fighting a new battle; a long, hard fight for themselves, for their physical, mental, and economic recovery, for their own future of self-support and usefulness to the community.

Home Service is buttressing their morale through constant, quiet effort to remove every occasion for worry about their home affairs. Does it work? Ask the men. "I want to extend my sincere thanks to you," wrote one of them, "for going to aid my wife and child whom I asked you to help last week. *I can soldier better now.*" Another, on the way to camp, stopped at the Red Cross Office in an eastern city and said, "I want to tell you what it means to me to know that if my mother should be lonely or sick, or if anything should happen to her you will be there to stand by her and set things right." These and hundreds of other letters make us believe that those also serve who help the families of soldiers and sailors in quiet villages and crowded cities all over America.

MORE THAN MONEY RELIEF

Home Service means least of all giving money relief. The Government has generously provided for financial assistance to dependent relatives. The Red Cross does not hesitate to supplement the Government allowances in cases of special need and is often able to tide over a criticial period by a timely loan until the Government money arrives. But first and foremost Home Service means just what the name implies.

It never intrudes itself on the family, but in suitable ways, through group meetings, posters, letters to soldiers, makes known that it is always ready on call to respond to the least intimation of need. In every camp, on every transport, and with the various commands in France there is a Red Cross representative whose sole duty it is to mingle with our soldiers in man-to-man fashion and place the whole machinery of the Home Service organization at the disposal of all who are concerned

A NEW SECRETARY

Some men are quick 'learners'. After selecting stenography and typewriting as the vehicle for his return to civil life, this soldier at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, is rapidly becoming an expert. His physical handicap is no detriment.

about family affairs in which any outside friend can be of assistance.

CONTACT BETWEEN MAN AND FAMILY

For instance, if the Associate Field Director finds that Private Johnson of Iowa is worrying over a letter from home, he writes at once to the Home Service Section of the man's county or town and suitable aid is immediately forthcoming. Likewise when the soldier is in the hospital another Red Cross representative is on duty to write letters home telling of the patient's progress toward recovery and establishing such direct contact between the man and his family and the local Red Cross workers as will enable the whole procedure of assistance to be set in motion.

After the Government has contributed to the soldier's rehabilitation all its resources of treatment, vocational training, and placement service, he must go back to his civilian life in his own community and make his own way, basing a structure of self-support upon the foundation of a just pension which will not be reduced no matter how much he is able to supplement it. For thousands of men, perhaps for all resourceful returned soldiers and sailors who take advantage of their opportunities, no further assistance will be needed. Many, however, will require friendly, sympathetic oversight and encouragement to carry them through the first critical months until they have found themselves in their new lives. In this follow-up work a distant and impersonal Government bureau is at a disadvantage. Here is a great opportunity for the right community agency, for friends who really understand the need, for a big brother or sister close at hand and intimately aware of the man's every-day problems and difficulties.

A STEADYING HAND

The ex-soldier is now free of all supervision and with his handicap offset only by schooling in a new occupation, he must face the competition and drive of life and sink or swim by his own efforts. Then of all times he needs a steadying hand on his shoulder, an encouraging word in his hour of depression. To overdo this help, on the other hand, to weaken his moral fiber by ill-considered kindness is to do him the worst of injury. To help truly and constructively at this time is a task calling for the clearest common sense, the utmost devotion, the greatest fund of practical experience in the delicate work of social adjustment which can be mustered and applied.

Here is the crowning opportunity for Home Service. With its trained workers, already in touch with the family needs and problems and its long-established relation of neighborly assistance, the Red Cross stands ready to take up the after-care of disabled soldiers and sailors at the point where the Government returns them to their homes.

From Little Acorns

It is interesting to speculate on the new methods of doing things that the Great War has brought forth. The attitude towards the handicapped is especially important and those who have studied the problem at close range, overseas and in Canada, are one in their conviction that recovery is best quickened by treating the disabled soldier as normally as possible.

In other words, the attitude toward the cripple must be positive. To emphasize his disability, to stress the negative phase of his condition, can accomplish nothing but a feeling of self-pity and discouragement. Speed of recovery and ambition to return to his normal activities are fostered to a large degree by the man's environment.

The acorn on the cover of this first issue of Carry On was selected because it symbolizes growth of power and dignity. The oak was the emblem of Jupiter. To the Romans the oak branch and acorn stood for civic power and justice.

An emblem becomes appropriate and significant only by usage and it is hoped that the acorn—simple in design and easy to remember—typifying the idea of expansion and lasting strength finally may mean to reconstruction what the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. triangle mean to the world. The name Carry On has worked its way from the trenches into the American vocabulary and day by day is becoming more colloquial.

To Mr. C. B. Falls of New York go the cordial thanks of the editors of Carry On, for his generous contribution of the cover design and emblem. An artist of national reputation, Mr. Falls has come prominently to the fore in the past year by his striking war posters for the Government.

Reconstruction Staff

THE Staff of the Division of Physical Reconstruction in the office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, consists of the following personnel:

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MISS MARGUERITE SANDERSON. Boston, Mass. Supervisor of Physiotherapy Aides.

The Trouble Buster

THERE'S a good deal in a name, especially when it is as euphonious as the title of the lively little periodical published by the class in printing under Major W. H. Henderson, at Fort McHenry, U. S. General Hospital No. 2. *The Trouble Buster* is an historic document because it is the first periodical of any kind published in this country devoted entirely to the remaking of the disabled soldier and sailor. It is well illustrated by local rehabilitation talent and has on its editorial staff a poet who contributes the following to Vol. I, No. 1:

IF

If you can hold your head up while the others
  Are drooping theirs from marches and fatigue;
If you can drill in dust that clouds and smothers,
  And still be fit to hike another league;
If you can stand the greasy food and dishes,
  The long black nights, the lonesome road, the blues;
If you can choke back all the gloomy wishes
  For home that seem to spring right from your shoes;
If you can laugh at sick-call and the pill boys,
  When all the other lads are checking in;
If you can kid and jolly all the kill-joys,
  Whose faces long ago forgot to grin;
If at parade you stand fast at attention,
  When every muscle shrieks aloud with pain;
If you can grin and snicker at the mention
  Of some bone play connected with your name;
If you succeed to keep your knees from knocking,
  At thoughts of all the bullets you may stop;
If you can do these things and really like 'em,
  You'll be a reg'lar soldier yet, old top.

D. H. W.

140,476

Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Vol·1
No·2

August
1918

in this issue

President Wilson
Theodore Roosevelt
Charles M·Schwab
Judge Julian W. Mack
Augustus Thomas

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross

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CARRY ON

Vol. I AUGUST, 1918 *No. 2*

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army

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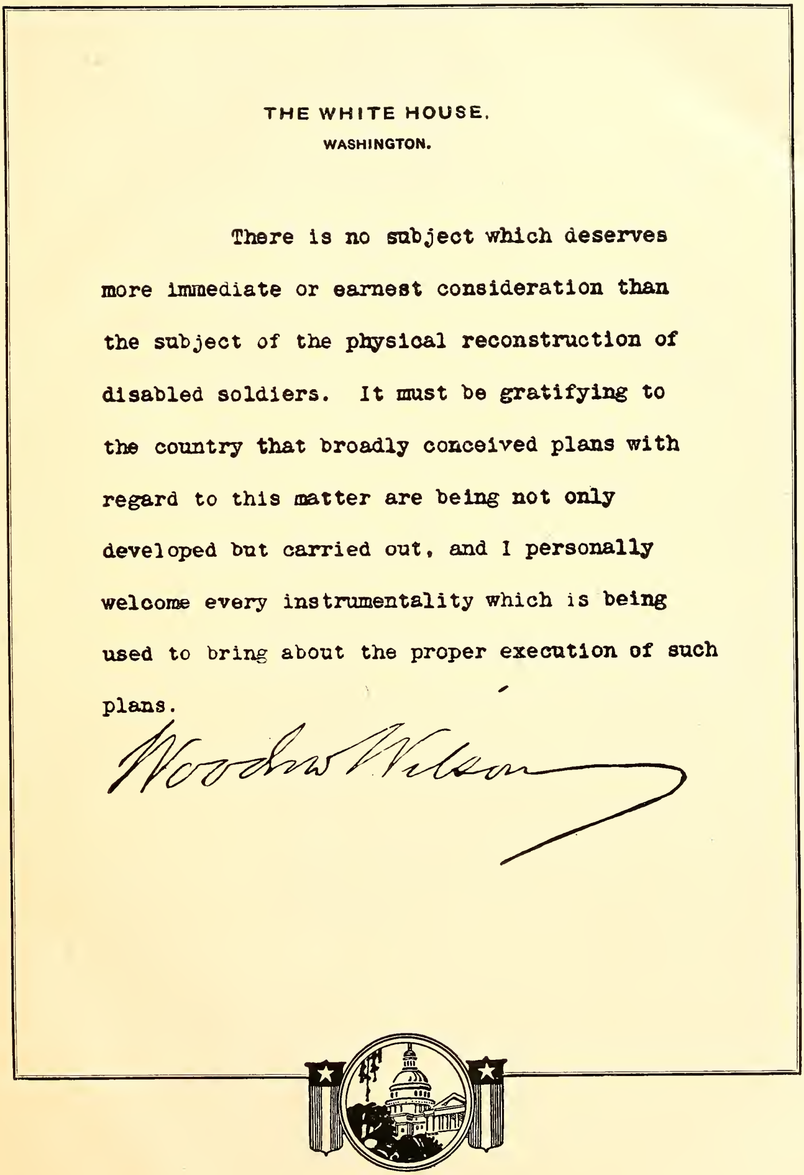
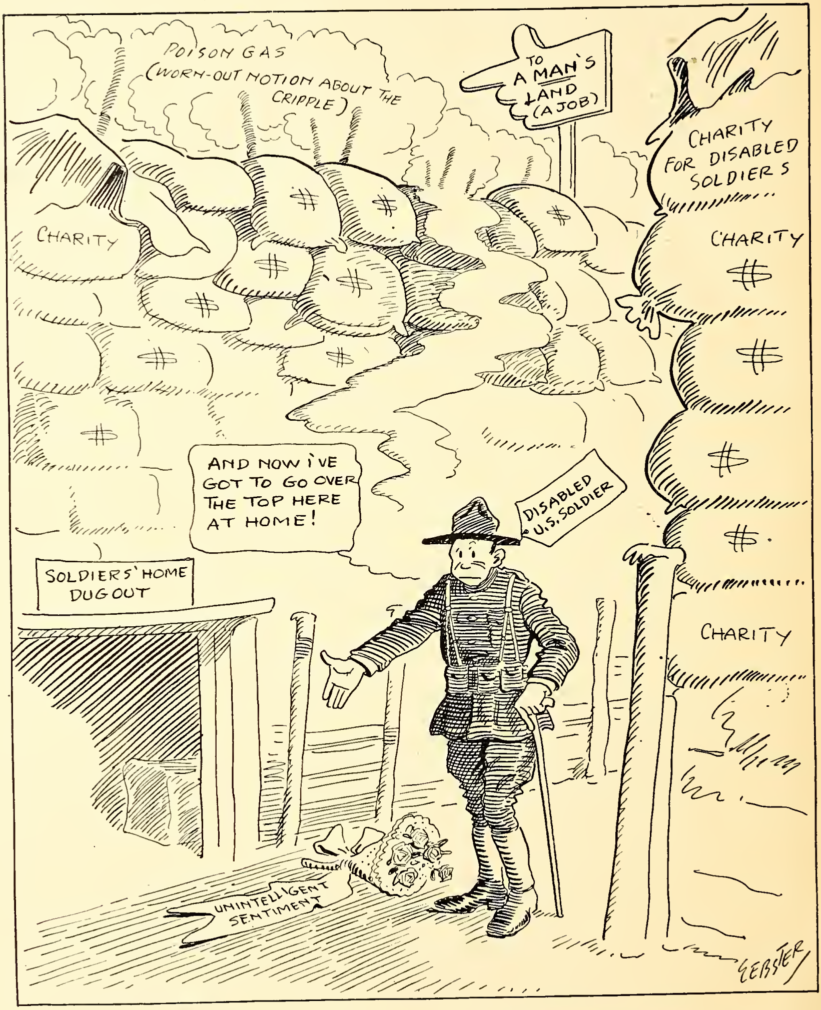


THE WHITE HOUSE.
WASHINGTON.

There is no subject which deserves more immediate or earnest consideration than the subject of the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers. It must be gratifying to the country that broadly conceived plans with regard to this matter are being not only developed but carried out, and I personally welcome every instrumentality which is being used to bring about the proper execution of such plans.

Woodrow Wilson


POISON GAS (WORN-OUT NOTION ABOUT THE CRIPPLE)
TO A MAN'S LAND (A JOB)
CHARITY FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS
CHARITY
CHARITY
CHARITY
AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GO OVER THE TOP HERE AT HOME!
DISABLED U.S. SOLDIER
SOLDIERS' HOME DUGOUT
UNINTELLIGENT SENTIMENT
WEBSTER

They Don't Want Your Charity—They Demand Their Chance

By H. T. Webster

For Their Souls' Desire

No Recognition of Service Can Be Too Great

By Theodore Roosevelt

To the Editor of Carry On:

LIKE all good Americans I, of course, most heartily sympathize with the work you have undertaken for the reconstruction of our disabled soldiers and sailors. Soon the men who have been crippled at the front will be returning; and our people will then see with their own eyes the grim sacrifices demanded from the men who have paid with their bodies for their souls' desire, the men who are doing the one vital work in the great war to free the world from the nightmare horror of the supremacy of the Prussianized Germany of the Hohenzollerns.

These men will return with shattered bodies and racked nerves. It is for us to show that we in practical shape recognize that their wounds are the proofs of their high devotion to their country and to the cause of civilized mankind.

The same efficiency that must be exercised in the making of our army and navy, and in the building of ships to hurry men and supplies to our allies overseas, must also be applied to the rehabilitation of the wounded soldier and sailor—not a stone must be left unturned to restore these men to fields of usefulness and self-support. No recognition of their services by our Government and our people can be too great. But, as always, there must be hard common sense in making the recognition, or it will do more harm than good.

It is the plain duty of every American citizen, men and women, to stand back of these returned fighters and to give them the help they deserve. The help should be given generously. It should also be given intelligently.

We can all have full confidence in Surgeon General Gorgas and the leaders in surgery and medicine who are his associates. They will render every aid in the physical reconstruction of our men, and will strive to build them up to the point where they are able to resume their former occupations or enter the vocational schools to learn new occupations.

Mere sentimental pampering would be ruinous to the men and to the commonwealth. What the men need is an opportunity to make good as straight citizens. To meet this need it is necessary for the Government and the men themselves to take the right attitude. Moreover the families of the men must be sensible and urge the men to get back on the job. Finally, the employers in every line of business must understand that a man's real worth is measured more by his brains than by his limbs, and must cooperate in the great work.

I am glad to express in CARRY ON my fullest support for this great work of reconstruction. It is of great consequence to the maintenance of our army and navy because it will release able-bodied men for the front. It is of even greater consequence to the future of the industrial life of America.

I accept with pleasure the proposal to make me a member of the Advisory Board.

Launching Men Anew

The Seas of Opportunity Are Waiting for Specialized Brains

By Charles M. Schwab

Director General, Emergency Fleet Corporation

IF there is one thing today that American industry is searching for harder than anything else, it is brains. For thirty-three years my life has been spent among workmen in what has become the biggest branch of American industry, the steel business. But it doesn't make any difference what field of industry you consider, the test of success is the same.

In the present crisis, leaders of various businesses are engaged in work that is necessary to the winning of the war, and yet wherever in the country's service they happen to be placed, the basis of efficiency remains unchanged. It is brains—specialized brains.

My present experience in the building of ships proves this daily. The man who can drive more rivets than his fellow succeeds not because he is physically stronger, but because he knows how to utilize his brains, and how to direct his energy.

There used to be a good deal of nonsensical talk in this country about men who miss fire because they lack genius. Genius is principally hard work: using normal brains to think beyond the manifest daily duty. It supplies one of the readiest alibis for the man who doesn't want to work a little harder than he is compelled to.

America is facing today a situation that demands the most thoughtful consideration of every man and woman. The drain on the man-power of the country is tremendous. Day by day, week by week, thousands of our men are leaving their industrial pursuits to take up arms against the common foe. The army and the navy are straining every effort to equip and to train these men for battle; the great industrial plants are humming day and night; the shipyards from coast to coast are quickening, by every human process, the building of ships to send our fighters and the necessary supplies to our Allies overseas.

Certainly it is not difficult to foresee how the exodus of several million able-bodied intelligent young men is going to affect American industry. The newspapers carry the message daily in their 'help wanted' columns. The supply is way behind the demand; but we must have fighters and war-workers, and the demand will continue greater as the war goes on.

This is why the subject of reconstruction of our disabled soldiers and sailors will touch every branch of American industry. The man who has offered his body in the defense of his country must not be allowed to return to us merely as a hero worthy of our sympathy. His physical handicap, whatever it may be, will not, except in rare instances, render him useless as an industrial factor; on the contrary, it will afford a greater opportunity than ever before to utilize his brains upon which he was not so dependent when he went away.

Reconstruction is a very live issue in America. Not an academic problem, but a practical one. For some time it has been gaining in importance as a part of the very fabric of industry, and because our big leaders are blessed with imagination, many of them have already foreseen the necessity of salvaging their man-power, of holding trained and loyal employees and not discarding them on account of a disability for which they are not responsible. I know of many instances where the process of retraining has returned able men to their jobs, and has not only saved the

GIVE HERE
TO-DAY
THE RED CROSS
MITTANCE

THEY BELIEVE IN SIGNS

Hand-lettering and sign-painting provide many handsome incomes, and often mean the start of a permanent business. Here the training begins in the early stages of convalescence. Ray Smith, the soldier at the right, won a $500 prize in a War Savings poster contest.

man for himself and his family, but increased the effectiveness of the plant in which he worked.

It is not possible to gauge accurately the number of fighting men who will return to us handicapped in body, but there will be many. Most of them will not have to learn new trades —not more than ten per cent., I am told. But practically all of them can be put back into the industrial life of the country and must be. We need these men—need them badly. Their physical courage proves their worth; and ought to dispel once and for all the notion that they crave pity.

I have been asked to suggest what seem to be the best fields of industry for our handicapped soldiers and sailors. It would be easier to say which field they cannot enter for I do not believe that any field is closed to them.

The usefulness of these men as fighters does not cease when they are unable to return to the trenches. The men who are building our ships constitute a great army—they are industrial soldiers, every one of them. Most of those who come back from overseas can be made fit for industrial work of some character, whether it be mechanical or clerical. Each can take the place of an able-bodied man and release to the military forces another fighter, or can fill an important gap in the industrial scheme.

Never before has opportunity for advancement in industry been so great as it is today. The gates are opened wide for trained men; and the Government program of rehabilitation is a guarantee of what we may expect. Our disabled soldiers will be taught to use their brains, and brains are needed to carry out the plans of those who furnish capital.

In my years of experience as an employer of large groups of men, I have rarely known a man who really used his brains to his full capacity and failed to advance. I believe that the emphasis of this fact will have much to do with the recovery and success of our disabled soldiers and sailors. If the men can be imbued with the spirit that impelled the most striking successes in American industry there should be little difficulty in solving the problem of reconstruction.

It is the duty of the business men of America to take these men at their intrinsic value; to employ them not from a sense of duty but because a trained man who has been taught to think is a valuable asset.

Smith & Bros Typewriter
TABULATOR

TELEGRAPHY—AND CONCENTRATION

A man who studies telegraphy keeps his mind on the instrument and not on his handicaps. Because telegraphy offers a substantial future, it is the prize class at Fort McHenry; and at the same time one of the most effective mental tonics. It holds a place for almost any man—no matter what his physical disability may be.

The workshop schedule in wards and shops utilized as occupational therapy will afford intellectual and manual training as well as mental diversion for our returned soldiers. This work at Walter Reed where these products were made—and at other reconstruction centers—is of a character to fit the man for his civil occupation.

A Chance—With a Running Start

Government Compensation Provides Means for the Handicapped Fighter

By Judge Julian W. Mack

MEN who go forth to battle, though in no sense cowards, are not without fear. But it is not, except in the rarest cases, a fear of bodily injury that possesses them; the real source of anxiety is that their families may suffer, or become objects of charity.

The brilliancy of our expeditionary forces in action, their impatience to carry on against the common enemy is an inspiring evidence of the American soldier's dash and courage when the liberty of his country is at stake. Once he has entered the military establishment he is eager for battle.

But the fitness and bravery of our soldier or sailor are predicated on his peace of mind. Unless he is free from a nagging sense of responsibility, unless he feels assured of the independence of the family he left behind—his wife, his children, his mother—he cannot serve with the spirit that has always pervaded

WITH TRIANGLE AND T-SQUARE

As greater emphasis is being placed on the value of professional education, mechanical drawing holds great attractions in reconstruction work. A clear brain and one good hand are the requisites, and the courses at Fort McPherson, Walter Reed, and Fort McHenry are gaining daily in popularity.

our arms. The security of their dependents is as vital to the morale of our military forces as is the physical condition of the men.

And so when the Government, by the passage of the War Risk Insurance Bill, provided in generous measure for the support of the fighter's family, it performed a duty as obvious as the cause for which the country is giving its men, its money, and its resources. This Act, complex to the laymen in some of its technical phases, is simply an instrument whereby the Government aims to dispel the one fear of its fighting men: that their families are going to be dependent on others while they are away. Through it his Government assures the soldier and sailor that, while it may not be possible in every case to replace the individual combatant in precisely the same situation he occu-

CHEMISTRY AND PHARMACY

Here is a striking example of a scientific field in which the handicapped soldier can find employment. Chemistry and pharmacy require principally brains, and courses will be given to our returned men under competent teachers. This is one method of applying reconstruction to actual war work in both the army and navy as Canada and our Allies are doing.

pied before his country called him, yet at any rate his family, as well as himself, will be saved from a humiliating dependence on others for the necessities of life.

In many instances, I believe, the returned soldier, although physically handicapped will find his way back to industrial and social life, intellectually and financially stronger than when he left it. The country has unlimited confidence in the ability and resourcefulness of the Surgeon General and his department to give every aid and comfort to the wounded and disabled, and to restore them as nearly as is humanly possible to a normal physical and economic condition. The Federal Board for Vocational Education, in re-educating those who must be taught new vocations; the Bureau of War Risk Insurance carrying out the provisions of the Act; the American Red Cross on constant watch over the families at home—these and other competent organizations in all parts of the United States constitute a bulwark of protection and comfort to our fighters, whose importance cannot be over-estimated.

IN SERVICE AND AFTER

In the framing of this Act, the question of stiffening the morale of our men was uppermost. Congress, in enacting the Bill, exercised great vision, not only by providing for allotments and allowances to the families of men *while in the service* but for the after-care of our wounded through war insurance and compensation. So closely knit is the relationship between rehabilitation of the disabled and compensation for injuries that the former depends almost entirely upon the latter.

By this I mean that the disabled returned soldier, upon his discharge from the army, receives a compensation which will ensure, to some degree at least, his independence. If he requires a new vocation, the money the Government gives him will help carry him through, will fire his ambition to go ahead and regain his former place in society or a better one. It will stabilize his peace of mind, and keep him contented in the thought that his family is being provided for while he is being trained to earn a good living for the future.

It seems unnecessary, here, to discuss in detail the thousand and one points bearing on compensation that may be brought up from time to time, but there are two facts that I should like to emphasize emphatically. They are these:

Compensation will be paid to the disabled soldier and sailor irrespective of his earning capacity after the war: but it may be suspended if the man unreasonably refuses to fit himself for active civilian life through the vocational opportunities that the Government will provide.

The purpose of these measures is to stimulate the disabled man to lift himself from the dead level of the Government compensation to the highest economic condition within his powers: to create a healthy discontent with a life that too many injured men sure of the bare needs of existence are led to accept. The country wants its heroes to develop every latent possibility.

This should be given the widest possible publicity. In England and Canada one of the most difficult problems to be overcome at the outset of the war in getting the men to take courses in re-education was the fear that they would be deprived of their compensation if they learned trades and earned good incomes. "What is the use," they asked, "why should we work?" By vigorous publicity our Allies overcame this misunderstanding and recently have experienced no opposition because of it.

It is interesting to note with what rapidity the new attitude toward the disabled is developing in America. The newspapers and periodicals are preaching the gospel of "Not charity—but a chance," and the people are responding. That is what Government compensation and vocational training will give our men—a chance with a running start.

ON FAMILY STATUS

Military and naval compensation is based first on the injury and then on the size of the man's family. If the status of the family changes from month to month or year to year, the amount of the compensation changes with it. For instance, if a soldier or a sailor now a bachelor becomes handicapped, and later, say ten years after, should marry, the amount of his compensation at that time will depend upon his status then. It will be increased. And still later, if there are children, it will be further increased. On the other hand, if he is married and has children at the time of his injury, and in the future his wife or children should die, then his compensation will be reduced to that of an unmarried man.

For permanent disability the monthly compensation is paid in the following amounts:

(*a*) If he has neither wife nor child living, $30.

(*b*) If he has a wife but no child living, $45.

(*c*) If he has a wife and one child living, $55.

(*d*) If he has a wife and two children living, $65.

(*e*) If he has a wife and three or more children living, $75.

(*f*) If he has no wife but one child living, $40, with $10 for each additional child up to two.

Bachelor or married, he receives $10 a month additional for his widowed mother. If his condition is such that he needs the constant attention of a nurse or attendant, the Bureau of War Risk may allow him up to $20 a month for that purpose.

$1,200 A YEAR FOR LIFE

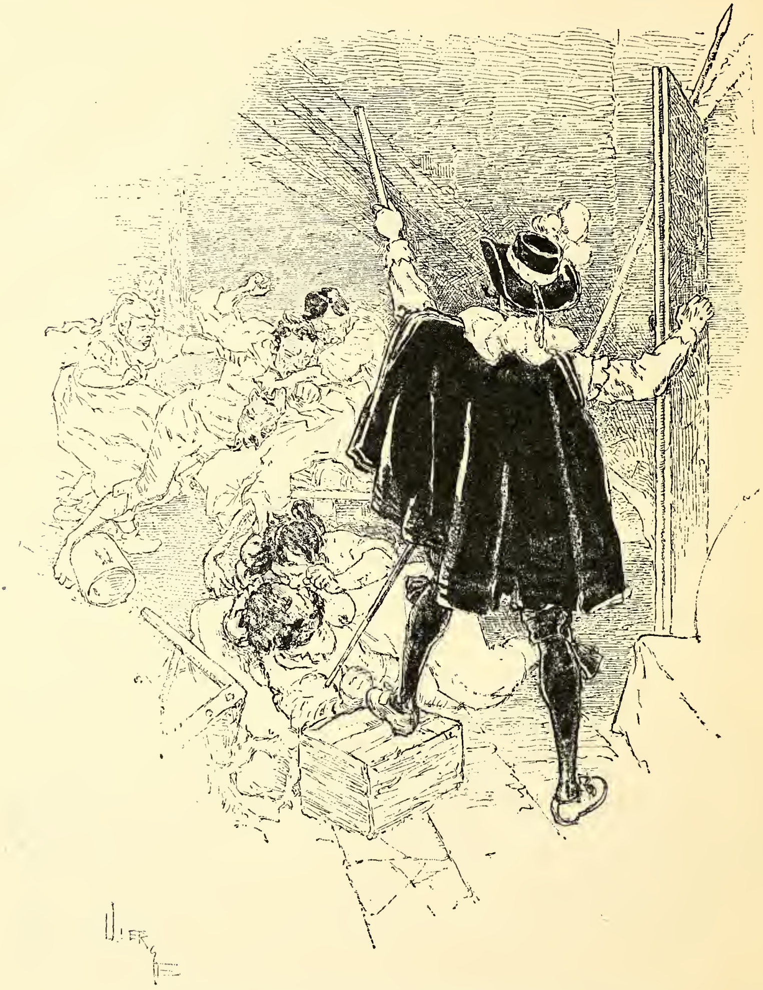
There is another significant provision that is not generally known today. For the loss of both feet, or both hands, or both eyes, or for a condition rendering a single or a family man permanently helpless or bedridden, $100 a month will be given. In addition to this, of course, he will receive medical and surgical treatment and will be supplied within reason with all special appliances he may need. Many men, thus handicapped, will be able to work and make a good salary, *but whatever they earn the Government will still pay them $1,200 a year for life.*

These are the broad aspects of compensation. The war insurance offering as high as $10,000, payable however only in monthly payments over twenty years or more, will still further fortify compensation, for it covers death and the total permanent disability from injuries received not only in the line of duty but in civil life after the war.

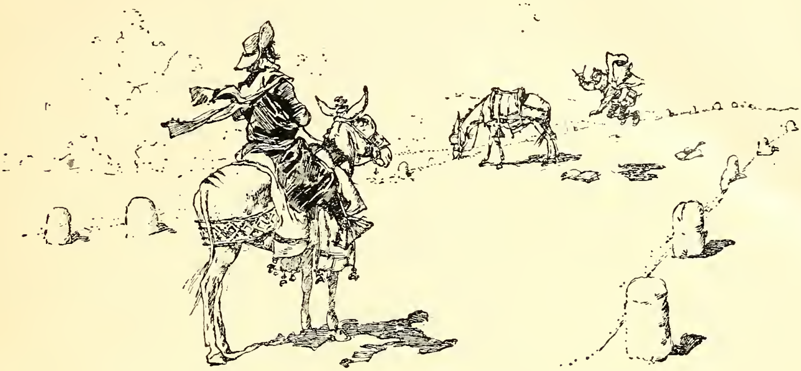
As the 'cripple' is passing, so is the 'pensioner'. He will become as obsolete as the old soldiers' home, and other institutions and practices that world progress is leaving in its wake. In industry there are not pensions but compensations. In the military it will be the same with the added rehabilitation for a new life. *And this addition must soon be extended to all who are handicapped whether in industry or in war: whether through accident or negligence.*

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A COT

The sooner a man gets up and out into the open, the quicker his recovery. Light exercise with an objective is good for both mind and body. These men at Fort McHenry are making a new street and enjoying it because their efforts are put to good use.



In 1881, Daniel Vierge was the greatest draughtsman in the world. Without warning, a stroke of paralysis rendered his right side useless. A few years later he illustrated Don Quixote truly and sympathetically for the first time in its history. *He did this with his left hand now educated to the lost cunning of the paralyzed right.* The illustration above is one of many exquisite drawings taken from the Scribner edition of Don Quixote.



An illustration by Vierge before he lost the use of his right hand.

Not the Destination—But the Route

How the Recovery of Lost Facilities Gave the World a Masterpiece

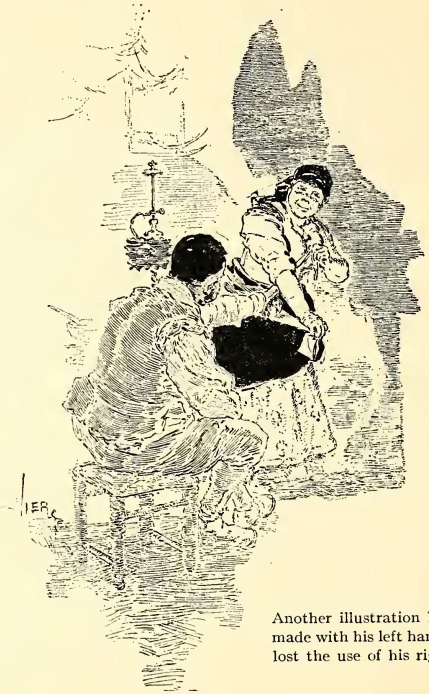
By Augustus Thomas

THE one story from the Boer War that all men quote when asked for its remembered incidents of heroism, is that of the Highland piper who still played his regiment past him and up their hill as he sat by a boulder with both legs shot from under him. He got his Victoria Cross for it, and London took a holiday to cheer him, and the Queen herself spoke to him as we now remember it. And no record to the contrary being at hand, he may still be piping occasionally or often to neighbors or pilgrims. But whether in the flesh or not, piping now or silent, he will, in song and story pipe through many generations of linen nursery books and school readers, a noble example of a common man inspired by the highest spirit to the ultimate expression of his duty.

And English and American lads will thrill over the linen pages, and English and American grandsires restir with the songs of it, not because the performance celebrated is beyond their own capacity, but precisely to the contrary, because it is attuned to spiritual chords strung in their several hearts, but never as yet struck by the touch of similar circumstance.

That boy-piper on the hillside was fortunate in the dramatic quality of his accessories. The meaning of the thing he did was focused. His nation was present, symbolized by its flag; the nation's purpose voiced its call through the familiar tune that screamed under his finger tips; the hour for which those brother Kilties marked time and rhythmically swung since boyhood, was now striking; the elements were all blended and concentrate. The piper was fortunate because that same equal spirit spread out over a lifetime of attenuated expression would have left him at the dead level of us all; and he might have lived and died without that consciousness of a complete expression.

It is very wonderful to be permitted to answer 'Here' in a supreme moment. "They also serve who only stand and wait," but un-



Another illustration by Vierge, made with his left hand after he lost the use of his right.

fortunately there are no human instruments of accuracy to measure the heroism of willingness. Sometimes personal defects or handicaps overcome or surmounted give us approximate measure of the heroism present; and the world is almost as prompt to salute and reward such evidence of this quality, as it is to recognize examples like our piper's.

There is a considerable element of this tribute in our love for the writing of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom we conceive as working always conscious of a sentence of death. Even a struggle against frailties is admitted and allowed for: Coleridge would lose somewhat more than his opium if we took it from him, De Quincey, too; and a bone-dry or even a local-option Poe would begin to shrivel. As one dwells on it, isn't it really the resistance of the obstacle that helps us everywhere to measure and admire the overcoming capacity? Doctor Copernicus and his poverty; Gutenberg and the arrests for debt; Galileo forced kneeling by the ignorant fist of superstition; the barefoot Columbus a sailor before the mast; Dante and exile; Tasso and persecution; George Stephenson and his primer at twenty; Arkwright and his alphabet at fifty; Franklin on the streets of Philadelphia with his loaf of bread under his arm.

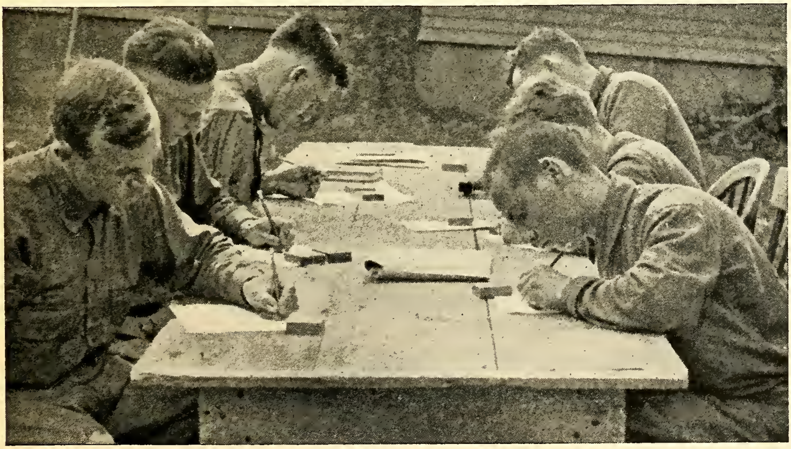
When Cervantes wrote Don Quixote in his middle fifties, he had been for thirty years deprived of the use of one hand by a wound received as a soldier. By his pen he was supporting in rather mean conditions a wife, two sisters, a niece, and a housemaid, and at intervals serving jail sentences for debt. One can't help believing that the story of his brave struggle in this crippled condition potently attracted Daniel Vierge and induced him to illustrate Don Quixote.

In the year 1881 Vierge was the greatest draughtsman in the world. At that time he worked with his right hand. *Without warning a stroke of paralysis rendered his right side useless, and for a time affected his memory and his recognition of printed letters so that he had to be read to in order to get the meaning of words. A few years later Daniel Vierge illustrated Don Quixote to the delight of the literary and artistic world, illustrated it truly, interpretatively and sympathetically for the first time in its history. He did this with his left hand now educated to the lost cunning of the paralyzed right, and the world recognized anew its master draughtsman.*

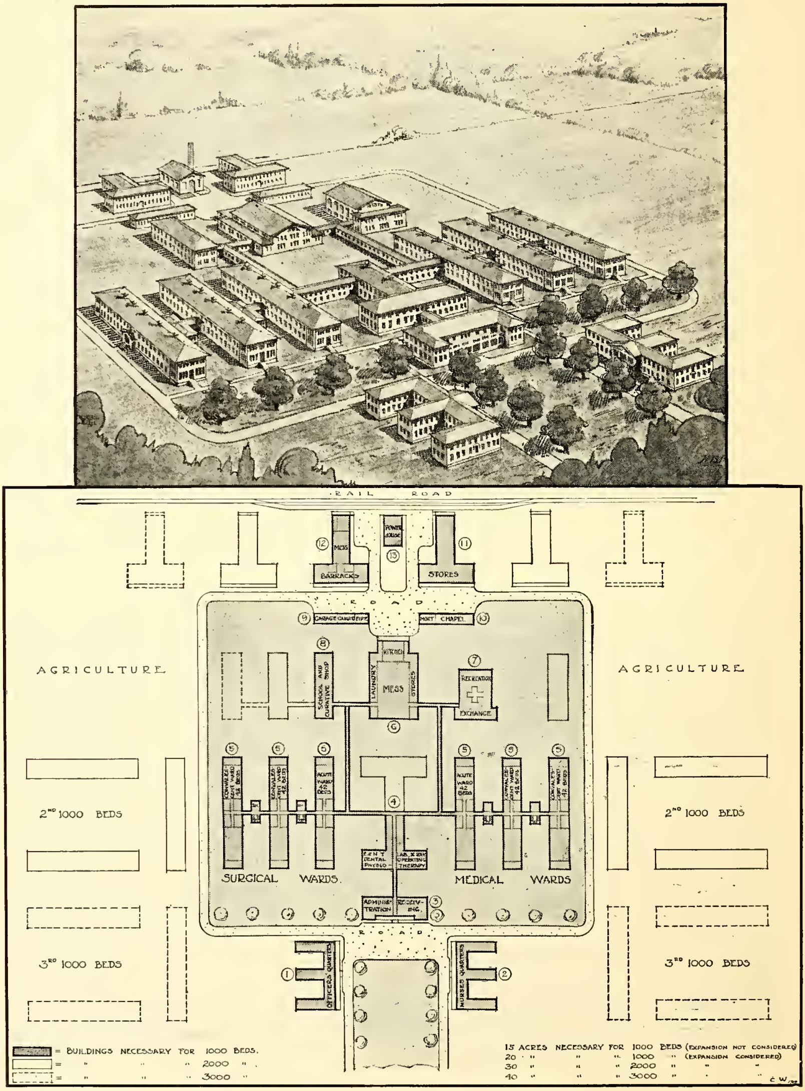
Looking at these flowing illustrations by Vierge, which if they do not almost excel the text in interest certainly enhance it as a compensating jewel may set off a first-water brilliant, one finds his attention circling around the marvel of their production of a left hand first educated to its work well on toward middle life; and the richness of the text and the beauty of the drawings, great as both are, become secondary in our wonder at the absolute coordination of mind and medium, the magical descent of idea to finger tips, the centaur-like union of brain and hand in this galloping production. We love Cervantes, we welcome and acclaim Vierge; but we lift the volume and bend above it reverently as over a sacred scripture, eloquent of a divinely accomplished miracle.

It is fine to sit wounded by the roadside, and pipe the regiment to victory, but it is colossal to face front through weary years, and slowly and patiently and accurately reconquer and recover a lost facility of inspired communication. And his reward, the compensation to Vierge must have been, not the destination, but the route; not the arrival, but the voyage; not the final satisfaction but the glorious daily consciousness of growth.

It is a pity from one viewpoint that Vierge's illustrations of Don Quixote are so valuable, so much a matter de luxe. They should be in the hands of every soldier as examples of what recovery the will can make from seeming physical bankruptcy and wreck. If one-tenth of this accomplishment is possible to human application, there can be no failure where one goes to work again at tasks, old or new, with even half a heart.



Every soldier in this class at Walter Reed Hospital is learning to write with his left hand. Skill in the use of the left for all purposes is so rapidly acquired that the loss of a right hand seems to be a comparatively small detriment to the average man.


RAIL ROAD
POWER HOUSE
⑬
⑫ MESS
BARRACKS
⑪ STORES
ROAD
⑨ GARAGE GUARD FIRE
MORT CHAPEL ⑩
⑧ SCHOOL AND CURATIVE SHOP
KITCHEN
LAUNDRY
MESS
STORES
⑥
⑦ RECREATION EXCHANGE
AGRICULTURE
AGRICULTURE
⑤ CONVALESCENT WARD 42 BEDS
⑤ CONVALESCENT WARD 42 BEDS
⑤ ACUTE WARD 42 BEDS
⑤ ACUTE WARD 42 BEDS
⑤ CONVALESCENT WARD 42 BEDS
⑤ CONVALESCENT WARD 42 BEDS
④
2ND 1000 BEDS
2ND 1000 BEDS
E.E.N.T. DENTAL PHYSIO-
LAB. X RAY OPERATING THERAPY
SURGICAL WARDS.
MEDICAL WARDS
ADMINISTRATION
RECEIVING. ③
3RD 1000 BEDS
3RD 1000 BEDS
ROAD
① OFFICERS' QUARTERS
NURSES QUARTERS ②
▨ = BUILDINGS NECESSARY FOR 1000 BEDS.
☐ = " " " 2000 " .
⬚ = " " " 3000 "
15 ACRES NECESSARY FOR 1000 BEDS (EXPANSION NOT CONSIDERED)
20 " " " 1000 " (EXPANSION CONSIDERED)
30 " " " 2000 " "
40 " " " 3000 " "
C W

SUGGESTED PLAN FOR A GENERAL HOSPITAL OF 1000 BEDS TO FUNCTION IN PHYSICAL RECONSTRUCTION OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

Getting the Wounded Close to Home

A Plan for Sixteen Reconstruction Centers in the Military Districts of the Country

By Major H. Brooks Price, S.C., N.A.
Architect, Division of Physical Reconstruction

SINCE the entrance of the United States into the great war, there has been concrete evidence from all quarters of a deep interest in the care of our returned soldiers. Each day has brought offers of land and property to be used by the Surgeon General for reconstruction and convalescent hospitals.

The Surgeon General is cordially appreciative of the fine motives that have impelled these gifts and has tried so far as possible to state the position of the medical department with regard to the establishment of hospitals. No doubt, the future will afford opportunity in certain instances to accept some of these.

After months of earnest consideration and study of the experiences of our Allies, the most practical plan for the handling of our disabled soldiers and sailors returned to this country appears to lie in the establishment of sixteen great reconstruction hospitals capable of caring for thousands of men. It is planned to maintain one in each of the sixteen military districts of the country. Each will be fitted to the last detail for the extended treatment of every known case of disability caused by wounds, gas, liquid fire, and disease.

Such a group of hospitals will mean first that the man can be returned close to his own home, where his family and friends can come to visit him. It will mean that he will receive not only the best possible treatment for his injuries whatever they may be but will be restored in spirit and given a renewed grip on life.

The illustrations on the opposite page show a proposed group of buildings designed for complete convalescent reconstruction work. This particular group would accommodate one thousand beds, but the accompanying plan indicates where and how extensions can be made to increase it to a capacity of three thousand beds or more. The advantages of this scheme over other types of general hospitals for reconstruction, are based on a compactness which will give it increased efficiency and facility of administration. Moreover, it will cost less to build, require less acreage and involve fewer steps in communication.

This is made possible by the concentration

KEY TO PLAN—Page 18

1 *Officers' Quarters*
2 *Nurses' Quarters*
3 *Administration, Receiving Ward*
4 *Operating Room, X-ray and Laboratory*
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat
and Dental Therapy
5 *2-Story Ward Buildings*
6 *Mess Hall, Kitchen*
Laundry, Commissary
7 *Exchange, Recreation Building*
8 *Curative Shops, Vocational Schools*
9 *Guard House, Garage, Fire Engine*
10 *Chapel, Mortuary*
11 *Stores, Repair Shop*
12 *Barracks, Mess and Kitchen*
13 *Power House, Heating Plant*

in two-story buildings of two or more departments at present in separate one-story buildings—thus diminishing the total number of buildings by about 33 per cent. of the former number. There is another distinct advantage in placing acute cases adjacent to the center building, and expanding as the conditions require, which could be done up to as high as 5,000 beds.

The ground necessary for the erection of such a reconstruction center is comparatively small—not more than 20 acres. But, of course, the locality itself will be the only guide and as much acreage as can be secured would add to the comfort of our men, and would make possible also, the treatment of tuberculous patients.

These general reconstruction centers will be a genuine asset to the military districts of the country if they are built in a permanent type of construction, such as terra cotta blocks or concrete. Their erection will do more than any single factor to facilitate the effective carrying out of the Governmental plans for reconstruction; to hasten the man's physical and vocational restoration and his return to society.

Reconstruction—Before and After

Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.

THE nation needs men with technical training and skilled in the trades. Over 12,000 soldiers have been withdrawn from various camps and are now enrolled as students in schools and colleges throughout the country. Five hundred of the soldiers have begun work at the Georgia Technical School, Atlanta.

At Fort McPherson, Georgia, hundreds of men have been taking courses in French and motor mechanics while training for over-seas service. During the past month 150 patients at McPherson (U. S. General Hospital No. 6) devoted their spare time to gardening, typewriting, telegraphy, and motor mechanics. These men must not remain idle longer than is necessary to their recovery in the hospital.

Instructors of the Division of Physical Reconstruction are giving courses at Fort McPherson in the following subjects:

1. Motor Mechanics.
2. Telegraphy.
3. Wireless Telegraphy.
4. Typewriting.
5. Mechanical Drafting.
6. Cabinet Making.
7. Carpentry.
8. Harness Repairing.
9. Poultry Raising.
10. Shoe Repairing.
11. Reading and Writing English.
12. Penmanship and Bookkeeping.
13. Printing.
14. Newspaper Reporting and Editing.

Other courses are being prepared.

Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.

EVERY soldier realizes the importance of being well shod and the close relation between comfortable shoes and general efficiency. When he returns to civilian life he shall want good shoes made of real leather, and when he pays between ten and fourteen dollars a pair for them he is not going to buy a new pair every few weeks. He will have his shoes repaired when they need it; so will other people. This is going to make profit for the shoe cobblers.

Shoe repairing has already become a very remunerative occupation, and it is going to be one of the well paid trades. As the price of shoes advances the business of repairing will improve accordingly.

This hospital has now a well-equipped shoe repair shop in which patients who are physically able can learn the trade thoroughly. Men who are unfitted for their former occupations because of their disability are already preparing for this work.

* * *

A SOLDIER with one leg, or even two off, can be taught telegraphy, and can do his work just as efficiently as any one else. Even the loss of an arm is not a bar to this profession. The number of one-armed telegraphers now employed by telegraph companies is proof.

Strange as it may seem a deaf man can be a telegraph operator. An easy way to demonstrate this is to go into a telegraph office and holding the hands over the ears as tightly as possible, notice how clearly you can hear the sharp tick of the telegraph instrument, when all other sounds are excluded.

Telegraphy is destined to play an important part in the rehabilitation of our wounded. First and foremost it is an occupation that requires steady concentration of mind. A man studying telegraphy, will, while in the course of his studies, subordinate all his mental worries, and by necessity keep his mind on the instrument in front of him. He cannot daydream or allow his mind to wander to other things, but must be mentally on the alert while his machine is in operation.

The School of Telegraphy is without doubt the prize class at Fort McHenry. Its roster is being rapidly filled and before long there will be a waiting list

The Instruction Laboratory

MANY of the photographs in this issue of CARRY ON were made by the Instruction Laboratory, of the Surgeon General's Office, under the command of Colonel W. O. Owen. The laboratory, which is in the Army Medical Museum, Washington, is one of the best equipped of its kind in the country. It has a large and versatile staff of motion picture men drawn from leading commercial organizations, camera experts, artists and skilled mechanics.

The Instruction Laboratory has made a number of motion pictures that are being shown in all of the army camps and cantonments. These depict in an interesting way various phases of sanitation and physical reconstruction and have proved highly effective for both officers and enlisted men.

* * *

In America the growing popularity of the phrase "Carry On" is interesting. Before this magazine appeared, The Equitable Life Assurance Society had issued a monthly bulletin for its employees called "Carry On." It has just been brought to our attention. Like its name it inspires patriotic action.

* * *

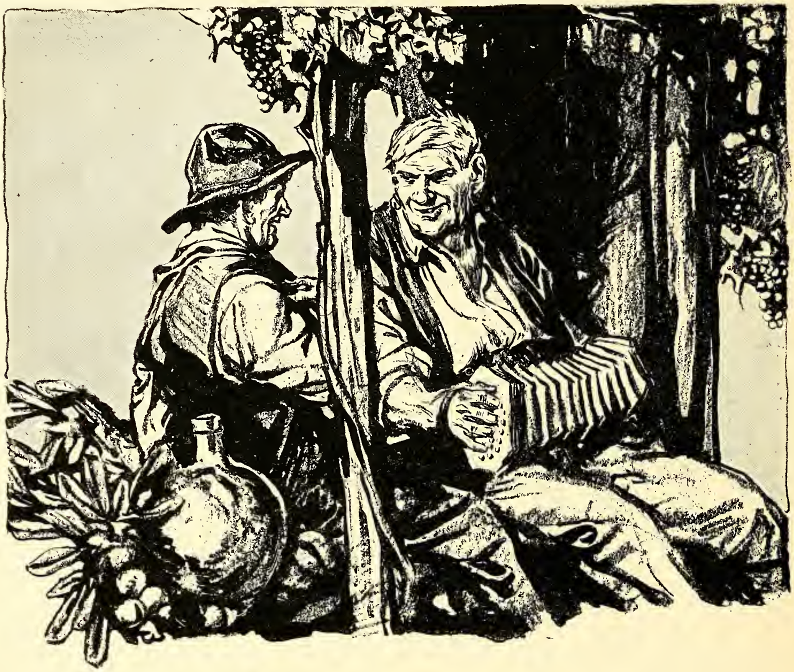
THERE is a short phrase of but two words in use at the front today that contains perhaps more of the noble, more of the sublime, than any other phrase of all time. It is but a simple phrase—Carry On—but it contains more real patriotism, more idea of self-sacrifice, and more idealism, than the entire English language put together.

In the cold gray dawn on the battlefield, through the rising mists, the captain gathers his men about him and leads the charge across the grim desolation of No Man's Land. But when, half way across that expanse, a bullet lays him low does he stop then to call for the stretcher-bearers! No, he turns to his first lieutenant, "Mr. Smith, Sir," he says, "Carry on!" And when a few yards farther on Fate overtakes Mr. Smith, young Brown—a mere stripling but eighteen years of age—without a moment's hesitation steps forward and carries on, only to fall at the edge of the trench. Does this stripling—the bloom of youth still fresh on his cheeks and the aura of Princeton or Harvard yet around him—when he reels from the blow of the shell and realizes that his race is almost run, stop to cry out for aid? No, he is made of sterner stuff. With a final effort he cries out, "Sergeant, take command; I'm done for. Carry on!" And so the grizzled Sergeant, veteran of many years of war, carries on to final victory.

From the Red Cross Magazine

* * *

The editor of CARRY ON has been requested by the Director of the Federal Board for Vocational Education to announce that the Board has been notified by the Canadian War Mission at Washington that all laymen from the United States desiring to visit the various activities of the Canadian Department of Soldiers Civil Re-Establishment, especially in the Vocational Re-Educational Work as related to disabled soldiers and sailors, must be provided with credentials from the Federal Board at Washington.



Da Voice Da Germans Meessed

By T. A. Daly

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

Giuseppe Scalabrella ees returna from da war,
An' soocha happy Dagoman you nevva see bayfore!
He tooka playnta hands weeth heem w'en first he starta 'way,
But he ees only gotta wan for workin' weeth today;
He walked upon a coupla legs bayfore da war baggan,
But now he's gotta crutcha-steeck for tak' da place of wan.
An' yat dees seelly Dagoman's so glad as he can be—
You ought to hear da happy songs dat he ees seeng for me!

Giuseppe was a laborman dat use' for deeg da tranch
Bayfore he go weeth Oncla Sam for halp to save da Franch.
He was wan fina laborman bayfore he go to war,
But now he sure ees nevva gona deega tranch no more.
Eef you was stronga man like dat for use da spade an' peeck,
An' den be bust to hal, you bat my life, eet mak' you seeck;
An' you would theenk Giuseppe would be sad as he can be—
But you should hear da happy songs dat he ees seeng for me!

He nevva seeng bayfore, but now he don'ta do a theeng
But joosta seet aroun' da house an' seeng, an' seeng, an' seeng.
"I tell you, Tony, how eet is," he say to me today,
"Da firsta fight dat I am een dey shoot my hand away;
An' w'en I was een hospital da time eet was so long
I no could read an' so, you see, I joosta bust weeth song.
I don'ta know da way eet come, but eet's so easy, see?"
An' den you shoulda hear da happy songs he seeng for me!

"W'en I am wal agen," he say, "dey said I could no fight;
But steel I went for more, an' dat's da time I got eet right!
Dey shoot me een da lefta leg—an' look da way I am!
But alla time een hospital I seeng my songs, by dam!
Da nurses an' da wounded man dey laugh an' cry for more,
An' alla time da songs I seeng gat better dan bayfore.
Ah! lees'en now, my Tony, an' I geeve you two or three"—
An' den you oughta hear da happy songs he seeng for me!

"An' joost bayfore dey send me home my capitan he said:
'I s'pose you theenk, da way you're treemmed, you might as wal be dead;
But Oncla Sam ees feex eet so he gona find a trade
For evra creepled man, an' so you need no be afraid.
You can no deeg da tranch no more, but steel you should rayjoice
Baycause dose damma Boches deed not shoot you een da voice!'
Da 'Merican Caruso now, you see, I gonna be!"
An' den you shoulda hear da happy songs he seeng for me!

WHERE OPPORTUNITY BEGINS

Who has not thrilled to the bravery of our negro troops in action? Some of these men returned home wounded, are receiving for the first time the advantages of an education. This class of soldiers in beginner's English was initiated at U. S. General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J.—the first of its kind in the Army.

Reconstruction Has Begun

By Colonel Frank Billings, M. C., N. A.

Director of the Division of Physical Reconstruction, Office of the Surgeon General

A YEAR ago—in August, 1917—in keeping with the spirit of the times, which has awakened public sentiment to the necessity of conserving life and industrial manhood, the Surgeon General directed the organization in his office of the Division of Physical Reconstruction of soldiers disabled in line of duty. Since that date the subject has received the earnest consideration of the personnel appointed to do the work. The policy of the Surgeon General in the matter of physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers may be phrased as follows: "That no soldier disabled in line of duty shall be discharged from the Army until cured, or as nearly so as the nature of his disability permits." This policy was approved by the War Department.

The Hospital Division of the Surgeon General's Office designated the general military hospitals in which the continued treatment of disabled men has been and will be carried on. The professional divisions of the Surgeon General's Office organized and assigned the medical and surgical staff of the designated hospitals. Arrangements were made for the education of Reconstruction Aides in physio-therapy and in occupational therapy to function in the hospitals. As these women became qualified they were assigned to work.

Approved plans permitted the construction of special buildings at each general hospital where disabled soldiers are treated. These special buildings properly equipped are being used for two purposes:

1. For physio-therapy, embracing hydro-, electro- and mechano-therapy. Arrangements are also made for indoor play and attention has been given to the acquisition of sufficient grounds for outdoor games and active drill and setting up exercises.

2. Curative workshops. A schedule of curative work has been adopted, applicable to ward work; also in shops for patients who are able to be up and about.

Qualified educational officers have been secured to administer the Department in the office of the Surgeon General and to furnish a personnel for the various hospitals to direct curative, mental and manual work. A medical personnel has been mobilized and instructed in special duties at the Army Medical School, Washington. Its duty is to care for the disabled soldiers on the transports from overseas.

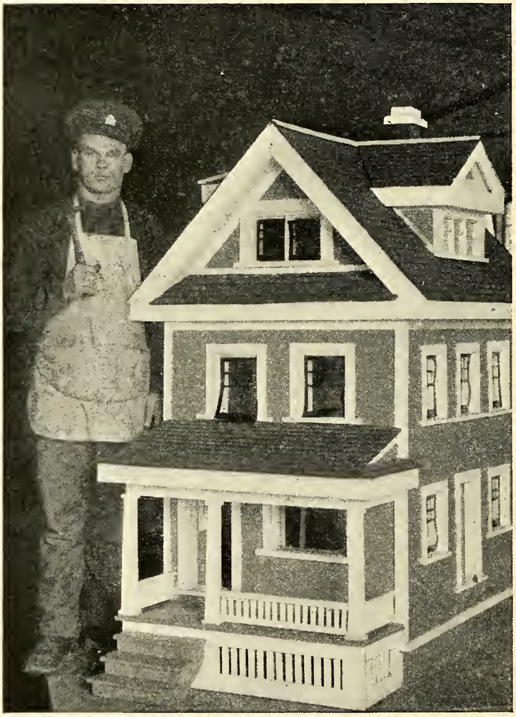
Receiving and distributing hospitals have been organized at Ellis Island and Newport News, with a trained personnel to make medical examinations and to classify and assign disabled soldiers to the proper hospitals for physical reconstruction. The necessary machinery has been elaborated and an organization perfected for the transfer of soldiers disabled in line of duty at the training camps.

For months the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers has been carried on in a quiet and unobtrusive way. Hundreds of soldiers disabled in line of duty overseas and in the training camps are under treatment at the present time.

The work is actively and efficiently carried on under the full organization indicated at

Food conservation has opened up new opportunities in truck gardening and the handicapped soldier is quick to take advantage of them. This class recently exhibited a fine array of market products, which the men themselves raised on the grounds of Walter Reed Hospital.

Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington; Fort McPherson, Ga.; Fort Porter, N. Y.; Fort McHenry, Baltimore; Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco; Cape May, Lakewood and Colonia, N. J.; New Haven, Conn.; Markleton, Pa.; and Otisville, N. Y. The necessary organization is in course of development for the work at Plattsburg, N. Y.; Fort Bayard, New Mexico; Fort Des Moines, Iowa; and at Hot Springs, Ark. As the need arises other general hospitals already in existence will be utilized and new general hospitals may be constructed in certain military zones of the country.



THE HOUSE THAT IVAN BUILT

This model more than five feet high was constructed by a Russian laborer who enlisted in the British Army and was disabled in battle. He made it during the first month of his re-education as a carpenter at Whitby, Canada. It is significant because other men like him, with no previous experience in woodwork, will for the first time in their lives become skilled artisans.

The Way Out

Desire and Ambition Must Be Born in the Man Himself

By Lt.-Col. H. E. Mock, M. C., N. A.

WHILE the Medical Department of the Army is utilizing every preventive measure known to reduce the number and severity of disabilities, yet warfare inevitably produces a certain number of disabled soldiers.

Under the direction of the Surgeon General the medical officers today are seeking not only good end-results from a medical standpoint but the best possible end-results from an economic and social standpoint for all handicapped fighters.

In order to achieve these ideals it should be recognized that the disabled man himself must acquire the proper mental attitude toward this work—he must develop the vision and see its purpose.

Hospitals may be established and the maximum cure sought; all kinds of schools and workshops for vocational training may be created; the whole great machinery for rehabilitation may be organized; but unless the desire and ambition for this training are born—unless the idea of grasping every opportunity to make good by their own efforts is inculcated in the very souls of these men, the whole scheme is bound to be a failure.

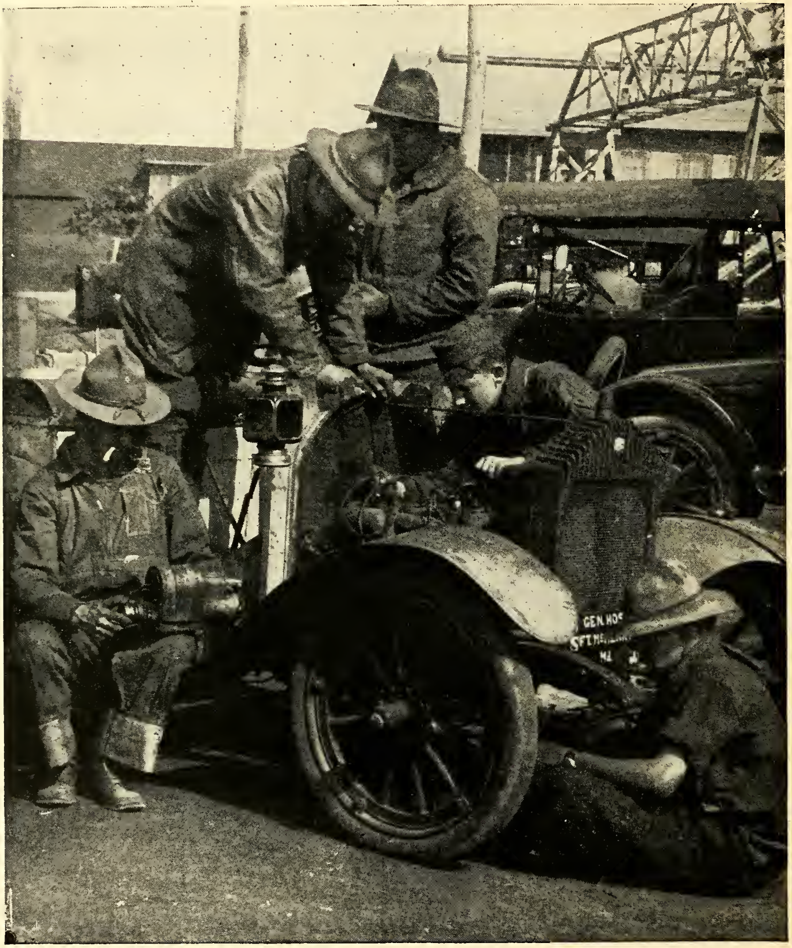
To this end there has been started a campaign to show the men, disabled by wounds and disease, "The Way Out." A small book with this title is soon to be circulated throughout the hospitals in Europe and in this country. It is cheery, it is comforting, and it is filled with inspiring material to stimulate ambition. Here will be found short, optimistic letters from the disabled back home—the men without arms, the blind, the diseased — who have overcome their handicaps, have trained themselves, have become better men than they were before, and have successfully taken their places in society, established homes, have children, and most other things that make living worth while.

Artistry at Fort McHenry, designed and executed by clever soldier patients as part of their curative work.

The nurses, attendants, and doctors in the wards are being inspired with this same material to pass it on to these handicapped men in gradually increasing doses from the earliest moment of disability until their reconstruction is completed.

Motion pictures showing "The Way Out" have been made and already have been of great inspirational value to many of the returned disabled. Every form of publicity that will help secure this proper mental attitude on the part of the disabled soldier is welcomed by the Surgeon General and the officers in charge of Physical Reconstruction.

With a sympathetic public behind this great movement and the wounded soldier imbued with the idea of making good in spite of his handicaps, the Medical Department of the Army will be able to render the greatest service to our boys—a service beyond the dreams of medical science previous to this war and of permanent value to the community and the state.



OUR FUTURE ENGINEERS

A good many handicapped automobiles are being rehabilitated while disabled soldiers learn a profitable trade at Fort McHenry. The future demand for skilled mechanics is drawing men partially handicapped into this promising field, where the wages are high and the work steady.

The Need for Reality

Consider What Will Happen Five or Ten Years from Now

By John Galsworthy

From the British War Pensions Gazette

IN France, last winter and early spring, I saw several establishments for the professional re-education of the disabled French soldier, and put this question to their directors: "Your system being voluntary, to what degree do you find men availing themselves of it?"

The gist of the answers was: "Not many came at first, but gradually more and more, till now perhaps we get one-half to two-thirds." At La Maison Blanche, near Paris, which draws its men from a single hospital of 700, I found that—whereas when Sir Henry Norman paid his visit last autumn 270 were in process of training—400 were training when I paid my visit this March; 130 of the others did not need professional re-education, and the remaining 170 refused. The advance in the numbers training was obtained by continual propaganda at the hospital which fed the establishment.

Now if, in France, we estimate the proportion of those who, in the long run, for one reason or another, refuse to avail themselves of professional re-education, at even only one-fourth, the French are still going to have amongst them, in the future, a large number of men who will be almost dead weight industrially, and burdens to themselves into the bargain. True, the Frenchman is by nature an individualist, but he is nothing like such an individualist as the Briton; moreover, he is quicker in the 'up-tak', and more impressionable. Further, he is much less naturally improvident and careless of the morrow, and I think he has more pride.

JOBS EASY TO GET NOW

What then is going to happen in England where our system is also voluntary? What proportion of disabled men will avail themselves of the chances offered? And what proportion will pass by this more promising scheme, and step out into the jobs that for the moment await almost anyone, in these days of scarce labor? There's the crux that may spill our effort. I should say that a good half will refuse their chances, and we shall find ourselves in the end with more dead weight even than the French, unless we can devise special means against this disaster.

We have to convince the disabled that, to be re-educated not only physically but professionally, is absolutely essential to them, against a future which, fat enough for the moment, is going in a few years' time to be very lean and hard; and for men handicapped as they will be, simply impossible except for charity, which one imagines is the last thing they want.

It can't be said too often that the situation while the war lasts is utterly misleading. All civilians now feel grateful and want to pet and serve the wounded soldier. Labor is hard to find, so that anyone—even the handicapped—can get a job.

TEN YEARS HENCE

All that will have gone by the time the war has been from five to ten years in its grave. Most of our disabled soldiers have thirty, forty, or fifty years before them. The man who slips his chance now, and trusts to luck and gratitude, will find himself on a beach where he will get more kicks than ha'pence, ten years hence. It is absolutely natural that he who is sick of discipline and hospitals, should want to get back to ordinary civil life without any intermediate period of hostels

Back to the land will go many of our returned soldiers. Farming on modern lines with modern machinery is being taught by all of our Allies. This photograph taken outside of Calgary shows Canadian soldiers handicapped in the war learning to operate a tractor.

and attendance at training schools and so forth under a sort of discipline. I should myself, and so would any of us who write, wisely or foolishly, about these matters. I should hate to be hung-up another six or eight months, or maybe a year, learning a new job, when there are jobs that want no learning waiting for me round the corner, especially if I had done my bit and felt that those who hadn't ought to keep me in comfort for the rest of my days. And if anyone came along and said to me: "My man, how magnificent your patriotism has been in the war! I'm sure that you'll like to continue to be patriotic now that you are maimed, and serve your country nobly in the future as in the past, by making yourself efficient, instead of being lost to the industrial life of your native land!" Well—I should want to get up, and say "Cant!" and smite him in the eye.

A NATURAL ATTITUDE

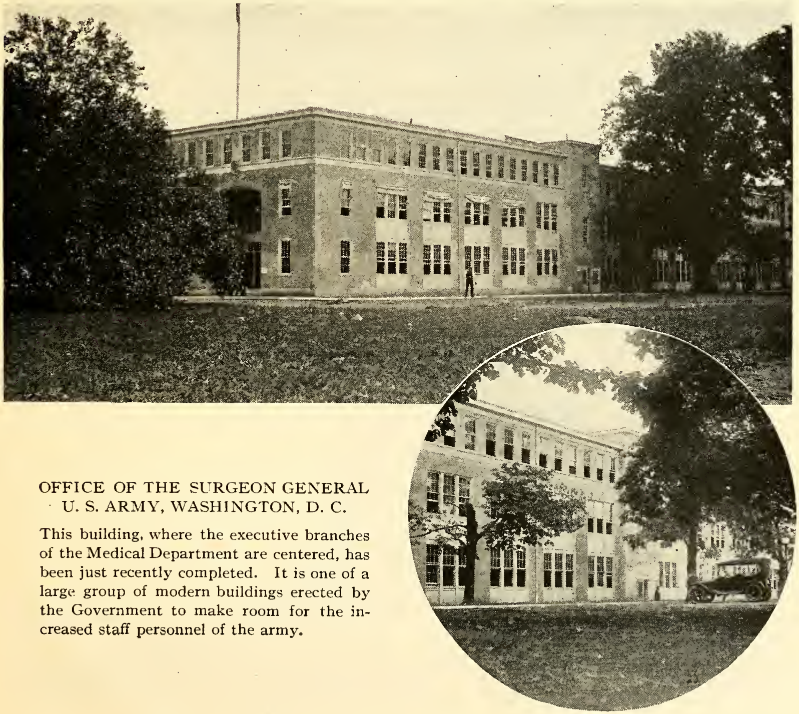
When you have just lost a limb for the benefit of your country you cannot be expected to be precisely in the mood to appreciate talk about patriotism and all the rest of it, from those who haven't lost limbs. *No, if I were a maimed soldier, I could only be persuaded to get a special training by being shown convincingly that if I didn't, it was going to be the worse for me.*

We are all, soldiers included, inclined to forget in these roaring times of war the dour and dire struggle for existence that obtains in the so-called piping times of peace. Our pensions may be liberal, as pensions go, but they are not enough to live on—much less support a family, and the trouble is this: A few years hence, when people have begun to hate the memory of a war which will have made the struggle for existence harder, the universal feeling towards the maimed soldier will become: "Well, he's got his pension, that ought to be enough. Besides he had his opportunity to get training for special employments, and he didn't take it. Life's much too hard nowadays for sentiment—they must run their chances now with the rest of us, in fair competition." We know what that means—the weakest go to the wall. A few years hence the maimed soldier will only be secure against an uncertain and perhaps miserable future, if he is not among the weakest.

FOGS THE ISSUE

I should say, speaking like a fool perhaps, that the only people capable of persuading the maimed soldier, for his own sake to make his future position so strong as ever he can, are those who know what the life of labor is like in bad times, are not mealy-mouthed, and will put the thing bluntly in its naked grim reality. Just now we wrap things up with all sorts of natural and well-meant verbiage, about heroism and gratitude and never forgetting; this doesn't help—on the contrary, it fogs the issue, and endangers the future of those whom we want to make secure. The time has come for blunt speaking to the maimed soldier by people who know how hard life and human nature are, and how short our memories.

I can see this most promising scheme languishing into futility because the Briton will not look ahead, and must run his nose right up against a thing before he can realize it's there. I can see tens of thousands of our maimed turning this scheme down with a shrug, and the words: "Oh! that's all right! I'm not worrying. Some day, perhaps!" That 'some day' is not likely to come at all unless it comes at once, in hospital or as soon as a man leaves hospital.



OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL
U. S. ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This building, where the executive branches of the Medical Department are centered, has been just recently completed. It is one of a large group of modern buildings erected by the Government to make room for the increased staff personnel of the army.

Reconstruction Staff

THE Staff of the Division of Physical Reconstruction in the office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, consists of the following personnel:

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Lt.-Col. James Bordley, Jr., M. C., N. A. Ophthalmic Surgeon to South Baltimore Eye and Ear Hospital, Baltimore, Md. In charge of the re-education of blinded soldiers and sailors.

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THE circulation of CARRY ON must necessarily be limited to those interested in the development of reconstruction work. Many thousands of requests have reached the Surgeon General and have been listed.

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CARRY ON

Edited and Issued by the Office of the Surgeon General,
U. S. Army

311 Fourth Avenue, New York

940.476

Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Vol. 1
No. 3

Sept.
1918

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross

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Communications should be addressed to Surgeon General, U. S. Army
Attention Editor Carry On, Washington, D. C.

CARRY ON

Volume I SEPTEMBER, 1918 *Number 3*

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army

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All of Thomas A. Edison's great genius is not being applied solely to the mechanical aspects of the war. He finds time—how he does it is a mystery—to interest himself in social problems as well. Here he is seen in front of his home at Orange, N. J., discussing reconstruction with F. R. Bigler, Purchasing Agent of the Kansas City Gas Company. Mr. Edison, who years ago brushed aside the handicap of almost complete deafness, is telling Mr. Bigler, who has made good despite the loss of his right arm and left leg, that the returned soldier must be helped to find his place in industry and society. Physical handicaps, says Mr. Edison, won't stop any man who uses his brain. And if Mr. Edison isn't a striking example of the value of brain power, who in the world is?

Labor Stands Ready

By SAMUEL GOMPERS
President, American Federation of Labor

ORGANIZED labor is wholeheartedly with the purpose of helping disabled soldiers and sailors to carry on as self-reliant productive members of society. To men who have risked their lives for this Republic, we owe it as a duty to protect against dependency and the deteriorating consequences of lack of vocational training.

Labor is concerned as to the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers and sailors not only for humanitarian social reasons but because of the detrimental economic consequences that would result from failure to return these men as resourceful, able members of society restored in purpose and in skill.

Labor desires to help in providing proper facilities under civilian control for the training of these men as well as to co-operate in returning them to industry, agriculture and commerce where they can perform real service under such conditions as will safeguard their best interests as well as those of fellow workers.

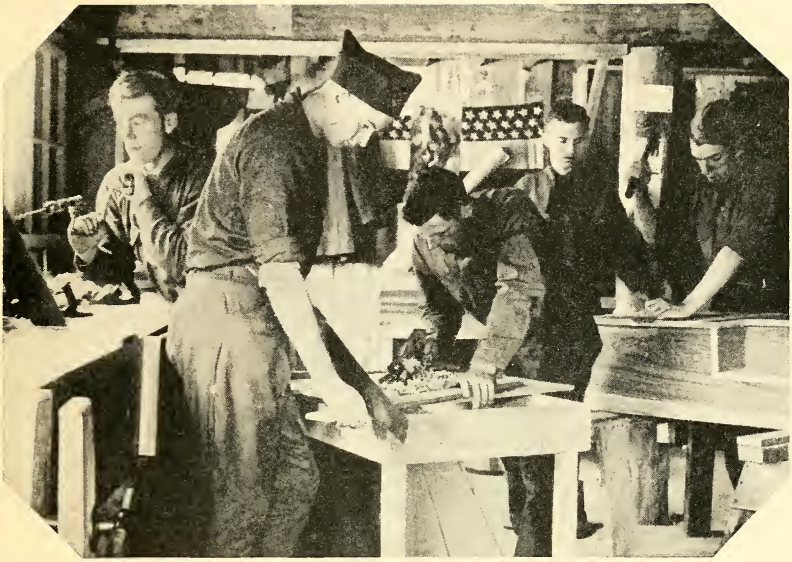
Labor fully appreciates the value of the principles of freedom involved in this war and desires to do everything within its power to assure justice to those who render service to the cause.

Sam. Gompers.

The Medical Department of the Navy has made all preparations for the medical and training treatment of the disabled men of the Navy and the Marine Corps. Not only will the facilities already existing in the Navy be used, but also every advantage will be taken of those developed by the Surgeon General of the Army in order that the sailors and the marines may be afforded the complete benefits of the very best facilities of the governmental and civil institutions thus made available.

W. C. Braisted.

Surgeon General, U. S. Navy.



Give the returned soldier something worth while to do and he is happy. For curative work the carpenter shop is a boon, because it affords a practical diversion that keeps his mind occupied and his muscles active and fit.

Home Comers from France

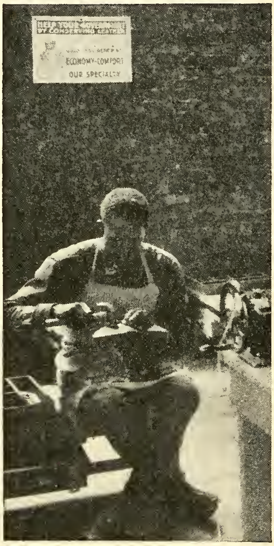
By Frank Ward O'Malley

THE battle-fields of France are coming so close to America that idlers seeking a breath of sea air on the Battery wall of New York may see, if their eyes are young and they know which way to look, khaki clad lads stumping along on wooden pegs that take the place of legs which have been shot away on the fields of glory, armless youths, men who have been gassed, upstanding lads whose hands have been blown off—and every mother's son of them with a grin on his bronzed face, a cigarette between his lips, and peace and hopeful content in his brave young heart.

Only the little stretch of water separating the toe of Manhattan from Ellis Island keeps the Battery loungers from getting a 'close-up' of the men just back from the battlefields. 'Invalids' is perhaps not just the word to describe these youths and young men who are being landed on the island from a returning troopship. At least one couldn't think of them, despite the ever present vacant sleeve of khaki, the empty trouser leg pinned back above the knee or the crutches and splints and bandages, as physically abnormal.

For as they lounged or strolled about the doorways, walks and wards of the wonderful receiving hospital on Ellis Island which the army surgeons have swiftly brought to so marked a state of efficiency, their young eyes shone as brightly as the smiling eyes of any nurse or Red Cross girl pattering along the walks beside them. Trouble and care seemed a hundred leagues further from them, in fact, than from the faces of the thoughtful surgeons —some of them of national fame but all levelled now to the even plane to which the khaki brings the great and small—who passed among them with a concentrated air which showed that steel-trap brains were centered wholly upon the thousand and one tasks that an army surgeon faces in days like these.

Two buck privates from the corn-fed belt of the Middle West, one with his right leg missing and the other minus his left, clacked along one of the walks with the aid of crutches and the peg legs which temporarily are taking the place of the artificial legs that soon will be fitted to them at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. Seated on the stone steps or ranged in groups in the cool shadows of the brick wall as the two clacked along were the armless and legless and those whose limbs hung limp because bullets or high explosives had shattered important nerve tissue which soon, through science, will be made whole again—altogether a setting familiar enough to France and England and, because of halftone reproductions, not altogether unknown here at second hand, but now for the first time locally a reality.



A shoemaker soldier who sticks to his last, helps the fighting army and has a trade to follow when he is discharged.

THE BATTLE OF CRUTCHES

The soldier who had parted with his right leg in the Toul sector of France was thrusting playfully with his left crutch at the midsection of his pal whose left leg was gone, quite as one idly bats with an oar at an object floating in the water. And the pal, his right crutch jabbing about with lightning speed, parried each thrust skilfully. All the grinning 'gallery' of the armless and legless on window ledge and walk yipped noisy encouragement to the crutch fencers, like so many school boys egging on a friendly pummelling match when 'teacher' is out of the room.

"Do you mean to say these chaps are always as chipper as this?" the amazed visitor asked a surgeon. "Haven't they any trouble or worry?"

"You bet they have," snapped the army surgeon. "Every man among 'em is sore as a pup because he got his, and got it good, so early in the game, or before he had had half a chance to take a good smash at the Heinies.

"But that's their only grouch. If I were to walk over there to them this minute and say, 'Well, boys, the Government has changed its mind about you fellows and is going to send you all back immediately to active duty in France,' they'd bust out with a yell of joy that would stop traffic over there among the skyscrapers on Manhattan."

And that was the truth. Also it wasn't a pose. The ecstacy of the great adventure had got into their marrow and they wanted more. As one chatted with them on the paths, in the wide, breezy corridors and wards or as they lay at ease on verandas where the sea breezes fluffed their tousled locks, they replied to a man, honestly and simply, that they would "like to be back there and in it again"—the 'there' being indicated with a half glance toward the spot where a little ribbon of far off water beyond the Narrows merged with the haze of the sky.

They spoke of their desire not only in brief and simple fashion but almost in a timid way, with the boyish shyness of youth which ever fears that the stranger will accuse it of bravado, of 'showing off'.

In passing it might be noted that all of them—all—had been wounded somewhere along the front elevation of their anatomy, or, at the worst, so short a distance back along their side elevations that there was no doubt left as to which way they were headed when hit. All of which is an obvious fact that perhaps is superfluous to mention, but is noted here merely to keep the record straight.

NEITHER PITY NOR HERO WORSHIP

The same spirit of youth and shyness which caused them, after they had been gently pressed to the point of talking at all about their exploits, to tell in a paragraph the Homeric tales of the great adventures which had laid them low, also caused them to look, at first, a bit suspiciously upon the questioner. One gathered that they feared that pity was to be proffered them, or worse, still, hero worship.

And none of them seemed to think he had done anything extraordinary, even those who had been decorated because of their great bravery. They had had a certain job to do, so they briefly related; and they told—always only when pressed—how they had done it, and that was all.

Why it was that not a single braggart was found among these men nor one broken spirit among all that shattered, happy, hopeful band, cannot be explained, except on the theory that perhaps the physical and spiritual fire through which they had gone seared away the petty failings. No one, not even the surgeons and nurses, attempted to explain the phenomenon; they merely contemplated it.

White-haired veterans of ancient battles may grow garrulous, as old men will, about their exploits of half a century ago, but not these young lads, at least not yet. And it is that same spirit of youth, their surgeons say, which is wholly responsible for the hopefulness that is so marked a trait among them all. If there was one in the whole crowd who had resigned himself to the fate of the crippled 'flopper' dolefully seeking alms from the sidewalk he did not betray the fact.

There was one easy way, and one only, to set their tongues wagging. All one had to do was to drop a remark about the plan of physical and mental reconstruction which already Uncle Sam is sending along at full swing—which really is begun the minute they step upon Ellis Island—and instantly they were all interest and animation.

The eternal hopefulness of youth already seemed to have won more than half the battle they face as they try, with their Uncle's expert assistance, to make themselves almost perfect men again—useful citizens, who despite their handicaps of missing legs and arms and eyes, will walk and work among their fellows again, shave themselves, roll their makin's unassisted, and pile up their savings until they own (and drive) their flivvers back among the home folks.

A NORTH DAKOTA SIX-FOOTER

One of them, a blond-haired, good-looking six-footer from a North Dakota farm—fully clothed in his uniform except that he had laid aside his khaki jacket—was taking it easy on his made-up cot and enjoying the breezes that came through the open window. One stalwart leg was crossed easily over the up-tilted knee of the other, leaving a substantial North Dakota foot cocked high above his bed blankets.

He lay there, his arms crossed indolently back of his head and evidently at peace with all the world. At first glance one saw nothing physically wrong with him; just a full-blooded youth with the lithe figure of an athlete and all life spread smilingly before him.

But as one drew closer to his cot one noted that there were only two rounded blurs of scarred flesh just inside the cuffs of his khaki shirt. Both hands had been blown off at the wrists.

"How's everything, Mac?" the major asked, pausing beside the cot. "How's she headin' today?"

Respectfully the handless soldier raised himself to a sitting position by prodding his elbows into the blankets that covered his cot. Everything was headin' just right, he said with a smile.

He talked about his accident in the trenches in matter of fact fashion, as one tells of being caught without an umbrella in the rain. Then someone, by way of encouragement, mentioned a man from his own northern prairies, Michael Dowling. Instantly the tall Dakota lad was sitting erect.

"Sure—I know about Dowling," he cried, and immediately took the lead in the conversation. "You mean the fellow out our way who lost an arm and both legs and part of his other hand when he was frozen in a blizzard.

The way I get it, that was the making of that fellow. Now he sails along the street of his home town like there never was anything the matter with him, and he doesn't limp, and he drives his own car, and everything."

"Now he's educated himself and got in the legislature and is a bank president and everything. God, there's nothing to it; if a fellow like that can put it over, so can I or anybody else that sets his mind to it, especially when you're no worse off than me, with everything perfect except that my hands are off."

THE WAR CROSS OF FRANCE

Toward the foot of the cot to listen hobbled a pink cheeked lad from Maine, the left leg of his khaki trousers pinned snugly about the stump of his left thigh. He stood there, braced easily on his crutches, for some moments before the surgeon turned and saw him.

"Now here's a peculiar case," said the tall young major, assuming a professional air but with a gleam of humor in his eye, as he advanced toward the one-legged lad from Brunswick, Maine. "Here's a boy whose whole trouble is inside. I'll turn him inside out and show you. Come here to the window, Ballinger."

With a sheepish smile the boy obeyed, swinging slowly along on his crutches until he was in a strong light. Quickly the surgeon unbuttoned the lad's army shirt and threw back the left flap. There, pinned to the inside of the shirt so that it was almost buried beneath his arm-pit, was a striped ribbon from which was dangling in glittering glory the War Cross of France. The major raised the bit of metal in his palm reverently so the light might shine upon it. There were seconds of silence; the visitor studying the medal that meant so much, the boy still blushing sheepishly.

Mention of his home state, Maine, and the glories of its fishing and hunting country along its northern stretches, brought a new light into his eye. He had been a silk weaver at Brunswick, Maine, he said, until he enlisted in the engineers about a year ago for service in France.

"Oh, I can go into the woods to hunt and fish the same as ever," he said, lightly. "Losing a leg will not interfere any with my job as a silk weaver, and when they get me down to Washington they're going to fit me out with one of these knee-jointed propellors they fasten onto you down there and then I'll be able to walk in the woods or any place else as well as ever.

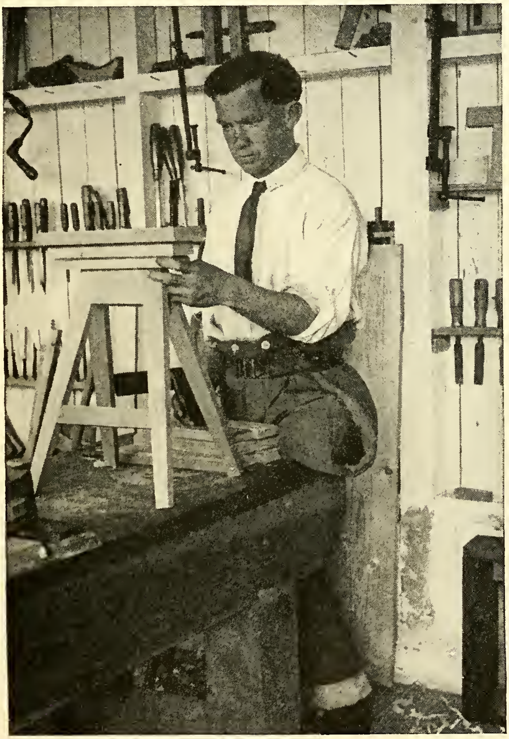
"I was thinking it over every which way, coming over here on the ship from France. And after all's said and done, I've decided that if I had it to do all over again I'd a dam' sight rather have seen and done all the things that came my way in France, and especially having this War Cross here all my life, than to be just a weaver that never got out of Brunswick, particularly when it ain't costing me anything except for a little limp in my walk."

In groups and couples and singly they came and went through the wards in the corridors. One heard such greetings as, "Hello, yuh darned old cripple! How's every little thing?"—the legless man in the corner of a ward giving the greeting happily to the soldier lad with the empty sleeve passing his chair. And earlier in the day a nurse had heard the handless youngster from North Dakota happily discussing with another boyish soldier, who had both legs off above the knees—but walking along easily with the aid only of temporary pegs and a cane—how they could pool their total of physical assets in order to make one perfect man.

Into the hospital at Ellis Island come most of the returning wounded. This hospital and several others now and throughout the war will be the general 'clearing houses', where the wounded, which henceforth are bound to come back in increasing numbers, will rest for a day or two from their trip and then be sent, always under proper escort, to the military hospital best equipped to handle particular cases. The surgeons impress upon the wounded that expert treatment by specialists is everything and geographical distribution of minor importance.

But in the meantime nostalgia is not virulent enough to disturb the home comers who joke away their first days at home, as they lounge or scuffle, play cards or read the magazines and watch the movies in the Red Cross tent, buy pop over the counter of the Ellis Island canteen, bat at each other playfully in passing, or sit in breezy spots and plan the great new life stretching out before them.

And when the last movie film has flickered on the screen at night, they unstrap their temporary aids to locomotion, amid happy noises that make one think of a school boy dormitory. Then, almost a stone throw from the big bronze Liberty lady to the south, they turn in and go to sleep, a soft light shining through their windows from the spot close by where the Goddess holds high her torch to light the outbound path of their keen-eyed young 'buddies'—headed eastward to take up the job where the home comers had had to quit in a blaze of glory.



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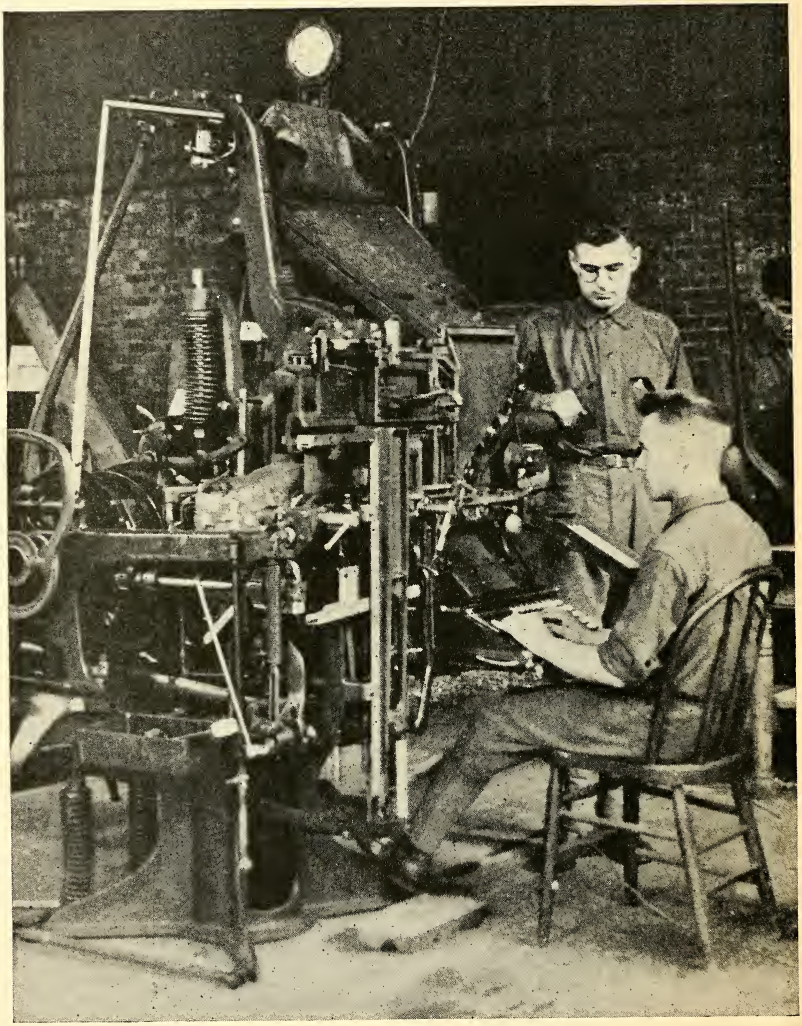
SOUTH AFRICA CARRIES ON

There is no end of opportunity for the man who has lost a leg. Throughout the British Empire soldiers wounded like this South African are retained for work necessary to the military service. America follows suit with fine results.



HEAD JOBS

The demand for typographers becomes increasingly greater in the army as well as out. In spite of almost any disability, with both hands intact, a man can be taught to operate a typesetting machine and make a valuable war worker. The linotype shown above is installed at U. S. General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J., and a printing class of soldiers is being instructed. Similar courses are given at other reconstruction hospitals.

The Lucky Handicap

By Major Rupert Hughes, U.S.A.

DID you ever know a race to be won by the man who had no handicap at all? The betting odds are always on the man who starts at scratch or thereabouts. He gradually overtakes and passes the string ahead of him and goes through to the goal.

Success in life is only a Marathon. People make fun of the hare who let the tortoise beat him, but a bookmaker who knew his business would have favored the tortoise in the betting every time.

The rich man's son with what people call 'every advantage' has really all the disadvantages. He has next to nothing to fight for. He has nothing to strengthen his muscle and his determination and his envy on. He gets everything but his clothes ready made.

He is like an elevator boy with no stairs to climb; he only uses his legs for props. A little pull on a rope or a shift of a lever and the car shoots up or down; so his arms stay flabby.

Nobody ever made a success with a cinch. The greatest helps a man can have are his handicaps. Among all great orators who would be called the greatest? Demosthenes, of course. He stuttered as a boy and had a voice that hardly carried past his Grecian nose; so he filled his mouth with pebbles and went out on the beach to shout down the breakers. It was good practice for conquering audiences.

Among all the great composers, who would be called the greatest? Beethoven, undoubtedly. He was deaf during a great part of his life.

The master poet of Greece was Homer and he was blind. And so was the epic poet of England, Milton. A man does not have to hear to make music, nor see to write.

Pilgrim's Progress was composed in a jail, and so was the masterpiece of Spanish literature, *Don Quixote.*

Speaking of Spanish literature, W. H. Prescott, one of America's greatest historians, who wrote classic histories of the Spanish monarchs and conquerors, made wonderful research among ancient manuscripts in spite of the fact that he could hardly see. When he was in college a boy threw a piece of bread at him. It hit him in the eye and he became all but blind. Yet he managed to devise means for reading almost endlessly in dim old libraries.

Another famous American historian was Francis Parkman who was such an invalid that he fainted at the least effort. He could hardly work an hour a day; it was torture for him to travel. Yet he filled many volumes with the results of his explorations in rough countries, seeking the truth about Indian wars and customs.

There was a young Count named Géza Zichy who had an ambition to be a pianist. At seventeen he lost his right arm. But he went right on with his career. He rearranged the brilliant concert pieces that were beyond the ability of most pianists so that he could play them with his left hand. He composed works of his own and made himself famous as a pianist. He composed two successful operas.

One of the greatest of all illustrators was the Spaniard Vierge. In the very height of his career his right hand failed him. He learned to draw as well with his left. The American cartoonist, T. S. Sullivant, who has drawn so much laughter from the readers of *Life*, lost the use of his right hand, too. He learned to draw with his left and his followers never knew the difference.

It would be easy to go on all day mentioning names ancient and modern of those whom fate seemed to surround with wire entanglements, but who scrambled up out of the ditch, and went over the top, crawled through the barbs and charged on to victory.

With some of them, the handicaps were poverty or parental opposition, ill-health, poor education, hostility, disgrace, wounds, physical, mental or spiritual obstacles to overcome. But they were not stopped.

To my thinking, we ought not to say that a man succeeds 'in spite of' handicaps but 'because of' handicaps. The man to feel sorry for is the poor fellow who is rich in everything but defects. He is the one whose case is most nearly hopeless. What has the wretch got to exercise his will power on? or to set his teeth in? or to brace himself against? A man can't get strong by lifting cream puffs or sticking pansies in his buttonhole.

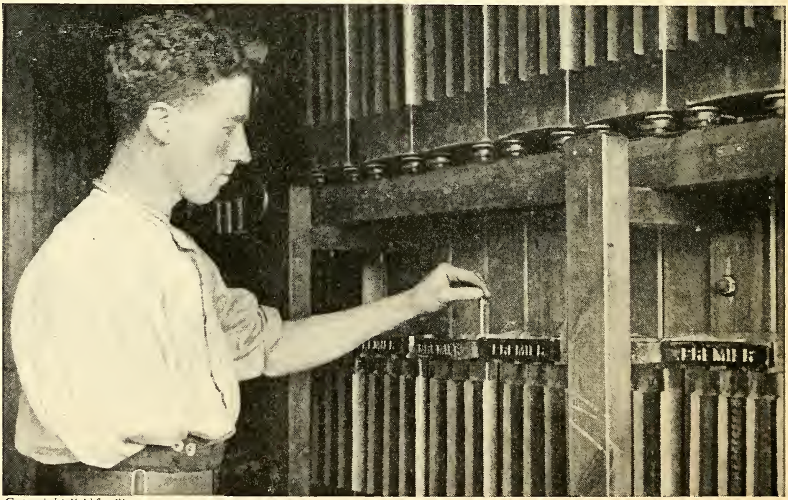
When he wakes up in the morning he has no pet demon sitting on the foot of his bed defying him and bringing him out of the nest of sloth with a roar. People are so cantankerous that they never get over the childhood longing to do what they are warned against. When destiny says "You can't," a man of real stuff replies, "I'll show you."

The things people do best are the impossible things. The novel that had most effect on American history was written by the timid little wife of a clergyman, and the noblest war poem ever written by an American was written by a woman. The Spartans who put their weaklings to death never accomplished anything but a little fairly good fighting. The race is not to the swift, but to the lame, the halt and the blind. It's the grit that counts.

Perhaps the stoutest hearted poem in any language was written by a poor bedridden invalid who spent a good part of his time in hospitals under the surgeons' knives. He wrote that marvelous defiance:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.



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One steady hand may mean a good job in any one of several branches of electricity. This South African soldier with a hydrometer holds a position as tester. He learned this new trade *after* his return.

Invisible Wounds

By Captain Arthur H. Samuels, S. C., U. S. A.

THERE is always a disposition on the part of the public to recognize the obvious. Outward show makes an easy appeal and the brains and the effort behind it are generally ignored. The authority of a uniformed policeman is respected; but the plain-clothes detective must show his badge.

A great American statesman commenting on a slip of the tongue made by a contemporary once said: "Never give the public an etching; always give them a poster. It is dangerous to be subtle."

As our soldiers are returning in increasing numbers from the battle-fields overseas and are beginning to be seen by their countrymen in whose defense they have been maimed, it is evident that great consideration will be shown them. Instinctively, a warm sympathy arises for the man whose sleeve is empty, whose leg has been shot away by a hun bullet or who has been outwardly injured. These men deserve sympathy and help and encouragement in full measure and they will be offered every facility, physical and educational, to restore them to civilian life where they can once more take their places as useful citizens.

Much has been said and written during the past year about the civilian cripple and the handicapped soldier. Pictures have been drawn that show how the hand-organ must be allowed no longer to play on the heart strings of a gullible public. It is understood pretty clearly in America today that the man who has suffered loss of limb can, with or without appliances, be employed in business, industry and agriculture with profit to himself and to his employer.

BROKEN WITHIN

But what of the soldier who comes back broken within by the ravages of modern warfare? What of the man whose lungs have been seared by the poisonous gasses of the enemy? What of our nerve-racked, shell-shocked fighters—the victims of liquid fire and tuberculosis? These men bear wounds quite as honorable as their brothers who are obviously handicapped; but the wounds they carry are invisible.

Intrepidity and brilliant physical action resulting in loss of limb are picturesque manifestations of courage, and the fruits of glory are commensurate. We read of a British captain who has been decorated with the Victoria cross because of extraordinary service, the nature of which might not be revealed until after the war. Here indeed was a reward for hidden valor. This man was not allowed to tell what feats of daring had brought him such high honor. Scoffers there were, who whispered of influence at court—until finally the Government announced that the V. C. was conferred as a result of several handsome submarine bombings, a material reduction of the enemy's sea power. Not even a correspondent was present.

NOT THE PICTURESQUE

There can be no doubt that the public is being reconstructed in its former attitude toward the disabled soldier. But it is true as well that the present tendency is to spend most of its sympathy and encouragement on the man with visible wounds and there is danger that a disproportionate amount of attention will be applied at the expense of the equally deserving fighter whose injuries are hidden from the public eye.

It is not the picturesque side of reconstruction that will afford the most troublesome problems for this country. The heart must be stirred not entirely through the eye for it is a fact based on the casualties of the past four

MEN WHO DON'T LOOK IT

At all of the reconstruction centers are hundreds of soldiers from this country and overseas who do not show their disabilities. This group at Lakewood works daily under a physical director. The men also attend classes in various subjects to fit them mentally for the future—in service or back home.

years, that the greater percentage of soldiers passing through reconstruction centers are suffering from internal rather than outward surgical injuries. Many men who have been temporarily weakened by the rigors of service will appear to be strong and well.

At one of the reconstruction hospitals there arrived recently a hulk of a man whose physique belied his condition. Before he entered the service more than a year ago he had been a fireman. He was returned from France as a disabled soldier, but except for a slight pallor, he looked capable of doing very strenuous work.

"I feel pretty good," he said, "but my nerve is gone—I can't stand the gaff like I used to."

Here is a man apparently intact but suffering from a nervous condition brought on by the hardships of long fighting. He is receiving the best medical care and when he is discharged from the hospital and the army he will have received as part of his treatment, training and education to fit him for a gainful occupation; and, if necessary, will be out in a place free from the noise and strain of his previous livelihood.

A TRUE BALANCE

The invisibly wounded of this type are entitled to full consideration at the hands of their families, their friends and employers. It will be difficult in many instances for the business man eager to open his doors to the returned fighter to understand why men who look hale and hearty enough, will be unable to go into certain jobs involving heavy indoor work. Employers, especially, will have to understand this aspect of the problem and exercise discretion, always, of course, on the assumption that the ex-soldier or -sailor bases his claim legitimately.

The public will be completely reconstructed only when it has effected a true balance between consideration and opportunity. The possible dangers of hero-worship and pampering cannot be overstated but at the same time neither can the need of intelligent consideration for these men. These bearers of invisible wounds will receive the same attention from the Medical Department of the Army as the outwardly handicapped. This treatment will fit them for the future as it will the others.

They must not be passed by because their sacrifices are not obvious; they must be given full opportunity to regain their positions in the scheme of American life, sharing the same privileges and the same chances for lucrative employment as their comrades otherwise handicapped.

The adjustment of society and industry after the war will hang very much on the crystallization of the public mind in this matter. It is going to require nice rather than snap judgment. Broad rules on which the general plan may be based must be altered to meet the condition of the individual. And it should never be lost sight of that the returned soldier and sailor are human beings, not machine cogs, and that no two human beings are alike.

Seeing is Hearing

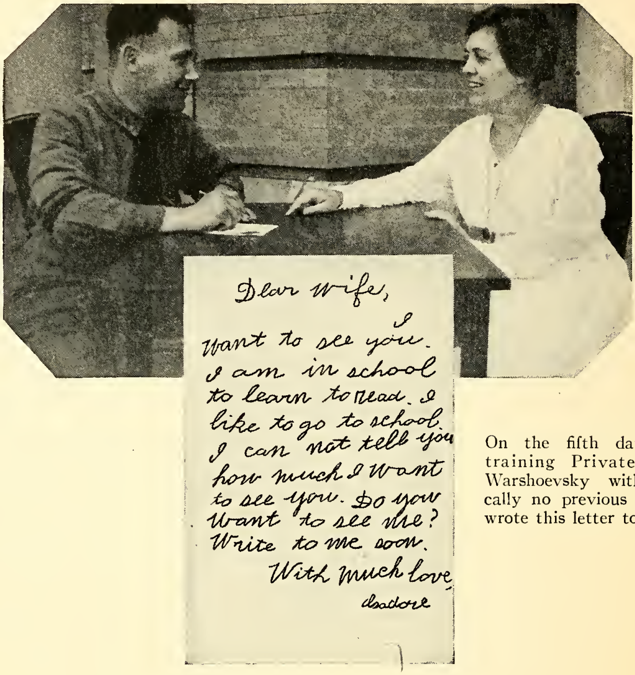
The Army is Educating its First Deaf Soldier by the Newest Methods

AFTER all," said Private Isadore Warshoevsky, of the Eleventh Engineers, "I might have been deaf even if I hadn't gone to war and then nobody would have cared so I guess I'm pretty lucky at that."

The 'luck' referred to by Private Warshoevsky is due to the fact that he has sacrificed his hearing for an education. He is the first deaf soldier to be returned from the American Expeditionary Forces to the United States after his turn in the field.

Warshoevsky started at Camp Upton and his regiment was one of the pioneers of the national army to go overseas. His hearing was not normal at the time but his heart was and he wanted to make his own fight for the land of his adoption. When opportunity came he took it and although he left his hearing over there he brought back with him an enthusiasm and determination that are going to more than make up for a loss that is being rapidly turned from a liability into an asset.

There is something of a romance in the story of Warshoevsky. Twenty-five years ago he was born in Russia near Kiev. He saw his relatives robbed, persecuted and murdered in the riots of 1904 and 1905. As a child he felt the pinch of hunger. He was browbeaten and kicked. When he was ten years old his father sought a refuge in America but young Isadore



Dear wife,

I want to see you.
I am in school
to learn to read. I
like to go to school.
I can not tell you
how much I want
to see you. Do you
want to see me?
Write to me soon.
With much love
Isadore

On the fifth day of his training Private Isadore Warshoevsky with practically no previous education wrote this letter to his wife.

stayed with his mother—an invalid. She died never knowing freedom. The one happy memory of those days is that he once saw in Kiev the little grandmother of the Russian Revolution, the great Katerina Breshkovsky, and heard her speak. The dream of some day living in a Republic was born in his soul.

At fifteen, after his mother's death, Isadore managed to make his way with fifty other immigrants to America but meanwhile his father had married again and he was thrown entirely on his own resources. He became an errand boy, working from seven in the morning until six at night to earn $2.50 a week. He had heard much of the opportunities in America and how even the humblest people could read and write.

So he enrolled in a night school but when he came home after work he was so tired that he would fall asleep at his supper. From the errand boy job he moved up and at twenty was an apprentice in a shoe shop, earning $8 a week; but four years later he was a shoe stitcher and every Saturday night they handed him $25. Then War came.

After he entered the service Warshoevsky married a Russian girl living in Brooklyn. He does not say much about this but there is a suspicion that she has something to do with his eagerness to learn. He arrived in Ellis Island in July, handicapped by deafness, unable to read or write further than to recognize the letters of the alphabet and to form some of them.

It is on such a foundation that the Officers and teachers at U. S. Army General Hospital No. 11, Cape May, New Jersey where Warshoevsky was sent, went to work. They decided to teach him the phonetic method. What he had learned previously did not help much. But his mind was made up and he was eager to move. At the end of the first week he was able to write a letter to his wife and to write simple sentences and to read newspaper headlines. A few days later he wrote this letter to an uncle and aunt and was helped only on four words:

> Dear Uncle and Aunt:
>
> I can write you that I received your letter last week. Forgive me for not writing sooner. I am well today. I hope that you are well. Now I can write you about me. I am going to school every day. I am learning to write and read and read the lips, so you will not yell at me. When I can read the lips I will come and see you.
>
> Write to me soon.
>
> From your nephew,
>
> ISADORE

The intricacies of written English are puzzling to Isadore. He was told that each sentence should begin with a capital letter.

"Why," he asked, "should I make the big letter? I am not *blind.*"

Private Warshoevsky is still a soldier with a clean record of which he is very proud and he does what he is told. His progress in speech reading has been most satisfactory and within a few months he will be sent back to his little home—back to his shoe stitching bench, a better American and a more valuable citizen than when his country called him.

Other men like Warshoevsky are arriving at Cape May. There under the direction of Lt.-Col. Charles W. Richardson, they will be taught to read speech from the lips, to learn, if necessary, to read and to write. Each will be given his chance and each will make good. Private Warshoevsky can write that now.

Guiding the Disabled to a New Job

By T. B. Kidner

EDITOR'S NOTE. The writer of this article has, for the past two and a half years, been the Vocational Secretary of the Military Hospitals' Commission (now the Invalided Soldiers' Commission) of Canada, the civilian body to which has been entrusted, by the Canadian Government, the vocational rehabilitation of Canadians disabled in the Great War. He has recently been loaned by the Canadian Government to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the body which, under the recent act of Congress, has been charged with the duty of the vocational training and education of American soldiers and sailors, after their discharge from the Army and Navy, and is now in Washington, assisting in formulating definite plans for the work of the Federal Board.

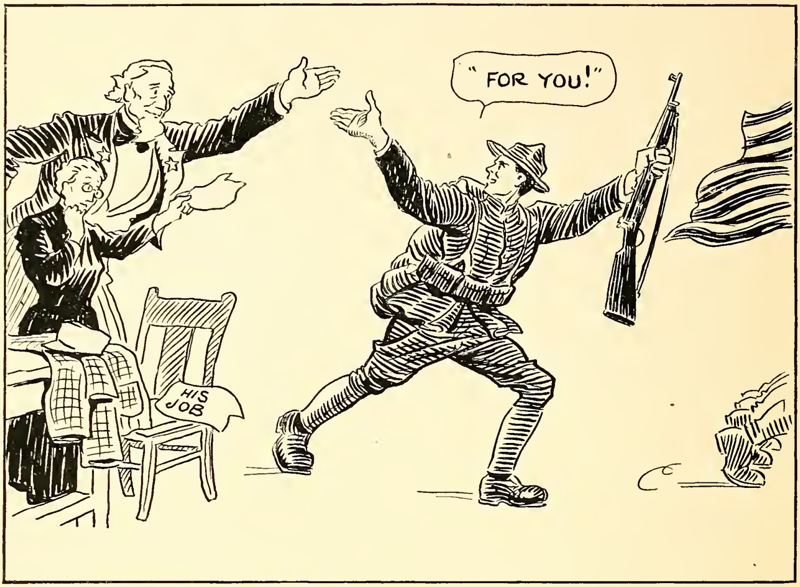
A SUITABLE occupation towards which his training may be directed is the most important consideration involved in the re-education of a disabled man. Primarily, it is, of course, a medical problem but it is equally an educational and a social-economic problem. Obviously the remaining physical ability of the man is prime; and every disabled man who appears likely to be unable to follow his pre-war calling should be submitted to a thoroughly systematic and complete medical examination.

From an educational standpoint, the man's character, personality and intelligence, his degree of education and training, and his previous occupation must all be carefully considered.

As a social-economic question, there is first the probability of the demand for labor in the various occupations towards which a disabled man might be directed. While it may be quite easy to provide training for some new occupation, the need for workers in that field may be limited. As the success or failure of an attempt to re-educate a disabled man for some occupation is measured, in the last analysis, by his successful placement and by his retention of a 'steady job', it is evident that the probable demand for labor must always be taken into account in the selection of a suitable new calling for the disabled.

A MANY-SIDED PROBLEM

Having established the amount or power of the man's remaining physical (and sometimes



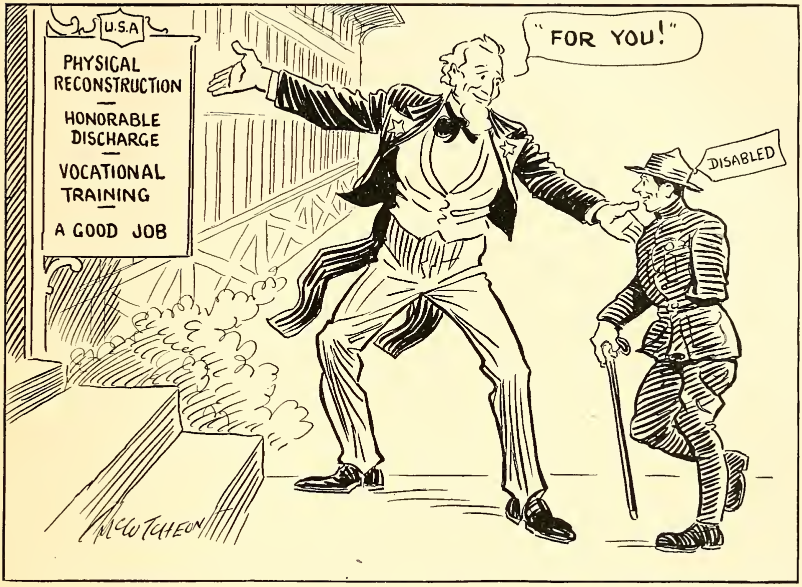
STANDING BY EACH OTHER—By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

mental) abilities, the medical man must cooperate in every way with an Occupational or Vocational Counsellor. This officer must have an expert knowledge of industries and also of the methods of training the workers in them, whether in a special school, or in the commercial workshop or industry itself, or by a combination of both. He must also be acquainted with the demand for workers in established industries and in new or projected industries. He must know the liability to seasonal unemployment and occupational disease of workers in a given industry, for disabled men should not be directed towards occupations in which there is a strong probability of their meeting these obstacles to a full livelihood. In addition to his technical and general qualifications, the Vocational Counsellor of the disabled soldier must be very 'human'. The objects of his advice are almost always a little out of key with their environment and the utmost sympathy and tact are required in their guidance and training.

CREATING A NEW INITIATIVE

It must not be forgotten that from the moment a man enters the Navy or the Army, his whole training is of necessity away from the exercise of his own volition. He rises by rule, eats by rule, works by rule, his hours of recreation are set for him, he is clothed, housed and cared for in every way, so that, literally, he need 'take no thought for the morrow'.

This army habit of mind, so to speak, must be overcome and an important part of the duty of all who have to do with the industrial rehabilitation of the disabled is to help and encourage them once more to think for themselves, to act on their own initiative—in short, to 'de-militarize' them, for their own good and that of the community.



UNCLE SAM WILL NOT DESERT THE MAN WHO DIDN'T DESERT HIM

It is this important phase of the work which renders it absolutely necessary that in the selection of a Vocational Counsellor for the disabled soldier, his personal qualifications, entirely apart from his educational training and experience, should always be of the right type. It is necessary for the Counsellor to 'get under the skin', of every man with whom he has to deal. In the disabled man's military experience he has probably been so often before a board or an officer for some purpose or other, that he is, to use his own expression, always quite 'fed up' with that kind of thing. The attitude of the Vocational Counsellor must be quite the reverse of the attitude of the military officer, dealing with a soldier on military affairs.

From the very newness of this work it is clear that trained and experienced Vocational Counsellors are not abundant. One of the problems which the Invalided Soldiers' Commission of Canada had to face was the finding of a number of men with the necessary technical and personal qualifications for this work.

Most of the few men available were promptly secured; provinces, municipalities and colleges alike being ready and willing to cooperate in releasing or loaning to the Department their technical education experts who had some experience in the kind of work required. *Later, as the numbers or returned men increased, other excellent counsellors were found among the returned officers and men.* Many had been engaged in technical and industrial pursuits before enlistment and, after a short period of work alongside an experienced 'vocational officer', as the Department termed its counsellors, made excellent counsellors in their turn. For one thing, their point of contact with the disabled man was, in most cases, already established, for each had been over the top and had suffered in common the horrors and miseries of the field of war.

THE VOCATIONAL OFFICER'S TASK

What are the lines upon which a vocational officer proceeds when taking up with a disabled soldier the momentous and serious question of his future occupation? First of all, he must establish between himself and the disabled man an intimate, friendly connection. In many cases, the very natural feeling of depression and helplessness after a serious wounding and a prolonged hospital experience must be overcome and the disabled man helped to realize that he may be able once more to become a useful member of the community. Quite often, several interviews are necessary before the right degree of frankness and friendship is established between a disabled man and the vocational officer, but however long it may take, it must be achieved if the best results are to be obtained.

In the selection of a new occupation the man's own choice or preference must have first call. At the outset a vocational officer attempts to discover it, for unless the new vocation selected appeals to the man, his successful re-education is well nigh impossible. Usually a man is asked to name a second occupation, in addition to his first choice, and to give his reasons for desiring to take up each of them.

HOBBIES AND RECREATIONS

The vocational officer also takes up such apparently irrelevant things as the man's recreations or hobbies, which, are often most significant in throwing light on his character and capabilities. The extent and kind of the man's education are also carefully enquired into and recorded for reference. His intelligence and other characteristics are noted. Probably, however, the most important information obtained from the disabled man is his industrial history, of which a careful, detailed record is made. Wherever possible, the previous experience, training and skill of a disabled man must not be thrown away and it is in his interest that the vocational and medical officers always endeavor to direct a man towards re-education in his former work or in a connected or related occupation, rather than in an absolutely new one.

ADVISE WITH OUTSIDERS

This is especially true of the productive industries and no effort is spared to induce men to choose and undertake training in technical or industrial occupations, rather than in non-manual, unproductive clerical work. If a man cannot carry on the heavier manual operations of his former trade, he can, in a great many instances, *be trained for some lighter work in the same trade*, and is, indeed, often so trained and *placed in a technical position superior to that which he occupied before enlistment.*

There are often general and local considerations to be taken into account in the selection of a suitable occupation for a disabled man. The medical officer may be able to pronounce upon a man's physical and mental fitness for a particular occupation; the vocational expert may be able to discover a man's aptitude and abilities and to recommend training to suit, but quite often other considerations, neither medical nor purely technical, are involved. Therefore, from the beginning, the Commission provided that the advice and counsel of the medical and vocational officers should be supplemented by that of some person, not officially concerned in the disabled soldier, but able and willing to represent the local viewpoint and sentiment, and also the unofficial public side of the question. Men having special knowledge of the industry concerned are called in and invariably give freely of their time and advice.

IMPOSSIBLE TO LIST OCCUPATIONS

After two years' experience there has been discovered no reason to change the original plan in Canada, whereby the case of every man, who, by reason of his disability requires training for a new occupation, should be considered individually. It is possible that some other countries may have been able to formulate one, but as far as Canadian experience goes (and over 4,300 men have been surveyed for purposes of vocational re-education to date) there is no such thing as a list of occupations suitable for men suffering certain disabilities. There are too many factors in the problem and they are all variable.

Having discussed together from all possible viewpoints—medical, technical, general and local—the man's future occupation, a recommendation that a suitable course of training be provided is made by the Board and forwarded to headquarters of the Department at Ottawa, where it is carefully considered and, generally, concurred in. As soon as possible, the vocational officer arranges for the disabled man to enter upon his course of training, either in a technical institution or school, or in an industrial or commercial establishment, or partly in each.

A CAREFUL FOLLOW-UP

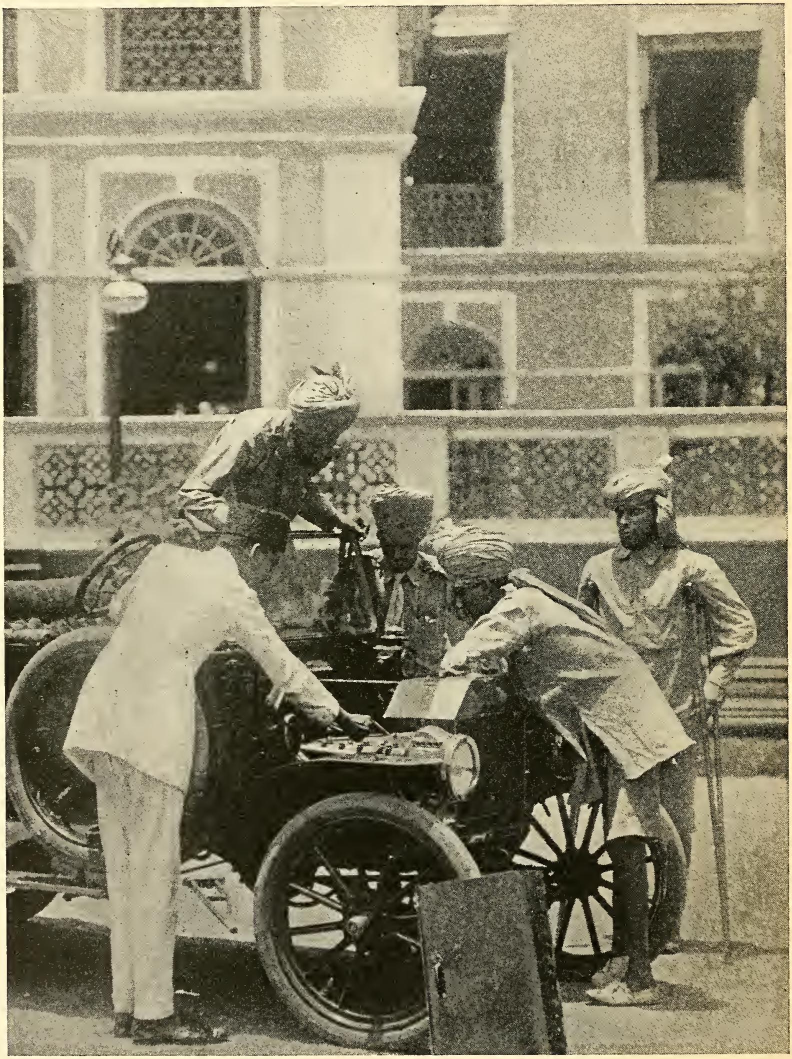
The work of the vocational officer is, however, not over when the man begins his course of training. Each week a careful record and report of the pupil's progress is made to the vocational officer by the instructors, or by the foreman or manager if the pupil is in an industrial establishment. Occasionally it happens that a man is misplaced, or that his work is not satisfactory, and the vocational officer at once enquires into the matter and, if necessary, makes changes. If, for any reason, the man undergoing re-education requires medical attention, the vocational officer brings the case at once to the notice of the medical officer to whom has been assigned the duty of assisting in this re-education work.

Week by week the disabled man progresses until finally his course is completed and he is able to take up, as a gainful occupation, the work for which he has been trained. Even then, the interest of the vocational officer in him does not cease. Thus it comes about that there is now being developed a 'follow-up' system by which it is hoped to keep in touch, for a time at least, with all men who have been re-educated for new occupations by the Department.

The Government of Canada believes that by providing vocational re-education for disabled soldiers and sailors in Canada, not only will the future welfare and happiness of the disabled be more assured, but that the nation itself will benefit.

Occupational or vocational guidance plays a leading role in the restoration of the disabled to efficiency and consequent prosperity. Sometimes it is difficult work; occasionally it is disappointing to earnest workers, but it is well worth while if it continues to assist the majority of our disabled (as it is doing) to realize once again the power, contentment and happiness which come from mastery over difficulties, and from useful, satisfying and productive work.

Food for the post, fresh air, sunlight and health for the soldier patients who work in the out-of-doors at Lakewood.



THE DIVERSITY OF INDIA

At Queen Mary's Technical School for Disabled Soldiers in Bombay, a great work is well under way. In India it is *education*—not re-education. For it took the war to awaken India and other countries to the stern necessity of training men for industry—civilians as well as soldiers, like these lately returned from the Western Front.

Divine Fragments

Even India has Begun to Salvage its Man Power

By Elizabeth West

ANYONE can understand why Great Britain should undertake the re-education of her disabled soldiers; why should she not, being so honorably eager to pay the debt she owes them? No one wonders that France does, whose new soul cries out to her men for a continuation of that high courage. We all agree that our own democracy, to be true to itself, must see to it that our maimed soldiers have every opportunity to develop their untried capabilities. Even Germany, obviously, must redeem every man to his greatest efficiency, if her abominable program is to be carried out. But that India should have a school for her disabled soldiers—that, now, is marvelous.

Because if all her sons who return incapacitated, took to begging, what difference could that make to her? Already of her three hundred millions, five millions are mendicants—most of them able-bodied. If they had all returned blind, their condition would have caused no comment. Already she has half a million blind uncared for. If they had all died, she would have had plenty left. Losing eighty-seven thousand by plague in April of this year scarcely reduced her number. In few places in the world is life held so undemocratically cheap as in India—so cheap that one life in every four ends before its second year is finished.

And perhaps there are not many places in the world where, to incriminate an enemy, one can get a murder case complete, witnesses and corpse included, for three dollars and thirty-three cents. Sometimes, looking over my school of sweet little outcasts, whom Indians consider 'unteachable' I have said to myself that the growing appreciation of the value of the individual began when the great Teacher said, "Take heed that ye undervalue not one of these little ones." However that may be, I know that the spirit of India is as remote as possible from that of the great American woman who, having gathered together the first group of sub-normal children, exclaimed, "Behold the church of the Divine Fragments!"

A MILLIONAIRE'S ESTATE

If that woman had seen the Queen Mary's Technical School for Disabled Indian Soldiers, in Bombay, she would have recognized in Lady Willingdon, its founder, a leader of her own kind. In a great verandahed building, lent by a millionaire's estate, it stands back from a khaki colored road—khaki, indeed, is the Indian word for the dust of the earth—in a khaki colored garden of dusty potted palms. By day, when the sun burns down upon it, and the flow of automobiles and ox-carts which pass it, a terrible place it seems. But when evening comes, and the beautiful women of the Parsees, the descendants of old Persian sun worshippers, fill the street, some taking their airing in expensive autos, some in gorgeous carriages, then Bombay is neither terrible nor commonplace.

Instead of a blue sky above, one sees through acacia trees—lightly leaved and heavily podded, a soft mauve dome, in which great silver stars are twinkling. Then, at Queen Mary's School, in the spicy noisy darkness of the city, sitting cross-legged, bareheaded on their cots, two hundred men, some lame, some maimed, some blind, all tired by their day's new work, gurgle and pull away at their water pipes, listening to each other's yarns—two hundred men who fought for us! Divine Fragments!

Editor's Note: The data and illustrations for this article were supplied by courtesy of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, New York City.

These few of India's large number of disabled, marched away with the army from homes of various conditions; from wheat fields of the north, from rice fields in the central parts, from jute fields in Bengal, from Madrasi cotton fields, from tea plantations in the foot-hills, from the forests of Cashmir, from near everlasting snows, where shepherds carry their lambs in their bosoms, in the folds of their coarse brown blankets—from everlasting heat, in which one loin cloth is too much clothing. Many of them came from villages in which not one man could read or write.

THE DIVERSITY OF INDIA

Among them are curly bearded Sikhs, of Samson-like vows and strength, whose beards, untouched by razors, are parted in the middle of their chins, rolled neatly back on either side into a little roll which passes along their jaws, beyond their ears, and is wrapped with the long hair of their heads with a knot on top. Some small olive-skinned, slanting eyed Gurkhas remind me of the Gurkha veteran who for years acted as watchman in a mission bungalow in the Himalayas in which I spent a holiday. When I said to him, "I want you to tell that impertinent stranger not to pass this verandah again," he replied calmly, "I have already told him that. Shall I now kill him?"

Hairy Pathans from the Afganistan frontiers work with Rajputs who trace their descent directly back past Adam to the Sun. Here are men who cut off their enemies' head with one stroke of the outer edge of their curved knives; men who rip them to shreds with the inner edge of curved knives—men who fight with long knives—short knives—revolvers, machine guns, bombs, grenades, airplanes, in deserts or in ice, on horses, mules, camels, elephants even—if they could get them—low caste men, high caste men—the diversity of India.

Most of these were unable to read or write when they entered the army. They were, of course, already men of courage and ambition. Had they not been, they would have chosen the tamer ways of living which their villages afforded. Their army training has given them an assurance, an experience which makes them leaders, almost kings, in the open-mouthed groups of their townsmen who gather to listen to their tales of other worlds. Moreover, in India, as in the rest of the world, men of strength conquer in spite of handicaps. For years we have had as our punkah coolie a legless man, whose trunk is terribly twisted and deformed. While our neighbors are being driven to desperation by the laziness of their punkah coolies, this faithful servant pulls the rope of our fan with the regularity of a machine, and is so valuable a helper that when the little donkey died which carried him from our verandah to his home, in self-defense we had to buy him another beast.

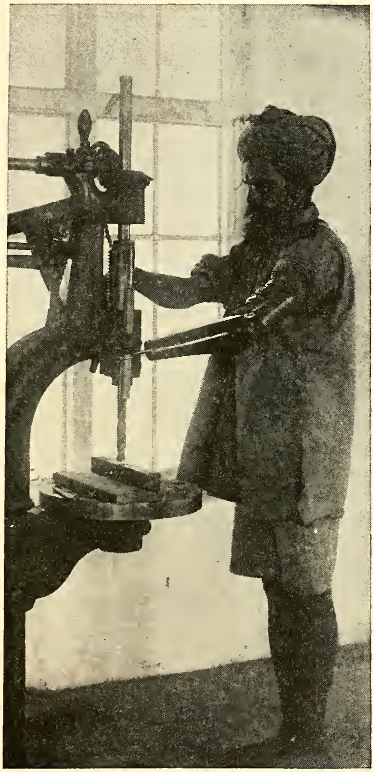
Judging by this man, and others I have known, I have no doubt that the men now in training will soon be able to earn, as many of the school's 'graduates' are now doing, salaries ranging from six to thirty-two dollars a month. Not much of an income, you say. But consider that the average yearly income in India is generally computed to be nine dollars a year—sometimes much less. Some of them are getting instruction in scientific agriculture, in India where wheat is cultivated and threshed by hand, as it was when David was King of Israel. Others are learning poultry raising, hatching Leghorns and Minorcas by incubators. They must enjoy this, remembering how in their childhood their mothers, not so scientifically as lovingly, adorned for them little white hens, dyeing one wine pink, one blue, and the tail a lovely green.

ALL SORTS OF TRADES

Some are learning tailoring. To be real tailors they must sit cross-legged before a little hand machine on the floor, and learn to stick their needles in the top of their turbans. These men are easily placed in satisfactory positions with their own regiments, or in the army clothing department. Several are being taught to drive cars, a work much in demand now in the mechanical transport service, and one which after the war will be in constant demand among civilians.

In government dockyards, ordnance factories and arsenals, as turners, fitters, engine drivers and machine men, they find more positions waiting than they can fill. In most of the newly-risen industrial centers committees have been formed to see that disabled men find suitable work in workshops and factories. There are classes also in motor mechanics—surely a popular one—in carpentering, motion picture operating, elementary engineering and machine knitting. Considering the speed with which Indians are acquiring the bad habit of wearing socks, this last seems very lucrative.

Moving pictures of the shops full of soldiers have excited such interest that they are being used throughout India in recruiting stations. While in the school the men are provided food, bedding and clothing free, and railway fare to and from their homes. Many of them, upon leaving, are given the tool required in the new trade.



INDIA AND INDUSTRY

Hundreds of India's returned fighters are being fitted with the best working artificial appliances. They are learning a wide variety of trades and rapidly are assimilated into newly-risen industrial centers.

"REPENT AND BE LIKE HIM"

I believe that these men going back to their home towns will do India as great a service as they did when in the trenches they held back her hideous enemy. Slouchiness, shiftlessness and laziness are going to be very much out of style in their presence. "Look you now," our cook's wife says to her idle son when he asks for money—"Consider that poor Jivan Shah! No legs he has—no neck—one arm. Does *he* ask for money? All day long he works—the most honored man on the compound. Eat shame awhile! Repent and be like him."

Disabled men doubtless need our help. But let them think how desperately this world needs theirs, since it cannot live by bread alone.

Is anything so desired among us as the inspiration of beautiful living? "Ho, ho!" I hear someone of the wounded say. 'Having given our bodies for the worthless lot you are, is there something more that we owe you?" Yes, I say, I fear there is. Kipling expressed it perfectly in his most perfect and least known story—'The Knife and Naked Chalk'—in the volume 'Rewards and Fairies'—a story worth committing to memory. The flint-worker has given an eye for the salvation of his people, and in the bitterness of his heart he complains to his mother that the people, in their admiration deny his humanity, and call him a god. He says, "What is to be done to the people who say I am Tyr?" She replies, "He who has done a god-like thing must bear himself like a god. I see no way out of it. The people are your sheep until you die. You cannot drive them off." The mother was right. We all need the unconscious shepherding of heroes. Desperately we need it.

Where Can a Woman Serve?

A Big Field is Open for Reconstruction Aides

By Major M. E. Haggerty, S. C., U. S. A.

AS the war goes on the women of America show an increasing desire to help in all fields of service—at home and overseas. Interest in the handicapped soldier and sailor is especially sharp, and thousands of women seek definite information from the Government as to how they can devote their time and experience to the work of reconstruction.

Our men are returning in large numbers and there is immediate need in military hospitals for trained women to act as Reconstruction Aides. Approximately 2,000 such women will be needed for overseas service within the next few months, others at home. Reconstruction Aides are divided into groups: Physio-Therapy and Occupational Therapy.

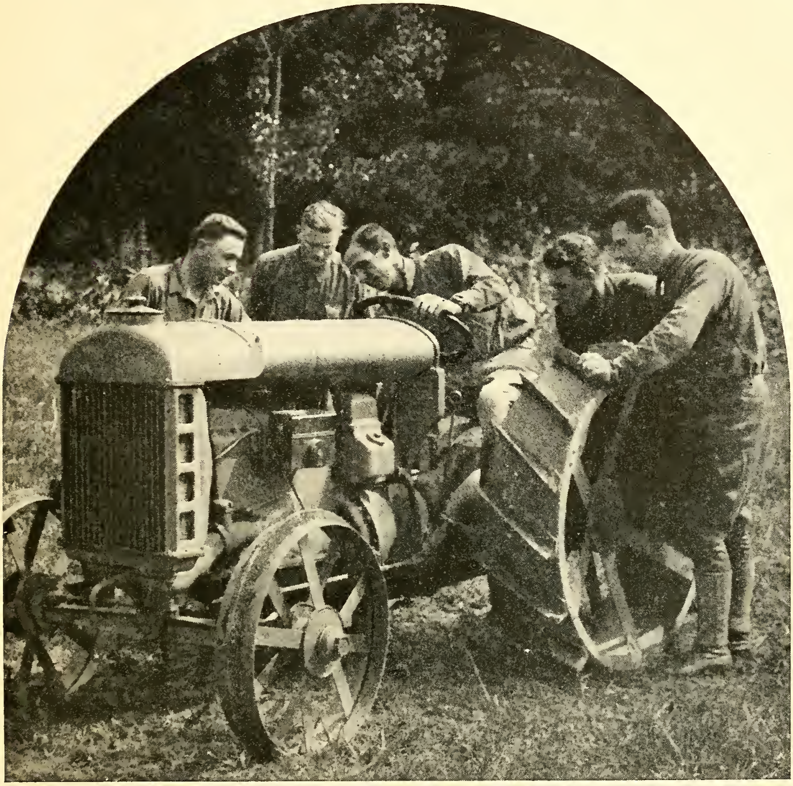
In Physio-Therapy they are required to have a minimum general education equivalent to graduation from a graded school. Their professional training consists in theoretical and practical knowledge in Physio-Therapy embracing Hydro-Therapy, Electro-Therapy, Mechano-Therapy, and Massage. Each aide must be qualified in at least two of these specialized branches.

Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy are teachers of handcrafts and other subjects to disabled soldiers in military hospitals. They are required to have a general education, at least the equivalent to graduation from a secondary school. Normal school and college graduates and those with comparable technical training will be preferred. Applicants for Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy should be capable of giving service as follows:

Class A. Expert in one or more lines in this class. (Some experience as a teacher is desired, but not required.)

- Social worker
- Library service
- Teacher of adolescents or adults in
    - Industrial and fine arts
    - General science
    - English
    - Commercial branches
    - Free-hand drawing and design

Learning telegraphy in bed — an example of practical curative work.



A LEGITIMATE JOY RIDE

Small tractors may be seen running in the open fields that surround several of our reconstruction hospitals, where soldier teaches soldier. Many of the men will become farmer-chauffeurs—some on their own farms.

- Mechanical drawing
- Telegraphy and signalling
- French
- Manual training
- Agriculture (gardening and floriculture)
- Music
- Plays and games
- Mathematics (commercial and industrial)

Class B. As teacher or craftsman in one or more of the lines in this class.

- Knitting (hand, machine, rake)
- Weaving (textile production and manufacture)
- Clay and papier mache modeling (clay and glass production and manufacture)
- Wood carving and toy making (wood production and manufacture)
- Metal working, jewelry and engraving (metal production and manufacture).

Class C. Informed on all lines in this class.

- Military procedure in hospitals
- War Department's program for physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers
- Regulations as to insurance, pensions, etc., under War Risk Insurance Bureau
- Opportunities offered by Federal Board for Vocational Training.

In general each aide must be expert in one or more fields enumerated in Class A and capable of giving instruction in one or more subjects enumerated in Class B. In addition, each will be expected after her appointment to become familiar with military procedure in the hospitals and informed on all provisions made by the Federal government for the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers as enumerated in Class C.

In all appointments and promotions, preference will be given to applicants showing superior qualifications. Every effort will be made to choose for this service women of unusual strength of character. They should be able to do hard and serious work, to spend long hours when occasion demands, to forego many of the luxuries and comforts of normal home life, properly to subordinate their personal interests to the good of the service, and to cooperate with medical officers, nurses and others in the conduct of their work.

The personal qualifications of Reconstruction Aides are in the main those of good

THURSDAY NIGHT
U.S. WIN THE WAR
SOD
?
HELP
BRUSH UP MEN ALL BRAINS Get RUSTY
USAGH
SEE US REGARDING YOUR FUTURE
BRUSH UP MEN ALL BRAINS Get RUSTY

ART FOR THEIR OWN SAKE

A soldier patient with an artistic bent beams at the chance to work at an easel. The Lakewood class shown above, keeps the hospital in good spirits with clever posters and announcements which are useful as well as ornamental.

teachers: knowledge and skill in the particular occupation to be taught, attractive and forceful personality, teaching ability, sympathy, tact, judgment, industry. In the overseas service particularly, a Reconstruction Aide will need to use great ingenuity and cleverness in adapting her work to the conditions prevailing in the military hospitals.

THESE ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS

Reconstruction Aides must be between 25 and 40 years of age. Only in the case of women with unusual qualifications will an exception be made to this rule.

They must be citizens of the United States or subjects of one of the countries allied with the United States in the war against Germany. They must furnish at least two references as to character and such further certificates as to professional ability as may be requested by the Surgeon General.

If married, a Reconstrcution Aide can be accepted only for work in hospitals in this country.

All applicants will be required to pass a careful physical examination made by some medical officer of the Army, or by such civilian practitioner as the Surgeon General may authorize to conduct such examinations. Applicants must not be less than sixty inches or more than seventy inches in height; must weigh not less than 100 or more than 196 pounds. Marked disproportion between height and weight may be a cause for rejection. The medical examiner will send his report direct to the Surgeon General, and its contents will be considered confidential.

All applicants are urged to obtain practical experience in occupational therapy in some hospital, as a special qualification for the work. Other things being equal, an applicant with such experience is given preference.

CLASSIFICATION AND PAY

Aides will be divided into three classes: Aides and Head Aides and Supervisors. There will be one Head Aide for every ten Aides. The Head Aide will direct and be responsible for the work of the Aides under her. Where there are fewer than ten Aides assigned to a hospital, there will be one Head Aide. Head Aides will be continued as such as long as they satisfactorily fill the position. A Head Aide may be reduced to Aide by the authority of the Surgeon General. Supervisors of Reconstruction Aides will be appointed where there is need for more extended supervision than can be given by the Head Aide.

Aides will be assigned to any hospital in the United States where in the opinion of the Surgeon General they will be most useful. They will not be assigned to duty abroad unless they desire foreign service.

The pay of Aides while serving in the United States will be $50 per month, and $60 per month when serving abroad. A Head Aide will receive $15 per month additional. All Aides will receive quarters and rations in the hospital to which they are assigned, and uniforms soiled while on duty will be laundered as a part of the hospital laundry. Where quarters and rations are not furnished, Aides will receive additional pay at the rate of $62.50 per month. Suitable lodgings and subsistence will be provided at the cost of the United States while detained under orders at a port of embarkation awaiting transportation. The pay of supervisors of Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy will be $1,800 per year, without subsistence.

All Aides, Head Aides, and Supervisors will receive transportation to point of destination and $4 per day in lieu of other traveling expenses. *The Surgeon General's Office has no provision for volunteer or part-time workers.*

For foreign service both hospital and street uniforms are required. For service at home, at present, only the hospital uniform is required. This may be purchased at cost through the Red Cross. The expense of the latter will be well under $50. A part of the overseas equipment will be supplied without cost by the Red Cross.

Women who are interested in this phase of war service should write to the Surgeon General of the Army, Division of Physical Reconstruction, Washington, D. C. Each letter will have careful consideration.

Among the invigorating pines of Lakewood, N. J., stands U. S. General Hospital No. 9. The main building which formerly was an up-to-date fireproof hotel serves its purpose admirably. The medical and curative work being done here is highly effective.

For Further Service

A Plan to Refit the Disabled Soldier Into the Army or Back to Civilian Life

THE Surgeon General, with the approval of the General Staff, announces the completion of plans for the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers in the general military hospitals. These plans are formulated with a view to close cooperation with the War Department committee on education and special service in the work of restoring men to full or limited military service, and with the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which is authorized by the law to provide vocational training for disabled men after their discharge from the Army and Navy.

The records of 516 cases treated in four hospitals show 134 men able to return to full military duty, 210 fit for limited service, and 172 who are eligible for discharge. In the last group 12 are classed as helpless or institutional cases; 121 are able to return to their former occupations; and 39 will need further training to fit them for earning a livelihood. These figures show the division of responsibility in the work of reconstruction.

MOST PRESSING NEED

The task of fitting men for further military service is at present the most pressing need because wherever an able-bodied man behind the lines can be replaced by one less fit physically, but vocationally capable, a soldier is gained for active duty. The reconstruction work in the hospitals, therefore, will emphasize technical training in all lines capable of adaptation to the physical limitations of disabled men and in which employment will act as a therapeutic agent. When play and work and study will help a man to get well, this kind of medicine will be prescribed to the patient. If the work he does leads to further service in the Army or to better prospects in civilian life so much the better.

HOSPITALS DESIGNATED

The Surgeon General has designated the following general military hospitals for the work of physical reconstruction:

Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

General Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry, Md.

General Hospital No. 3, Colonia, N. J.

General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Ga.

General Hospital No. 7, Roland Park, Baltimore (for the blind).

General Hospital No. 8, Otisville, N. Y.

General Hospital No. 4, Fort Porter, N. Y.

General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J.

General Hospital No. 11, Cape May, N. J.

General Hospital No. 16, New Haven, Conn.

General Hospital No. 17, Markleton, Pa.

Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.

United States Army Hospital, Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

Plattsburg Barracks Hospital, Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.

General Hospital, Fort Bayard, N. M.

POLICY TO BE FOLLOWED

The policy to be followed in these hospitals, as announced by the Surgeon General, is that hereafter no member of the military service disabled in line of duty, even though not expected to return to duty, will be discharged from service until he shall have attained complete recovery or as complete recovery as may be expected when the nature of his disability is considered. In futherance of this policy, physical reconstruction is defined as complete mental and surgical treatment carried to the point of maximum functional restoration, both mental and physical. To secure this result all methods recognized by modern medicine as conducive to cure will be utilized. In other words, not only the ordinary means of medicine and surgery, including all specialties, will be utilized, but also physical measures such as are employed under physiotherapy, including hydro, electro, and mechanotherapy, active exercises, indoor and outdoor games, and passive exercise in the form of massage. Provision in the form of adequate buildings and equipment for physiotherapy have been adopted in each of the hospitals.

FUNCTIONAL RESTORATION FINAL AIM

Modern medicinal treatment does not end with physical cure. Functional restoration is the final aim of the modern physicians and surgeons. It is conceded that the physical rehabilitation of disabled men is peculiarly dependent upon their mental attitude. The more serious the disability, the greater the danger of mental depression and an indisposition to respond to medical and surgical treatment. The educational work should begin, therefore, at the moment when the man has arrived at the stage where he begins to worry about his future, whether in this country or overseas. The first problem is to divert his attention by simple recreation, through reading, pictures, games, handiwork occupations, and the like, with a view to securing a genuine interest in the attainment of some worthy end—the end most certain to hold his attention and to claim his best efforts in his future vocation. Hence, by gradual steps he may be induced to supplement his previous vocational experience by academic, scientific, or technical instruction, or to choose a new vocation and begin preparation for it if such a course is necessary.

NEED OF 'CHEER-UP' WORK

The need of 'cheer-up' work in the hospitals extends to all who are mentally capable of planning for their own future. This means a relatively large proportion of the entire number. The beginning is made at the bedside with handicrafts of various kinds grouped under the term 'occupational therapy'. When the man is able to leave the ward and can be benefited physically by technical training, he has the opportunity of working at specific trades either in the curative workshop, in specially provided classrooms, or out of doors.

The teachers for this work have been secured from the convalescent disabled soldiers who are already skilled in their vocations and from the enlisted personnel of the Army secured by transfer or by induction of registrants disqualified for general military service but qualified for special limited service. These instructors work under the direction of educational officers chosen for their professional standing in civil life and commissioned in the Sanitary Corps of the Medical Department.

THREE CLASSES OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

From the military standpoint disabled soldiers may be placed in three general classes:

(*a*) *Those who can be restored to full duty.*

(*b*) *Those who can be fitted for limited service.*

(*c*) *Those disabled to the extent of unfitting them for further military service.*

It is the announced policy of the Surgeon General that patients of the first class (*a*) should have, when circumstances warrant it, the benefit of therapeutic treatment through play, work, and study, as may be prescribed by medical officers, in order that their morale may be stiffened, their future usefulness increased, and their recovery hastened.

Patients of the second class (*b*) should have, whenever conditions permit and the medical officers approve, such specific training—physical and vocational—as will in the judgment of the educational officers best fit such patients for limited service of a particular kind, At present patients are being trained in general hospitals for limited service as general and vocational teachers, typists, printers, tailors, cobblers, harness makers, welders, motor mechanicians, painters, machine workers, woodworkers, bookkeepers, statisticians, telegraphers, photographers, telephone operators, cooks, storekeepers, electricians, etc.

LIST TO BE EXTENDED

The list will be extended with the advice and cooperation of the committee on education and special service of the War Department to meet other needs as they arise. At Fort McPherson, practical experience can be gained in twenty different trades. Moreover, there is immediately adjacent to the hospital a large quartermaster's mechanical repair shop, covering all phases of mechanical repair and construction to which men can be assigned for limited service or to gain experience.

Patients of the third class (*c*) should be encouraged in every possible way to accept the benefits accorded them for vocational training by the Federal Board for Vocational Education. To this end they should have while in the hospital such physical training and general education as will best promote their physical reconstruction and at the same time contribute most to their vocational training. Patients who do not elect or who are not eligible to continue their education under the Federal board should receive such training as the medical and educational officers deem best in each individual case.

EVERGREEN—FOR THE WAR BLINDED

Reconstruction Staff

The Staff of the Division of Physical Reconstruction in the office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, consists of the following personnel:

Colonel Frank Billings, M. C., U. S. A. Professor of Medicine, University of Chicago, Director.

Lt.-Col. Edgar King, M. C., U. S. A. Military Advisor.

Lt.-Col. Harry E. Mock, M. C., U. S. A. Instructor in Industrial Medicine and Surgery, Rush Medical College, Assistant Director.

Lt.-Col. James Bordley, Jr., M. C., U. S. A. Ophthalmic Surgeon to South Baltimore Eye and Ear Hospital, Baltimore, Md. In charge of the re-education of blinded soldiers and sailors.

Lt.-Col. Charles W. Richardson, M. C., U. S. A., Washington. In charge of re-education of the deaf and those with speech defects.

Dean James E. Russell, of Teachers College, Columbia University, Director of Educational Section.

Major M. W. Murray, S. C., U. S. A. Director of Vocational Education, Newton, Mass. Educational Section.

Major A. C. Monahan, S. C., U. S. A. Bureau of Education, Washington, Educational Section.

Major M. E. Haggerty, S. C., U. S. A. Professor of Psychology, University of Minnesota. In charge of Occupational Aides.

Major H. B. Price, S. C., U. S. A. New York. In charge of architecture.

Major Stanley M. Rinehart, M.C., U.S.A. Sewickley, Pa.

Captain Arthur H. Samuels, S. C., U. S. A. Formerly of The Curtis Publishing Company. In charge of Public Education.

Captain Frank B. Granger, M. C., U. S. A. Boston, Mass. In charge of Physiotherapy.

Captain William J. Ezickson, M. C., U. S. A. Philadelphia, Pa. Adjutant.

Lieutenant C. Willing, S. C., U. S. A. Philadelphia, Pa. Architect.

Lieutenant W. R. Whitley, M. C., U. S. A., Chicago, Ill.

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A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General.

Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Vol·1
No·6

March
1919

In Memoriam

Theodore Roosevelt

"He was frail.
He became a tower of strength.
He was timid.
His name became the synonym
for
Courage."

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross

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WORLD WAR I PAMPHLET COLLECTION

The Creed of the Disabled Soldier

ONCE more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide, and to feel that I have a place in the world—seeking no favors and given none—a MAN among MEN in spite of this physical handicap.

CARRY ON

Volume I MARCH, 1919 *Number 6*

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army

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STUDIOS, N. Y.

THE MAN WHO OVERCAME

"It is the plain duty of every American citizen, man or woman, to stand back of these fighters and to give them the help they deserve."

"What the men need is an opportunity to make good as straight citizens."

Theodore Roosevelt in Carry On, August, 1918

The Man Who Overcame

By Herman Hagedorn

Author of "The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt"
Acting Secretary, Roosevelt Permanent Memorial National Committee

ROOSEVELT was frail. He became a tower of strength. Roosevelt was timid. His name became the synonym for courage. Roosevelt was a dreamer, dreaming of ancient heroes. He became one of the great doers of all time and when he died joined the company of those magnificent spirits he once had worshipped from afar.

Two lines which he ran across one day as a boy in Browning's *The Flight of the Duchess*, exercised a decisive influence on his life. These were the lines, recounting the ambition of a poor sprig of an honorable family:

All that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
This Duke would fain know he was, without being it.

The young Duke, it seemed, wanted to appear to be like his famous ancestors without taking the trouble necessary to make himself their equal.

Roosevelt, thirteen years old, felt that those lines were aimed straight at him. He resolved then and there actually to *be* that which he wanted with all his heart to *appear*.

He was made of the stuff of heroes. From his birth he was encompassed "by the terror that walketh by night." For years he was racked by the agonies of asthma, and night after night in summer his father would drive him in the buggy through the countryside so he might breathe. For weeks on end he lay in bed. But he was indomitable even then, reading and writing and gathering his sisters and his brother and their friends about him and, between fits of coughing, telling them wonderful stories of adventures that never came to an end.

He determined to conquer the weakness of his body and after twenty years of struggle he did conquer it. On the plains of Dakota he finally put the asthma under his heel, so that it never showed itself again. The rough life brought its own perils. He was bucked off a horse during a round-up and finished the round-up with the point of a shoulder-blade broken; at another time he rode after cattle from dawn until dark with a fractured rib.

It was so when he was twenty-five; it was so when he was fifty; it was so all the days of his life. In the spring of 1910 he was hunting hippopotamus at Lake Naivasha in central Africa when he was laid low by an attack of the Cuban fever to which he had been subject at intervals ever since the Santiago campaign. And these were the entries in his journal during the days he was prostrate:

July 16. Fever; wrote.
July 17. Fever; wrote.
July 18. Feeling better.
July 20. Five hippos.

Three years later he was in the jungles of Brazil. He and his men were in grave peril. They faced the alternative of death by drowning in one of the countless rapids which impeded their journey, if they hurried; and death by starvation, if they did not. Roosevelt was taken ill with malignant fever and for two days lay at death's door. He pleaded with his men to proceed without him, to leave him to die, rather than to sacrifice the whole expedition. His loyal companions refused. By the force of his will he pulled himself up from his sick-bed and went on with his journey, succumbing to the fever at last only when they had reached civilization and all danger to the expedition was over.

History will speak of Theodore Roosevelt as a great statesman and as one of the world's greatest leaders. But men and women who are encompassed with difficulties will remember him with tenderness and gratitude as a man who overcame. Men with weak eyes will remember that Theodore Roosevelt had weak eyes all his life and became a successful hunter, an omnivorous reader, and a keen naturalist. Men with defective hearing will remember that Theodore Roosevelt lost the use of one of his ears and could still distinguish the calls of birds and lead a people magnificently. Men stricken with pain will remember that once Theodore Roosevelt worked at his correspondence until he fainted and the couch on which he lay was drenched with blood. Cripples will hear the word that Theodore Roosevelt spoke when a physician told him in the last month of his life that he might be confined to his chair the rest of his days: "All right! I can live that way too!"

The millions will remember the inspiring leader; but a few with terrors to face will always cherish most the man who overcame.

Carry On

IN the first number of this magazine, June 1918, Surgeon General Gorgas promised that "the Medical Department of the Army will 'Carry On' in the medical and training treatment of the disabled soldier until he is cured or as nearly cured as his disabilities permit."

Today I can assure you that the Medical Department of the Army has Carried On. Over there, amid the dangers at the front and in the aero-bombed districts in the rear, our doctors and nurses strove day and night to cure the disabled and return them as rapidly as possible to the fight—eighty per cent. of the wounded went back to the front within six weeks. The remainder, as soon as able and travel was available, were returned to this country where, under more normal conditions, proper care could be administered.

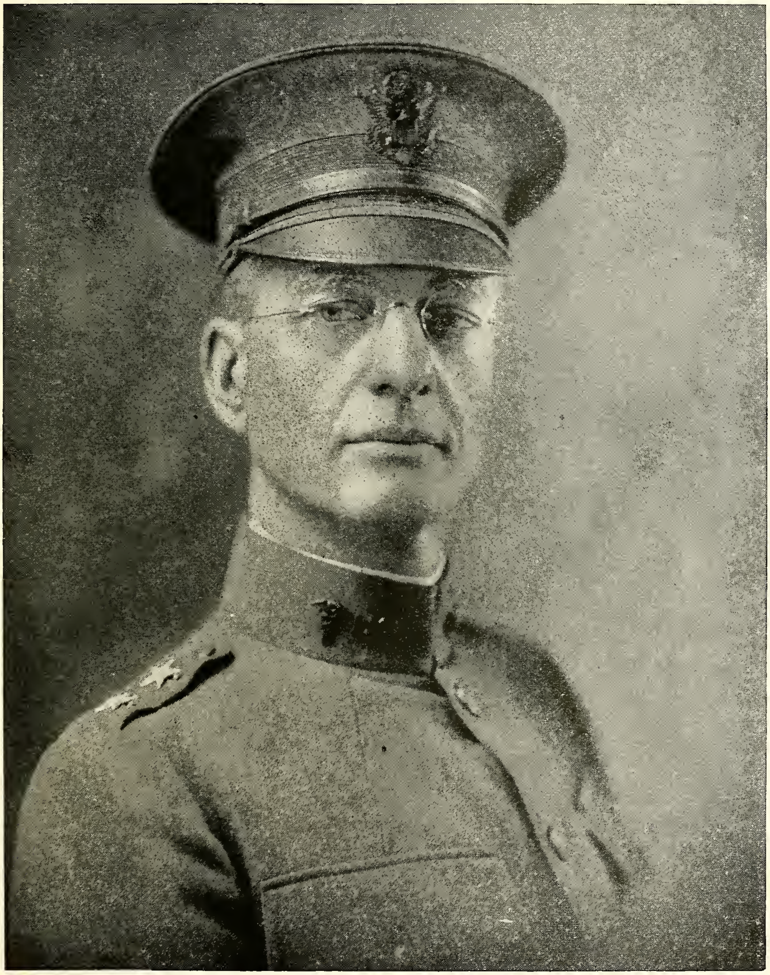
Over here the same spirit of service to the disabled soldiers pervades the medical and nursing corps. Thus from the debarkation hospitals, through the general and base hospitals, into the convalescent centers the message has gone, "cure the disabled and expedite their discharge—but don't discharge until their cure is completed."

During this period of treatment and convalescence every effort is made to prevent hospitalization, meaning habits of indolence and discontent, and the spoiling of the soldiers by misguided hero worship. Curative work, prevocational and even vocational training, physical exercises, and healthful recreations, are provided in the general and base hospitals and in every convalescent center for the sole purpose of hastening the cure of our disabled soldiers and returning them to civil life as productive citizens. Eighty per cent. went back to fight—ninety-eight per cent. must return to the industrial army ready and anxious to carry on.

The sick and wounded soldiers want to go home. They are tired of army life, of hospital life. Home appeals to them as never before. But Carry On, my men. Get well before you get out. Well men even though handicapped can secure jobs, sick men cannot.

Carry On, mothers and fathers, sisters and sweethearts. Urge your boys to stick contentedly until their physical reconstruction is completed. Carry On, doctors and nurses. You want to go home also, but continue until this job is finished. Carry On and spread throughout the land this spirit of reclamation of disabled men.

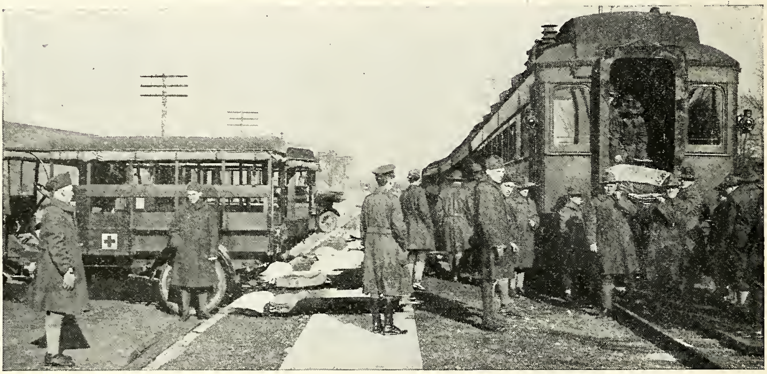
M. W. Ireland



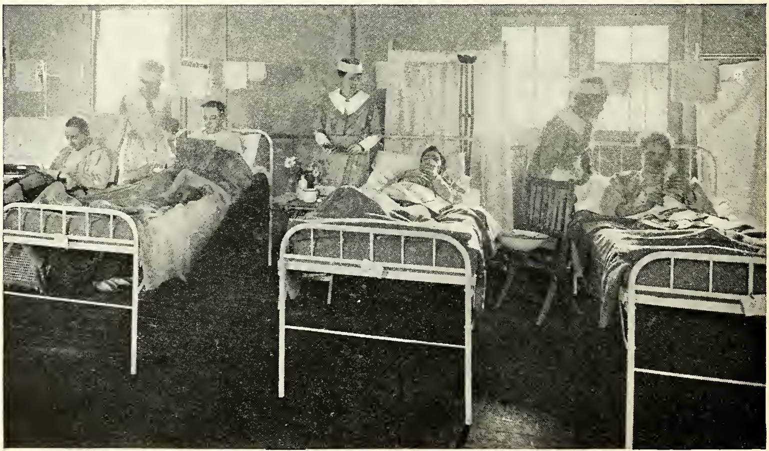
Major General Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon General, U. S. A.

Pictorial Story of Reconstruction

The following pictures from General Hospital No. 3, Colonia, N. J., are representative of the work being done in forty-six different reconstruction hospitals



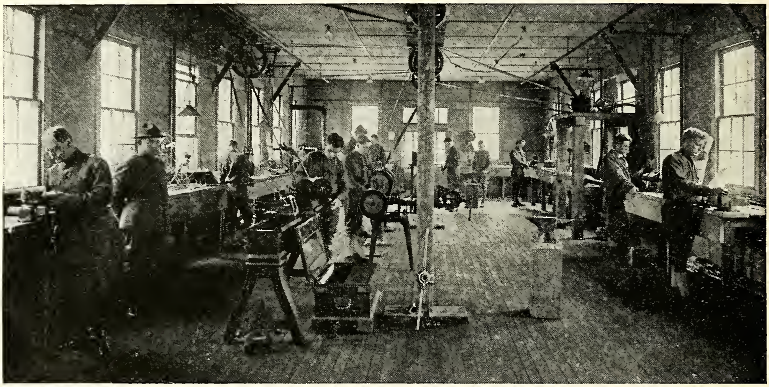
Unloading patients from a hospital train. In from three to eight days after landing in this country these men, except the acutely sick, are sent to the reconstruction hospitals or the convalescent centers nearest their homes.



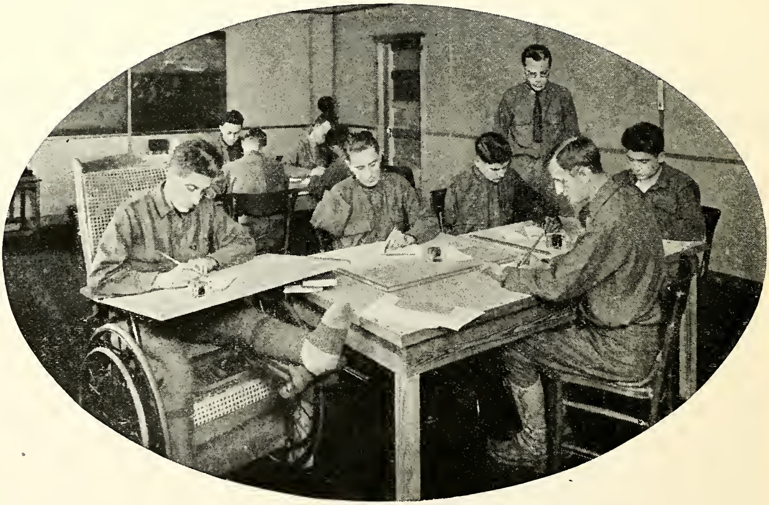
Many a tiresome hour is made pleasant by ward occupations. These afford recreation and help to restore function to disabled parts. Whenever possible, a practical trend is given to this work.

Many soldiers must spend weeks and months in the hospitals awaiting the healing of their wounds. 'Keeping busy' influences greatly the rapidity of recovery. Business courses are very popular. Many a future executive will trace his start to these convalescent days.

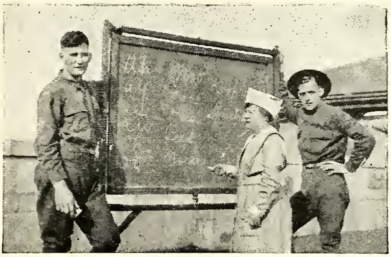
Off for a ride through the neighboring city. All is not pills and work. The disabled men are furnished many and varied forms of entertainment by the American Red Cross and other organizations.



Work in the machine shops has restored strength to atrophied muscles and motion to stiff joints in hundreds of cases. Seventy different kinds of shops and training courses are represented in the hospitals, primarily to help cure the men and yet affording sufficient variety as to allow many to improve themselves in their chosen work.



From the man denied the privilege of going to school in his youth to the one whose college studies were interrupted by the war, academic courses are offered in every hospital. Lessons in left hand penmanship are necessary for many.



Teaching Lip-Reading

The Record of a Rescue

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

OUT of the great war-storm there came back, amidst the other salvage, a nameless, recordless wreck. He was an ignorant negro, a private, and all that was known of him when he landed in the Debarkation Hospital from the transport was that he was deaf and dumb, sick, deeply depressed, semi-hysterical, and practically mindless. In fact, he was diagnosed as a mental defective of an extreme type, an asylum case. All of his papers were lost and his identification tag was missing. There was vague evidence that his name was James[1] but whether this was surname or given name was uncertain. Had he been marooned on a desert island, he could hardly have been more completely cut off from the world of men about him.

Marooning for life, indeed, might have been his fate, had he been formally adjudicated an asylum case. Fortunately he was assigned to the Section of Defects of Hearing and Speech, and sent to U. S. Army General Hospital No. 11 at Cape May, N. J., where he came under the care of an aide who sensed, through his melancholic torpor, the glimmerings of a mind that yet might be aroused to activity. She set herself to the task of rousing it.

Upon his arrival, he seemed quite oblivious of his surroundings, and sat staring fixedly at the floor. Persistent waving of a hand under his very nose would attract his attention to the side but his blank gaze would soon fall away and be lost in nothingness. After an hour's endeavor, he was induced to pick up some crayon spread before him. A pencil was set in his grasp and he feebly traced something which looked like the letter 'p'. He was also stimulated to try to use his voice, but all attempts to achieve pronunciation of the simplest words failed. And when a piece of candy was put in his hand, he simply stared at it and let it drop. The dim mind could not even recall that candy is good to eat. To all intents and purposes the unfortunate man seemed imbecile.

The first hint of reason came rather fortuitously. Having a gold thimble, the aide held it up to 'James', thinking that its brilliance might attract him. After a moment's intent contemplation he slowly put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a large aluminum thimble, which he held up for the inspection of the surprised and gratified nurse. She immediately pronounced the word 'thimble' giving it exaggerated visual expression, and he was able to read it, and identify the object: also 'box', 'watch', and other simple names of objects. The mind, which seemed dead but was only sleeping, had awakened. A little later in the day he was able to write the letters 'p', 'f', 't' from dictation. On the following day the rising tide of his mentality had reached a point where he spelled out his own name, and, after a concentrated effort of twenty minutes responded to the repeated suggestion 'home' with the legend 'ELLEnton S. C.'

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[1] As the name proved to be his surname it is not given here correctly. S. H. A.

From that time his mental hold on life improved steadily. By the end of the first week of training he could both speak and write a dozen simple words. Being shown a letter he proffered his first voluntary request: he wanted to write home. The effort got this far before collapsing:

> Dear morther I Do-wn com Back Fum France.

But the mind, though broadening and improving, was still flaccid and he decided to appoint the aide his amanuensis to this effect:

> Dear mother, I done come back from France. Are you all right? I been bad off sick with chills and fever. I have lost my speech. I is completely deaf. I could hear a little some before I left home but I can't hear any. I done come back from France. I'm getting along all right now. I done got well. I am learn how to write. I am in the hospital. I hope you won't worry. I will get my speech back and I don't know when I can come to see you. I will come away when they let me come. I hope God will be with you till we meet again. I hope you had good luck with the crop. Goodbye. I don't know the name of dis town.
>
> BEN JAMES

The mental effort involved in this seemed fairly to lift him to his feet. He was set to doing small errands about the hospital, and after some misgivings about going around alone, soon gained confidence in himself and took great satisfaction in knowing that he was useful. His morale was thus re-established. Presently his history came out.

Before the war he had been a farm laborer in South Carolina. One month's schooling at the age of eighteen was the extent of his education. Twice he attempted to get into the army and was twice rejected, probably for partial deafness, but in June, 1918, he was sent to Camp Jackson, and on to France in August, as a private in an Engineer regiment. His military record is still vague. At Brest he was knocked down by a freight train! "but hit skeered me wuss'n it hurt me."

"I rid on the train fer two days," he reports, " 'till I got to a place where dey wore falst faces wif specs in 'em an' a thing what goes in your mouth."

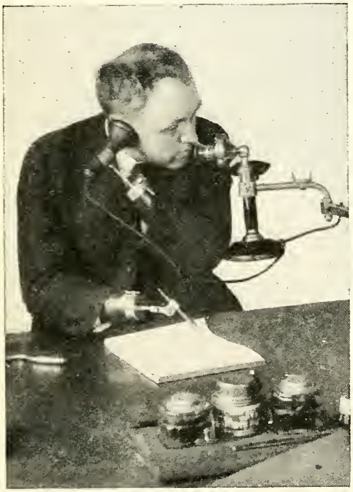
Such is his impressionistic picture of a gas-equipped company in full panoply. Here he is of the impression that his "heart went wrong," though there is no present clinical evidence of this. In any case he was sent to a hospital where he was very sick and could neither hear nor speak, and thence transferred, probably, to Base Hospital No. 8 where the general opinion was that he was crazy. Where and how his records were lost will never be known. His deafness, incurable, was probably caused by catarrh, but his difficulty of speech was hysterical and is completely cured.

'James' is now being instructed in lip-reading, at which he shows gratifying progress. He will be educated, and taught a trade; and when he is discharged from the service, will get a better job than he could have hoped for without the 'handicap' which has actually proved an asset. But it was a narrow escape for him. For, in his mental and psychological condition, his mind, unattended to, would soon have been submerged beyond rescue. Partly to the fortunate chance of his being officially adjudged deaf instead of mentally defective, partly to the devotion and patience of the aide in an almost hopeless case, he owes the fact that he is today salvage not wreckage of the war.

It Can Be Done

By P. H. Knight

BOTH of my arms were amputated midway between elbows and wrists in 1902. I was then thirty-four years old. At or about that time, the oscalcis was removed from my left heel with tendon of Achilles. A brace made of steel, leather, and felt is a substitute for the tendon of Achilles and, with it, I can walk several miles every day with ease. I frequently walk five miles just for the joy of walking. I require no aid in putting this brace on in the morning and removing it at bed-time. I do it alone.

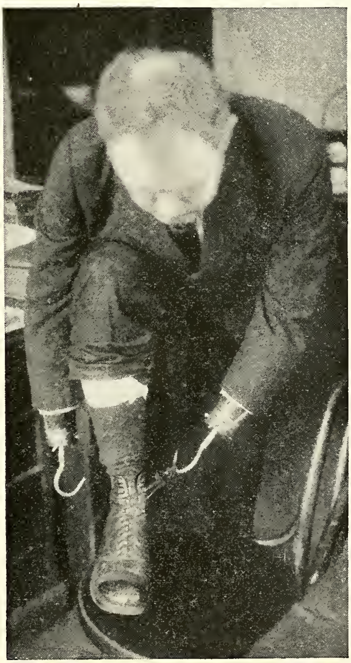


Telephoning and routine desk work present no difficulties.

I have the following implements each of which has a fitting that is an exact duplicate of the butt ends of the hooks. These hooks and the implements fasten into the wrist plates of the artificial arms with a spring catch, so that I can release either or both hooks and insert the other implements at will.

Knife, fork, and spoon for eating
Hair brushes
Tooth brush
Whisk broom and hat brush
Blacking brush for shoes
Gillette razor and lather brush
Tooth-pick
Fountain pen
Match-holder
Telephone-holder

On the dressing table in my bedroom, I keep



Solving a knotty problem.

a pair of extra long hooks with which I put on and take off collar and necktie. The remainder of dressing and undressing is done with the standard hooks which are not long enough to reach collar button at throat. I button the collar at back of neck before I put the shirt on. I dress in about twenty minutes and undress in about half that time. Shaving takes from twenty-five to thirty minutes depending on condition of razor. I do this entirely alone, washing and drying face afterward, taking the razor apart and drying it and changing razor blades when they are dull. Brushing hair, and clothes, attending to teeth, and shining shoes are simple matters.

Before I recovered, the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company offered me a position in their engineering department. I was not working for them at time of accident but had been in their employ in previous years. My work requires me to review documents, keep records, and decide as to responsibility for any extra expense that is alleged to be caused by an imperfection of design.

I meet with little difficulty in telephoning, or the ordinary routine of desk work. Have been receiving good living wages for more than twelve years.

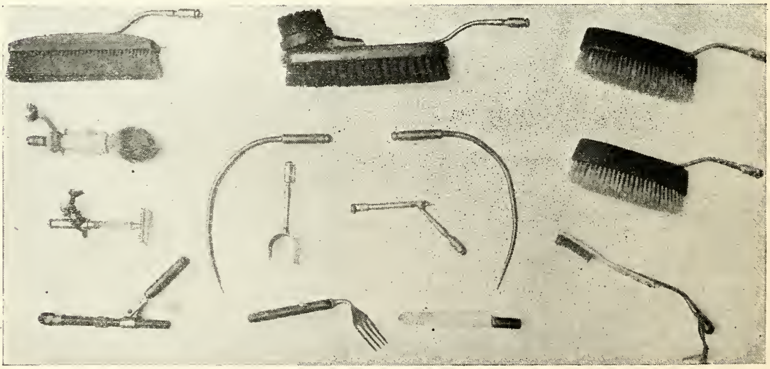
About four years after my accident, I married one of the several nurses that helped care for me in the hospital. We have four children.

I have been able to help some with the work about our home. When there, I shovel the coal into the furnace and remove the ashes, sweep or shovel snow from the walks, and run the lawn-mower.

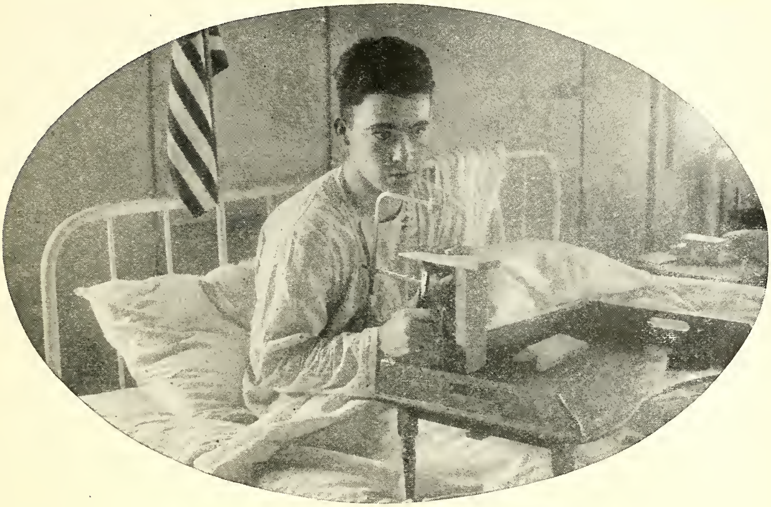
In the direct care of the children, my aid has been limited to amusing them or putting them to sleep, and teaching them to read as they grow old enough. I can carry a child in my arms quite comfortably, and have several times taken a crying baby up from its bed and put it to sleep in my arms and put it back on its bed without waking it.

When spending money, I invite people to remove my purse from my pocket and make the change. Have always received courteous treatment in this respect and have never detected an instance of incorrect change.

Of course, it has taken a long time to acquire the ability I now have. When I first tried to button my coat I did not succeed in the same day that I started it. Progress was very slow. But one can learn a lot in a few years if he will learn a little every day.



Implements which converted a cripple into an independent man.



"Sawing away on bits of jewelry at Fort McHenry."

Bedside Occupational Therapy

By Lieutenant Samuel J. Vaughn, S. C., U. S. A.

ALL pills and no play (or work) makes the soldier not only a dull boy but an exceedingly discontented and blue one as well. And a discontented man with a grouch, according to all the tenets of modern practice, defies all the curative agencies known to science. The miracle of modern medicine, as vouched for by reputable physicians, is that it often works best when not administered or when something else is substituted for it.

The modern surgeon has not been slow to conclude that if occupied minds and busy hands will render his work more effective and agreeable and will materially increase a patient's chances of speedy and permanent recovery, such means shall be made use of in the fullest possible way.

So, when one goes through a military hospital like Walter Reed, Fort McHenry, Lakewood, Letterman, and the forty or more others, where Physical Reconstruction work is being done, he sees scores and even hundreds of bed patients engaged in all conceivable sorts of play, handwork, and study. He is furthermore impressed with the fact that such activities are not in response to purely sentimental considerations, but that they have their primary justification in their therapeutic and curative influence, and therefore have a very definite place in the treatment of the patients.

The statistics of all the countries at war show that the overwhelming majority of all disabled men, either from sickness or wounds, are able to return to combat service or to their regular peace-time pursuits. Hence, the all-important task of the hospital is and has been to reduce to the minimum the period of active medical treatment, to shorten as much as

Bedside work of patients at Fort McHenry.

possible the stage of convalescence, and to use to the utmost all the agencies that will contribute to these purposes. In short, it is the business of the hospitals *to get men up and out of them.*

The wards of a hospital filled with sick and wounded fighting men are busy places. The business is not all that of the ordinary sick-room with its unremitting activities that eternally suggest sickness and pain and distress, although *no necessary* activity of care, attention, and treatment is ever neglected. Yet these necessary sick-room activities are minimized and covered up by those that look toward health, active duty, hope, and home.

In one bed sits Joe busily making a basket and trying to forget the pain and disappointment of his freshly amputated foot. On an adjoining cot lies Pat too weak to sit up but knitting away his troubles. In another, Gustav is sawing away on interesting bits of jewelry while his broken knee lies firmly clasped in cast or splint. On one bed are scattered the numerous parts of an old watch and 'Sandy' sits industriously and happily polishing them and "tryin' to make a watch out'n 'em." Here and there a man is seen struggling with a text-book on gas engines, automobile repair, business law, accounting, or trigonometry. The whole back end of the ward seems a network of wires, and "Hello! Hello! Hello!" roars across the room as the sick men try out the telephones which they have assembled from the dismantled parts and connected up with battery and wire. In another 'sector', the steady click, click of the typewriter replies to the nervous clickety click of the telegraph instrument of the one-armed operator across the way. In one corner another soldier plies the shuttle of a simple loom; while Sam, the colored sergeant, with a talent for drawing sits triumphantly at the *side* of his bed and smilingly caricatures the rest of the group as he reminiscently drones 'The Long, Long Trail'.

The bedside or ward occupations are of three general kinds, classified according to the purposes for which they are used. The first group consists of those activities which are designed purely for diversion. The second group consists of work of such a character as not only to give diversion but also to give a start in a kind of avocation, 'side-line', or hobby. The third group is made up of definite vocational courses of work or study directly connected with the patients' former or proposed occupations.

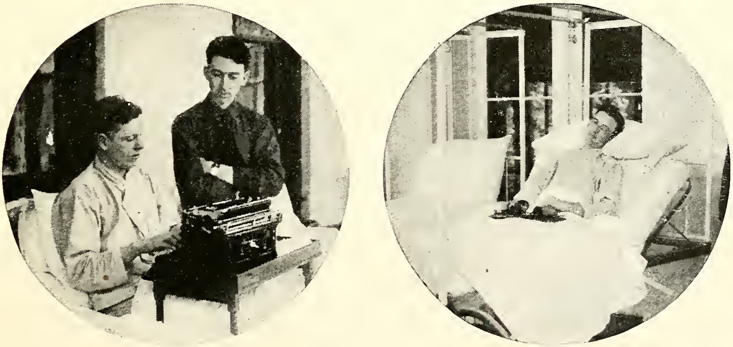
Imagine a lot of skilled machinists, draftsmen, and other tradesmen, back from strenuous times 'across' alternately lying and sitting in bed from six weeks to six months with nothing more interesting or exciting to look forward to than the daily dressing, the provokingly regular, prompt and immutable chow, and the possibility of other operations with more long waits, more dressings and more chow! Such a state of affairs is impossible under the present arrangement. The men need diversion; they want it, and needless to say, they get it. So, for the time they are 'marooned' or 'interned' they are glad to turn their hands to simple weaving, basket-making, stencil cutting, engraving, chip carving, leather work, etc., that the Reconstruction Aides and other educational workers are so successfully carrying on.

Many there are among the disabled men who are ambitious to do more than simply employ their time with temporary diversions. They wish to take up something that they may turn to as a kind of side line to their regular trades, or as a convenience in their business. Thus, skilled mechanics of various sorts learn typewriting, start simple jewelry or engraving, take mechanical or freehand drawing, learn the elements of certain lines of electrical work, or familiarize themselves with any one of a number of other things offered by the educational department.

There is still another very large group of men who desire, while in bed, to further their progress in lines with which they are already familiar or toward which they hope to turn their attention in civilian life. For these men, courses are offered in bookkeeping and accounting, stenography and typewriting, gas engine, electrical theory, jewelry and engraving, commercial art, telegraphy, salesmanship, journalism, etc.

There have been at Fort McHenry as many as one hundred hernia patients at one time from the Tank and Motor Transport Service taking bedside instruction in the theory of the gas engine. Many of them took the records of their work back to their companies when they returned to duty and subsequently reported the marked advantage such studies had been to them in their courses of training. The same or similar conditions in this respect are found in all the hospitals.

Not only do the bedside courses keep the men busy and contented and provide them with interesting avocations that may become quite profitable, but they likewise become 'feeders' for the regular vocational courses given in the curative workshops during the period of convalescence.



At Lakewood, N. J., "the click, click of the typewriter replies to the nervous clickety click of the telegraph instrument across the way."

CARRY ON

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Carry On *will be sent without charge to any person requesting it.*

Editorials

OUR SURGEON GENERAL

Merritte W. Ireland was born in Columbia City, Indiana, May 31, 1867. He was graduated from the Detroit College of Medicine in 1890, and Jefferson Medical College in 1891.

His Army career dates from May 4, 1891, when as a First Lieutenant, he was assigned to duty at Jefferson Barracks. He served with distinction during the Spanish-American War, and was promoted to the rank of Major. During the next three years he saw service in the Philippines, returning from there to duty in the Surgeon General's Office, where he remained ten years. In 1912 he was again ordered to the Philippines, this time as a Lieutenant-Colonel. When our troops were ordered to the Mexican border in 1915 he was recalled and placed in command of the large base hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

In May, 1917, Colonel Ireland accompanied General Pershing to France as a member of the American Expeditionary Forces. His familiarity with army medical routine and his indefatigable efforts won him the position of Chief Surgeon of the American Expeditionary Forces. It was only logical, therefore, on the retirement of Surgeon General Gorgas that Major General Merritte W. Ireland should become the Surgeon General of the United States Army.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

Mr. Herman Hagedorn, the author of 'The Man Who Overcame', printed in this issue, is Secretary of the Roosevelt Permanent Memorial National Committee. This Committee plans to raise by popular subscription a sufficient fund to erect a suitable memorial to Theodore Roosevelt. This is a mission worthy the support of every man, woman, and child of our Nation—he belonged to all of us.

A memorial to him must take the form of action. Not a great monument, but something which will improve the contentment and happiness of our people, will help the underdog, will solidify the principles of Americanism —a memorial that will be a daily reminder of the Spirit of Roosevelt.

> He spent and was spent
> For Truth and for Right;
> He gave up his best,
> He fought the good fight.
>
> Vanamee

DISCHARGED

Discharged—a word which in civil life has a sinister meaning, in the army denotes a service completed, a work well done, a return to home and family and Peace.

The Division of Physical Reconstruction of the Surgeon General's Office has lost four of its most active workers since the last issue of Carry On.

Lt.-Col. Casey Wood, Lt.-Col. Charles Richardson, Major Michael Murray, and Captain Arthur Samuels have finished their service and retired to their civilian activities.

Carry On will miss the help of all these officers and especially the efficient services rendered by Lt.-Col. Wood and Captain Samuels, both of whom served as editors of this magazine.

THE INDUSTRIAL DISABLED

EACH year of the last fifty years the industrial demands of this Nation have resulted in a far greater number of disabled men than the total list of our casualties from this war.

Every year witnesses the sacrifice of more lives in industry than were lost in battles.

And yet it took the war to awaken the national conscience to this enormous human wastage.

We have spent millions to provide the machinery for salvaging the disabled soldiers. Does not the conservation of man-power for the economic strife demand equal provisions for the industrial disabled?

After the present emergency is passed is there a future need for CARRY ON? Who should ask in the presence of the above facts?

THE WAY IT'S DONE

DO you remember a particular teacher, back in the old grammar school days, who subtly inspired you to go on through high school?

Do you recall that high school teacher who planted something within your very soul that caused you to continue your education on into college—or, if not college, yet gave you a vision of what the future might hold for you providing you carried on?

And when the president of the school board talked to your class about the bigger things in life weren't you inspired?

How many of us would have *carried on* without those inspirations?

The disabled soldier is almost a child again. He has faced hardships, seen horrors, done things and lived things which no word picture can describe. He has passed through those bitter days when the future appeared so dark that it was worse than death.

And now he is back in your hospital, your camp. Don't blame him if he wants a rest, wants to have his own way. Don't discard him because he can't understand what all this is about—this reconstruction business.

Just remember that unless behind your efforts there is a soul—the same human interest—the same inspirational methods which surrounded us back in the old school days, very few of these disabled men will be taught to carry on.

Compulsory attendance in the hospital schools and shops won't do it. Rigid military methods directed, as is necessary, at the entire group won't do it. It takes the personal contact between the disabled man and his instructor. It takes the personal interest and the subtle influence of the doctor, the educational officer, the commanding officer of the hospital and even the commanding general of the camp—an interest which will inspire these men to go to work, to grasp every opportunity to overcome their handicaps.

Witness the scene of General Scott messing with the disabled soldiers, talking to them, and by his every word and action imbuing them with the desire for a better future.

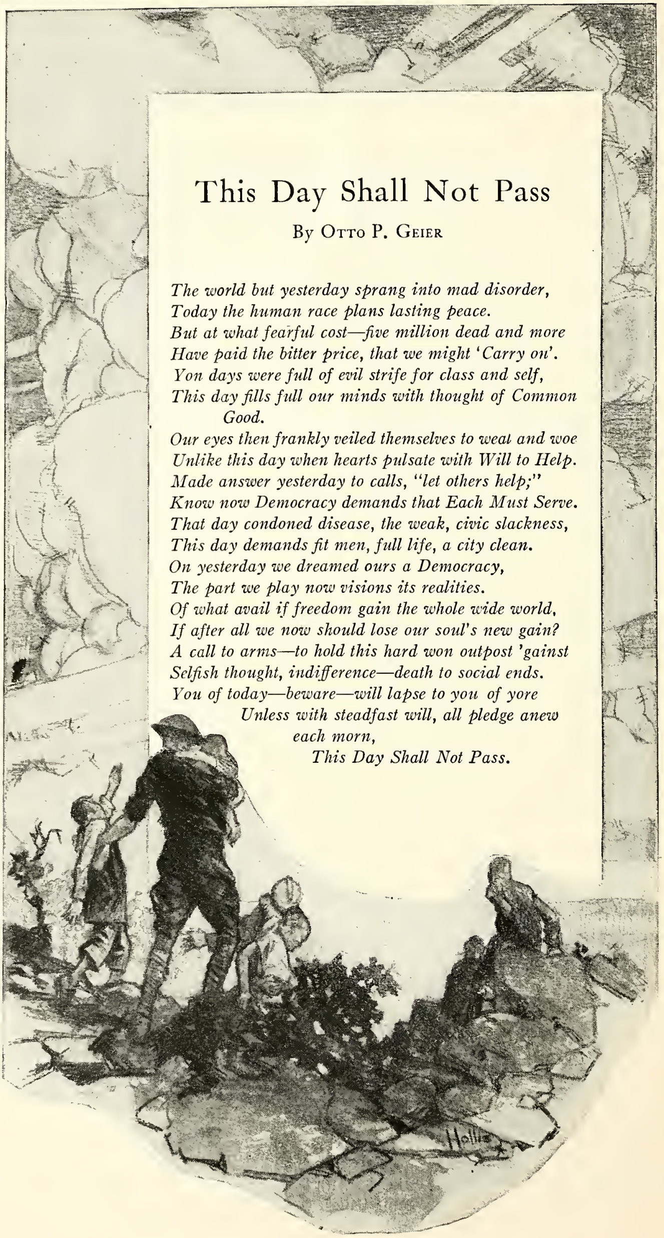
Put a soul into Reconstruction.

EMPLOYMENT OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

IT IS the hope and the aim of the Government that no soldier, sailor, or marine shall remain out of employment for any considerable length of time after his discharge. Instances may, and undoubtedly will, arise where disabled men will return home without proper arrangements for re-employment.

Here is where cooperation is needed between each individual and the governmental agencies. If a disabled soldier should be seen seeking charity under the guise of selling trinkets on the street corner, it is the duty of the individual citizen to report such facts to the proper authorities, in this case the Federal Board for Vocational Education, Washington.

In Canada, every community has a local committee for the placing of returned soldiers in suitable positions. The ideals of reconstruction will be met only by the formulation of some such system of re-employment in this country, and every community must realize that it has a vital part in any plans which may be devised.



This Day Shall Not Pass

By Otto P. Geier

The world but yesterday sprang into mad disorder,
Today the human race plans lasting peace.
But at what fearful cost—five million dead and more
Have paid the bitter price, that we might 'Carry on'.
Yon days were full of evil strife for class and self,
This day fills full our minds with thought of Common
Good.
Our eyes then frankly veiled themselves to weat and woe
Unlike this day when hearts pulsate with Will to Help.
Made answer yesterday to calls, "let others help;"
Know now Democracy demands that Each Must Serve.
That day condoned disease, the weak, civic slackness,
This day demands fit men, full life, a city clean.
On yesterday we dreamed ours a Democracy,
The part we play now visions its realities.
Of what avail if freedom gain the whole wide world,
If after all we now should lose our soul's new gain?
A call to arms—to hold this hard won outpost 'gainst
Selfish thought, indifference—death to social ends.
You of today—beware—will lapse to you of yore
Unless with steadfast will, all pledge anew
each morn,
This Day Shall Not Pass.

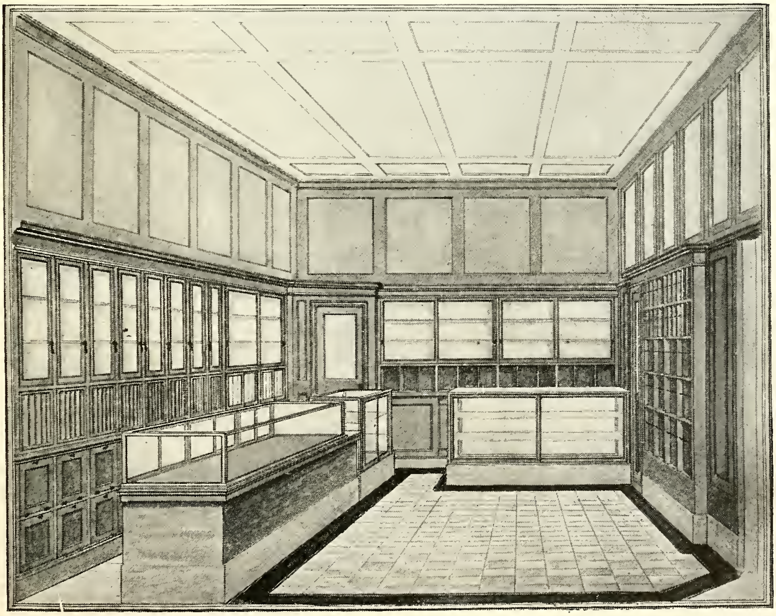
Chain Stores for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors

By Harold Whitehead

Educational Director, U. S. General Hospital No. 7

AT the U. S. General Hospital No. 7 for blinded soldiers and sailors at Baltimore, there has been developed a splendid system of commercial courses. These courses include: salesmanship, personal efficiency, public speaking, economics, commercial arithmetic, creative accounting, grammar and spelling, typewriting and the use of office appliances, business English, commercial correspondence, organization and practice of retail store management.

These subjects are all treated in a practical way by a faculty composed of practical teachers. This faculty is convinced that blindness does not limit a man's capacity so much as lack of education and experience; that manual work for the blind is limited to what may be done automatically, while the mental capabilities of the blind are not limited in any manner whatsoever by their affliction. In short, in the light of experience it seems quite



Interior of a Victory Store.

evident that ability plus training will open many commercial opportunities for the blind.

One of these opportunities is conceived to be retail store management. Therefore, plans have been prepared to launch a 'chain of stores'. While blind men unskilled and untrained in store management are almost certain to fail as proprietors, the same men may become successful managers if all details of management are worked out.

The candidates for these managerial positions will of course be given careful study before being seriously considered. They will have to be men of pleasing personality, and of proven stability and trustworthiness. They will have to maintain a high average in their commercial studies and demonstrate their worth as salesmen in the model store on the hospital grounds. They will then be given an opportunity to show the practical value of their training in our store in the strongest competitive section of Baltimore.

The commodities offered for sale will be somewhat as follows: magazines, newspapers, cigars, and other tobacco products, box and bar candy, and other quick sale articles that require no weighing, measuring or cutting.

The Victory Stores, as they have been named, have been designed in a distinctive and uniform style and color.

The choice of all locations has not and can not be determined upon until the educational work progresses beyond its present stage and the number of blind to be employed is known. The choice of locations is in the hands of experts who are studying the situation.

The stores will be small enough for two people to attend comfortably, and the fixtures will be so arranged that the blind salesman can reach practically anything in the store without having to move far in any direction.

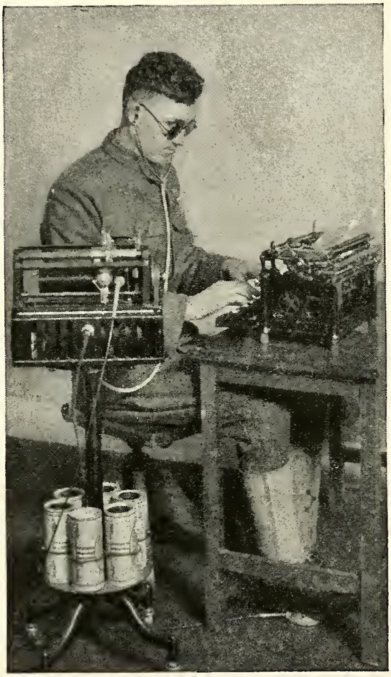
The policy of the stores will be to sell advertised goods when feasible; to consistently advertise; to have some weekly special at low price; to stock only quick selling articles; and, to sell for cash only.

The general plan of organization will be the same as that of other successful chain store organizations with the addition of a correspondence educational department. The management of the enterprise will be in the hands of a board composed of five business men selected by the Red Cross Institute for the Blind which is the sponsor for the plan.

In each store there will be a blind manager and a sighted assistant, the former in charge of sales, the latter—a wounded soldier—in charge of records, reports and general clerical work.

A system of fixtures has been designed and will be uniform in all the stores. Once a blind man has learned the stock locations he may be sent to any of the stores and be familiar with the stock.

The blind managers are to be started on salaries with generous commissions.



Typewriting is taught to all blind soldiers. By use of the dictaphone some become expert office men.

They Also Serve

By Sergeant First Class John N. James

A WOUNDED doughboy, weak and pale but ever cheerful, lay sick unto death in a big ward of a still bigger institution of healing, Debarkation Hospital No. 3, New York City.

In an adjoining office a group of serious-faced army surgeons debated the pros and cons of this baffling case. A crisis was fast approaching. A bit of Krupp ordnance had found its final billet in this lad's leg. The wound, serious enough from the first, was not healing properly. The only hope of the boy's life lay in an amputation. But could the patient, already weakened by the ravages of his wound, withstand the shock and the loss of blood?

It was a grim dilemma. On the one side, an operation that had to be performed to save a life; on the other hand, the consequences of this most necessary operation were very likely to be fatal.

There was but one solution—a transfusion of blood.

So the surgeon called Chaplain Ernest E. Davis into the consultation. Could Chaplain Davis find a soldier who would volunteer a quart of his blood to save the life of a wounded 'buddy'? The chaplain said he would try.

The chaplain stepped out of the ward surgeon's office, and happened to wander into the mess hall. (The point of the story is this—had the chaplain gone to the detachment office, the guard room, the fatigue headquarters, or any other office in the big Greenhut building the result would have been the same.)

To the assembled cooks and K. P.'s the chaplain spoke in this wise: "Fellows, there's

A ward in Debarkation Hospital No. 3 showing disabled soldiers just returned from France.

a wounded soldier in such-and-such a ward who needs your help. Tomorrow he undergoes an operation. He is going to lose his leg. Unless he receives a quart of good rich blood from some healthy man that operation is very liable to be fatal. You don't know this boy, in all probability. But that shouldn't make any difference. Who will volunteer to undergo a blood-transfusion operation to save this boy's life?"

And in chorus the K. P.'s and cooks of Debarkation Hospital No. 3 (there are about 200 of 'em) answered, "I will, Chaplain!"

Four men were selected in the 'first draft'. From these the surgeon chose one to undergo the transfusion—Cook Anthony Pugeliesc. And immediately Cook Pugeliesc became all puffed up with sinful pride, for the surgeon made it known that the reason for the selection lay in the outward and visible signs of inward plentitude of red corpuscles. "I ought to have a lot of 'em," said the cook. "It's my own fault if I don't get enough to eat. C'mon, le's go!"

So the well soldier and the wounded soldier were placed side by side; two arteries were opened, and soon the stout heart of Anthony Pugeliesc was pumping rich red blood into the weakened body of his new 'buddy'. At length the operation was completed and the two patients slept.

And now Private First Class Earl Bridges, late of Company B, 120th Infantry, is resting easily, safely over his dangerous operation, gradually regaining strength—that new strength that flowed into his veins, and brought him back from the very gates of death.

But there are three other soldiers who are all put out because they, too, were not chosen to help out on the job. These are the other volunteers of the 'first draft', Cook Harry L. Stafford, Cook William Murray, and Private James P. Kehoe. These three declare that "it's all wrong," for had they (either one or all) been selected, the wounded 'buddy' would be all well by this time.

An all-seeing Government does not bestow military crosses and wound stripes for these little acts. But who will say that Cook Anthony Pugeliesc, in his humble way, has not saved the life of a wounded comrade, a feat that usually calls forth encomiums and citations by the yard?

To paraphrase a bit, "They also serve who only stand and cook."

In the greenhouse at Walter Reed Hospital.

Tuberculous patients at work in the garden at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 16, New Haven, Conn.

What About the Farm?

SCAN the lists of subjects offered for the physical reconstruction of the disabled soldiers and you will almost invariably find Agriculture scheduled as one of the health-giving and profitable occupations.

Go into the classrooms and you will find men studying about the chemistry of soils, rotation of crops, commercial fertilizers, scientific stock husbandry, truck farming, fruit growing, farm buildings, etc. Visit the shops and you will see soldiers studying the gas engine, experimenting with farm machinery, and doing all sorts of work which may be designated as farm mechanics. Look about the grounds and you will observe, in some cases, as at Walter Reed, large greenhouses with quantities of plants being prepared for the spring planting. In other cases as at Camp Dix, you will see abundant evidence of crops harvested last season and of plans in the making for still larger undertakings in garden and farm work the coming spring.

The first impulse on hearing such statements and seeing the photographs of the men at work is to say, "Very nice as a diversion and as a curative measure, but of what possible use can a knowledge of Agriculture ever be to legless, armless, and sightless soldiers?"

When farming is mentioned, there immediately come into mind visions of plowing, harvesting, hoeing, spading, machine operation and repair, and numerous other things that seem to require good hands, feet, and eyes.

In this connection we may draw both information and inspiration from some of the stories of the thousands of successful farmers who, by sheer grit and determination, have succeeded in spite of physical handicaps as great as those with which the soldiers return from across the seas.

The following are quotations from a few of the hundreds of letters on file in the Surgeon General's office:

Vernon, Texas

I lost my left arm twenty years ago but I can do any kind of work that is done on the farm and I do the work myself and also do my carpenter work. I do all kinds of plowing using two to six horses. I bridle, harness and hook them to the plow or wagon. I also handle the binder and mowing machine and for several seasons ran my threshing machine and was my own separator man and found that I could handle it just as well as any man. Sometime ago a man called on me to make some window and door frames, and I made them and fitted the sash, hung the doors and put on the locks and did a good job of work.

Amery, Wis.

Leg amputated at thigh. Use a peg leg. Can and *do* do everything on the farm.

LaGrange, Ky.

Both of my legs are amputated below the knees. I can plow with any kind of a riding plow, mow hay, rake hay, haul manure, cut wood, and work the garden. I can hoe corn, cut corn, shock corn, and usually make a fair hand in filling my silo and helping my neighbors to fill theirs. Can shovel rock and dirt. Can do anything on the farm that does not require fast walking.

Glasgow, Montana

My left leg is off at the thigh. I use an artificial limb and am firm in my belief that I can do anything any man can do except win a foot race.

Merill, Mich.

I lost my left arm three inches below the elbow in an accident on a corn husker. Ever since the accident I have followed farming and manage to do substantially as much work, and the same kind of work as before. I have simply become expert in handling the plow, pitch fork and other farm implements by constant experience. *I can see no difference in my efficiency or the quantity of work* which I do now as compared with that before my injury.

Michigan City, Ind.

My left arm is amputated six inches from the shoulder. Have cut one and one-half cords of wood by myself in a day. I have never tried to do any work since my loss *that I could not make good at.*

Bayero, Colo.

Twenty years ago, I lost my right hand and three fingers of my left hand. I can do most all kinds of carpenter work, can drive from four to six horses, and can *do anything on the farm except shock corn.*

Carrollton, Mo.

My right hand is amputated at wrist, right foot amputated above the ankle, left foot amputated just back of the ball of foot. Wear an artificial limb on right leg; had a steel plate with a toe-joint made for the left foot and am wearing an artificial arm. I do all my own chores, care for, manage and harness my own horse, mow my own lawn, attend to my own furnaces—in fact, *there are no things which I did before I was injured which I am not able to do at present.*

Cherry Run, W. Va.

One hand amputated. Crippled in the right hip. Right leg is one inch shorter than the left. I can chop with an axe, saw with the cross-cut saw, plow, cut grain with the grain cradle, and *can do anything at all there is to be done on the farm.*

Morgantown, W. Va.

Legs paralyzed as a result of spinal fever. Always walk on crutches. Have done plowing, shucking corn, planting and digging potatoes, binding wheat, oats, etc., grubbing, chopping, sawing with a cross-cut saw, digging post holes, caring for stock, and many other light jobs.

WHICH WOULD A REAL SOLDIER BE?

LETTERS FROM TWO PARTIALLY DISABLED FARMERS WITH SIMILAR DISABILITIES

Florida, January 11, 1918

I have both arms off, *my right arm is taken off at the socket* and the *left arm I have a three-inch stump*, and *you have no idea how much this stump helps out.* I am farming 180 acres; I have eighty in corn and eighty in oats every year. I plow corn with a riding cultivator, haul corn, or anything, drive the binder when cutting oats, the mower when cutting hay; in fact, I do everything my hired man does but hitching and harnessing the horses, milking the cows, and a few odd things; but while he is doing that I am feeding the hogs, horses, and cows, and attending to business affairs. I do the feeding by taking a scoop shovel on my shoulder and holding it with my stump and chin and it does not hurt or bother me in the least.

I do my own planting of corn and sowing of oats. Of course, I have things fixed and made handy for me. All the doors and gates are made so I can open them.

I do all my driving with the lines over my shoulder. I drive four and five horses abreast by hitching them so I can drive them all with just two lines. I learn how to do new things every day. I can drive a Ford car as good as any one, cranking it with my feet. Since my accident I have bought 120 acres of land, have not quite paid for it yet, but expect to in three years. I paid $2.25 per acre.

I am married. We have a little boy four and a half years old who also is a great help to me. I never allow myself to get the blues, or discouraged. I try to always look on the bright side of things. I find it helps me. I do all my own correspondence and write my checks with the pencil between my teeth.

Yours very truly

Louisiana, March 13, 1918

Dear Sir:

One of my hands below elbow was shot off in an accident. *The other hand was shot in the forearm.* I *cannot* and I *have not been able* to do any work myself. Fortunately for me I was and am able to control my children who did my work as I directed them. Otherwise I should have been an object of charity.

My success—if any—at farming is due that way.

Injured soldiers *should be allowed a pension. Other people* should follow gainful occupations.

The Government is making elaborate plans for helping soldiers to get profitable employment on farms and for aiding them in securing land of their own. A bill now before Congress proposes a hundred million dollar appropriation for the reclamation of tracts of land in almost all the states and the establishment of community settlements for the men who have worn the uniform. At least some sort of legislation along this line will undoubtedly be passed.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education is ready to give to those who qualify under its provisions the necessary training to enable them to take up agricultural work with every hope of success.

Here are four things therefore that should be known by every man who has been in the service of the United States:

1. Even severely disabled men may succeed at farming, as the letters above indicate.
2. The hospitals are ready to give them a start in the subject of agriculture.
3. The Federal Board for Vocational Education can provide the additional training necessary to make them successful farmers.
4. The Government is planning to do every thing in its power to furnish employment and to provide land for soldiers, sailors, and marines who may be interested in farming.

Disabled soldiers learning the use of modern farm machinery.

Convalescent Centers

By Lieutenant-Colonel Harry E. Mock, M. C., U. S. A.

GOOD-BYE, fellers, I'm leavin' y'u."

"Where you goin'—home?"

"Nope, to Camp Dix to the Convalescent Center."

"What in hell in a convalescent center? Another excuse to keep you in the army, suppose!"

"Guess so, anyway they say it isn't another hospital and I'll be that much nearer home." And like a true soldier, still playing the game, Private John Hicks with his stiff elbow and paralyzed left hand to say nothing of a piece of Hun shrapnel in his right leg limped away to obey orders.

Hicks had been in three hospitals in France —the evacuation, base, and finally the special orthopedic hospital, and had already spent his three months back in this country in two others. Of course he had sense enough to know that this was necessary, "all done for his own good—but a feller sure gets tired of hospitals."

It wasn't half bad in this last one for the Reconstruction Aides had taught him to use a typewriter. Someway, trying to hammer the keys had brought a little strength back into his paralyzed fingers—not much, of course, but, as he expressed it: "Kinda feels like I'll use the old pickers yet." Then the 'docs' had been on the square. When he landed in this place he thought he was done for as far as ever working again. But they had baked his arm, rubbed it, and put him wise to many little tricks about using it. And that was some good job they did on his leg, healing up that dirty wound.

Today the C. O. said they needed his bed and so he would be transferred to Camp Dix—Convalescent Center. No, not a hospital but "a place where he would be a soldier once more just for a short time before they discharged him."

For the last month he had been going to school at the hospital—not exactly a school but a shop where Captain Hendricks and Sergeant Chesley were teaching him stunts about building an automobile. Before the war he had worked around a machine shop and chauffeured a little, but in the last four weeks he had learned more about mechanics than he ever knew before. Take the carburetor, for example, he "knew what the thing was but now he knew how the durned thing was made and what it was for." Yes, he hated to quit that school work.

So, thinking along this line, he consulted Captain Hendricks.

"Cheer up, man, you'll get some more school work in the Convalescent Center. It's like this: You don't need any more medicine, the hospital's crowded and they need your bed. So off you go to the camp nearest your home, into the center for almost well men, where you will be on duty until the doctors are sure you are cured. Orders are not to discharge a man until his maximum restoration is secured. Know what that means? Just this—until you've all the motion back into that elbow and hand that they can help you get into them; until that limp of yours is forgotten and until you're so full of 'pep' that you're crazy to get out and go to work or go to school. Trying not to turn out any loafers from this man's army."

"But I want to go to an automobile school like this one."

"Sure boy, and you will. It's all under one educational system and you'll find a school just like it in the center or up at the base hospital which you can attend."

Therefore you see why Private Hicks wasn't downhearted. He wasn't to be discharged yet, 'tis true, but he was going nearer home. The 'docs' were going to keep on "fiddlin' with his mit until she worked." He could go to school. All this, and still he was through with hospitals.

At Camp Dix, after being examined at the base hospital, Private Hicks was assigned to Platoon 4, Company 2, Convalescent Center. He had trained at Camp Dix before going to France but this was an altogether different kind of a place.

Still the same old company streets and the same old barracks on the outside! But when he entered the building where Company 2 was housed he thought he was in an up-to-the-minute Y. M. C. A. hut. Downstairs, no beds, but a regular club room with billiards and pool, checkers and chess, hand polo, card tables, books and magazines, and a real piano. The bare walls were decorated and color everywhere gave the impression of a homey room with a real log fire in a big fireplace. Many of the men in the place seemed pretty badly banged up but all were apparently happy.

The sergeant took Hicks upstairs and pointed out his bed. Same old barrack room there but its proximity to the club room below robbed it of some of its barrenness. A yellow-topped corporal sitting on the next bed was primping as though he expected a visit from his Jane.

"Just in time for the party, new-comer!" by way of introduction from the corporal.

"What party?" asked Hicks.

"Never mind, hurry and get into your dress suit and you'll soon find out."

Supper was late and Hicks was hungry. When the call finally came, he went down with the bunch. Six other men had just arrived and they were all assigned to a table. But it wasn't like the old-time mess, this was a banquet hall.

"Attention!"

Like a machine the 115 men sprang to their feet.

A general, two colonels, several captains and lieutenants had entered. After they were seated at the head table, the men resumed their places.

"Who's the general?" whispered Hicks to his neighbor.

"General Scott, of course, and that's Colonel White and Colonel Beery with him. Big doings tonight."

"What is it—the annual banquet?"

"Where do you get that stuff—annual? Somethin' doin' every night here."

Just then the band—Convalescent Center, Camp Dix, painted in big letters on the bass drum—struck up a lively tune and all joined in a song which was a parody on 'There was an old soldier who had a wooden leg'.

Such eats! But Hicks soon learned that good eats were part of the cure in this center.

When they reached 'cakes and cream' a huge cake was brought in by four K. P.'s and placed in front of General Scott. The general then arose and with his great sword carved the thing—yes, carved it into 125 pieces.

When the cigars were passed the talk-fest began. Funny, of course, for every day hundreds of new stories are created in the army—real stories too. But when the General talked it made a fellow feel just like going home and being a better man than he ever was before he entered the army, no matter what his trouble.

Maybe the Hun got your arm or a part of your face or left a piece of shrapnel in your lung *but he didn't get your goat.*

This was the spirit of that banquet, and next day when Hicks met Captain Jones he received more of the same spirit.

"You're in Platoon 4 today, my man," said Captain Jones, "but just as soon as we find you have strength for the gym work and shop work, we will boost you through Platoon 3 and into Platoon 2. When that stiff joint is as loose as we can make it and those fingers, which are not really paralyzed, are once more working, into Platoon 1 you go and that means 'discharge within forty-eight hours'. When you leave here you'll be able to go to work, or if you can't return to your old job, the Federal Board will train you for one you can do."

"But I want to go to the automobile school like the one I was in at Walter Reed," said Hicks, who didn't find it at all difficult to talk back to this good-natured captain.

"All right, if you were able to do that over there, we will have Major Davison examine you today and if he says you're fit then Platoon 2 tomorrow."

Next day Hicks was promoted to Platoon 2. This allowed him to take part in many of the rougher games; also he was given forty-five minutes of good stiff physical exercise twice a day—but not until the end of a week—graduated exercises until then. And best of all he spent three hours morning and afternoon in the auto school. Many of the men were taking this course; not only men from the center but a number who were able to attend from the base hospital. In the evenings he would often go to the base hospital lectures on motor mechanics and other subjects which the educational officer arranged for the men. In fact it seemed as if this educational officer and the Y. M. C. A. director and a lot of other people were making them go to school all the time, and yet it was so interesting and was fixing them for better jobs when they got out so that none seemed to mind it.

The doctors had their innings too. Every day the elbow and hand were baked and then a sergeant, who knew his business, would rub it and bend it and work the fingers until Hicks could see that it "was comin' along," as the sergeant said. For awhile he was sent to the base hospital every morning for special treatment but he didn't mind this as long as he still lived in the center.

One day about two months after his arrival, he was under the chassis of a car replacing the differential. He was hard at work and very interested—but not too absorbed to hear Professor Townsend, the 'Y' instructor say: "Look at that man Hicks under there using his game arm and hand. Guess Captain Jones will be firing him in a few days."

A bed patient taking a course in drawing.

An International Conference on Rehabilitation of the Disabled

By Douglas C. McMurtrie

REHABILITATION of the disabled is a comparatively new field of work, and the science of it is of but recent development. Much of the best work has not been reported upon in such way as to make the experience available to others.

To bring to workers in this country the benefit of the experience on the part of our allies in the re-education of disabled soldiers, and to provide for discussion of American practice and of American problems, there will be held in New York, March 18 to March 22 inclusive, under the auspices of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men and the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, an unofficial "conference on rehabilitation," international in representation and the scope of subjects to be covered.

The conference is fortunate in having secured as delegates some of the best-known men in the field of rehabilitation, both at home and abroad. From France comes Dr. Maurice Bourillon, the "grandfather of re-education" as he is called—president of the Permanent Interallied Committee on War Cripples, and Director of the French National Institute for Crippled Soldiers, in Paris; Edmond Dronsart, director of the School of Re-education for Maimed Soldiers, at Montpellier, France, and Lt. Henri Gourdon, representing French work for blinded soldiers. From Belgium comes L. Alleman, educational director of the Belgian Military Institute for War Cripples at Port Villez.

Heading the British delegation is Major Robert Mitchell, director of technical training for the British Ministry of Pensions; he is accompanied by Major Francis Meynell, of the Ministry of Labor, Captain Sharpe of the Shepherd's Bush Military Orthopedic Hospital, London, and Mrs. Ethel Wood, secretary of the London Local War Pensions Committee—the largest committee of its kind in Britain.

From Canada comes a full delegation from the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, which has complete responsibility for rehabilitation of the returned disabled soldier. Led by Sir James Lougheed, Minister of the Department, F. Gerald Robinson, Deputy Minister, and W. E. Segsworth, Director of Vocational Training, the delegation will also comprise the other principal officers of the Department.

The Office of the Surgeon General of the Army will be represented by Colonel Frank Billings, and members of the reconstruction staff, and by Colonel E. G. Brackett and members of the orthopedic staff.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education will be represented by Dr. C. A. Prosser, Mr. James P. Munroe, Mr. Arthur E. Holder, and a number of members of the central office and district office staff.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance will send as delegates, Colonel Charles E. Banks, chief medical advisor, Captain H. C. Houlihan, chief of compensation and claims, and members of their staffs.

The American Red Cross will be represented by Colonel C. H. Connor, assistant director-general of military relief, by Curtis E. Lakeman, director of after-care, Department of Civilian Relief, and other national and divisional officials.

The part of the program related to work for the blinded soldier is being arranged by Lt.-Col. James Bordley, and will be participated in by members of the staffs of the military hospital for the blind and the Red Cross Institute for the Blind.

A wide range of subjects is scheduled for discussion. The skeleton program is as follows:

I. National Programs of Rehabilitation

(*a*) France	(*e*) Canada
(*b*) Belgium	(*f*) Australia
(*c*) Italy	(*g*) New Zealand
(*d*) Great Britain	(*h*) India

II. The American Program of Physical Reconstruction

III. The American Program of Compensation

IV. The American Program of Vocational Rehabilitation

V. Functional Restoration; Medical Gymnastics versus Occupation

VI. Bedside and Ward Occupations
- (*a*) Character of the occupations
- (*b*) Selection and training of staff
- (*c*) Recreational and diversional work in military hospitals

VII. Artificial Limbs and Other Prosthetic Appliances
- (*a*) Types of artificial legs
- (*b*) Types of artificial arms
- (*c*) Types of special working appliances
- (*d*) Appliances for special conditions of disability

VIII. Provision of Artificial Limbs and Prostheses
- (*a*) Provision of final limb in military hospital versus immediate provision of temporary limb and fitting of permanent limb after discharge
- (*b*) Nationally standardized limbs versus miscellaneous commercial types
- (*c*) Procedure in supply of artificial limbs for disabled soldiers
  - (i) Original supply
  - (ii) Replacement and repair

IX. Encouragement of Men to Undertake Rehabilitation

X. Counsel, Personal and Vocational

XI. Industrial Surveys of Employment Opportunities for the Handicapped

XII. Methods of Training
- (*a*) Should serious training be started in hospital or deferred until after military and medical discharge?
- (*b*) Training after discharge in special schools or classes versus training in standard institutions
- (*c*) Training in factories
- (*d*) Educational work in military hospitals, subjects of instruction, methods, results
- (*e*) Training the discharged soldier; methods and results
- (*f*) Training the disabled civilian; methods and results

XIII. Relation of Pension, Compensation or other Allowances to Rehabilitation
- (*a*) Soldiers' pensions and training allowances
- (*b*) Workmen's compensation

XIV. Interests of Disabled Men Veterans' Associations, etc., in Rehabilitation

XV. Interests of Organized Labor in Rehabilitation

XVI. Interests of Employers in Rehabilitation

XVII. Experience Meeting for the Disabled Who Have Overcome Their Handicaps

XVIII. Education of the Public; Inculcating a Constructive Attitude Toward the Disabled

XIX. Role of Social Service in Rehabilitation
- (*a*) Social service in relation to the disabled soldier
- (*b*) Social service in relation to the civilian cripple
- (*c*) Red Cross Home Service

XX. Rehabilitation of the Blinded

XXI. Rehabilitation of the Tuberculous

XXII. Rehabilitation of the Deafened

XXIII. Rehabilitation of Crippled Children

XXIV. Land Settlement for the Disabled

XXV. Placement in Employment

Magazines for Men in Service

TEN tons of magazines are needed each month for the overseas forces alone, according to the announcement of the American Library Association. At the request of General Pershing, space for the shipment of this amount was placed at the disposal of the American Library Association, but thus far the space reserved each month has not been filled.

Besides the large demands for reading matter for the overseas men, there is an urgent need of magazines in the camps and hospitals in this country.

From Camp and Hospital Papers

SERVICE

"I've seen service," he replied, bending his head forward belligerently, as much as to say, "Place the crown here, please." We had asked him to sweep out the litter before the door. "I've seen service"— He stood motionless, lower jaw protruding, eyes protesting bitterly, broom at rest arms. He had seen service: And, by the Lord Harry and the Little Pleiades, he was going to loaf and be admired the rest of his days. Perhaps a gun had gone off while he was cleaning it, perhaps he had fallen down a hole and cracked a leg, perhaps he had picked up a *spirochaeta pallida* in his service for his country. And for that he was going to quit; going to call on all his gods at once that he was a much abused man. He had seen service! By the piper that played before Moses, someone should take the broom from that chocolate soldier and baste him brutally behind the bastion. Seen Service! Why, man, there are thousands of the finest boys that America ever brought forth; and they have seen service; and they do not complain, nor boast, nor plead beggary, nor connive with sloth. They are silent on the fields of Northern France. In unmarked graves they lie, and none knows their history, nor often alas, even their names. They have seen service! And they are dead.

Let us shut up this shameless bleater who poses among our people, taking largess of their great heart, and shirking a man's job. Seen Service! Ye gods! Let soldiers be the last to talk about that.

From The Trouble Buster, U. S. A. Gen. Hospital No. 2

TAFT JUSTLY PARCELS PRAISE

Ex-President William H. Taft makes an unorthodox cleavage in the army in his message to soldiers here, which was published in *Over the Top*. He does not divide the army into the overseas and stay-at-homes, the two classes in which the gold and silver service stripes, and public opinion naturally have already placed them. He says:

"The army is divided into men who have been at the front, who have been exposed to danger and who have actually helped in the field to win the battles, and into men who were overseas or on this side and who were denied the privilege of engaging in actual combat."

Our esteemed ex-President does not dishonor the overseas hero; he lifts to a place of deserved eminence the man who endangered his life by exposure to the Hun. All others he places in a class to themselves, whether they served overseas or on this side.

Such a distinction made by William H. Taft will bring to many disappointed ones who labored on this side some well deserved gratification. This gratification can in no way detract from the great experience of those who went over and were thereby much more richly rewarded.

From Over the Top, Camp Taylor, Ky.

ANOTHER SLANT AT IT

What do you mean, you want a discharge? Listen to a conversation that took place in the mess hall at Fort McHenry the last night we had 'slum': "Buddy, where are you going?" "After another plate of stew, wait until I come back; I want to talk to you." On his return he said, "Don't see why so many men are wanting a discharge. Do you know that this is my third plate of stew, and in addition I have consumed eight pieces of bread and two cups of coffee, which I figure would cost me at the lowest in a restaurant $1.25, and the chances are that the quality served in the restaurant would not be as good as this? Judging from the prices they are charging, I figure that it would cost a fellow at least $2.00 a day to live in civil life as well as we do here, and look at the fun we are having. I'll tell you, old scout, this man's army is going to have an awful time convincing me that I should be discharged immediately."

From The Trouble Buster, U. S. A. Gen. Hospital No. 2

Recently a negro soldier entered the boundaries of Camp Upton on the run just at dusk.

"Halt!" said the sentinel, but the soldier kept on running.

"Halt, I say," again cried the sentinel.

"Halt, hell, A'm two days late now."

A private answered sick call the other day and complained of 'pains in the head'.

The surgeon asked, "What kind of pains?" and the private answered, "Musical pains, Sir," whereat the surgeon asked how they sounded.

The private quickly answered, "Like 'Home, Sweet Home', Sir."

Courses of Study

MANY people have made inquiries concerning the coordination of the educational work carried on in the hospitals with that given to the disabled soldiers by the Federal Board of Vocational Education after their discharge. It is readily conceived that some form of cooperation must exist between these two agencies otherwise the training given to the disabled men during their long period of convalescence might have no bearing on their future employment.

While all educational work used as an adjunct to the hospital care is primarily 'curative'—that is aiding in the more rapid recovery of the patients, yet whenever possible it is given a practical trend toward the ultimate occupations.

When the soldier is discharged from the Army he is entitled by law to receive instruction along some definite line, providing his disabilities are sufficient to make him a compensable case.

In order to correlate the training during his convalescence with that received after his discharge approximately a hundred different courses of study have been prepared by an expert in each line under the direction of a Joint Committee of the Reconstruction Division of the Surgeon General's Office and the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

The American Red Cross has contributed funds for the printing of some of these courses, the remainder being printed by the federal printing office.

Every course prescribed has been boiled down to the most practical, most essential points in the subject to be taught. Instead of a blunderbuss method of education each course can be compared to a rifle shooting a single ball aimed at a definite, single target.

Monographs have been prepared in the following general fields of instruction:

1. General Education: mathematics, English, penmanship.
2. Commercial Subjects: bookkeeping and accounting, telegraphy, typewriting.
3. Industrial and Technical Subjects: automobile mechanics, drafting, electricity, leather work, machine shop practice, oxy-acetylene welding and cutting, painting and decorating, power plant operating, printing, woodworking.
4. Agricultural Subjects: agricultural specialties, dairy husbandry, dairy industry, farm mechanics, fruit growing, forestry, hog-raising, poultry husbandry, vegetable gardening.
5. Physical Education.

OF INTEREST TO WOUNDED ACTORS

Actors who have suffered disabilities in the service should address Fund for Our Wounded Actors, 1400 Broadway, New York. This organization desires to render assistance and encouragement to those actors who went to the front. GEORGE ARLISS, *Chairman.*

A REQUEST

After reading your CARRY ON why not place a one-cent stamp over the Burleson Notice and drop it into the mail box? The men in the Army and Navy Hospitals will be glad to get it. Thank You.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

THE COW THAT CARRIED ON

"The last Sunday before the Armistice was signed, Fritz paid us a farewell call by dropping shells a short distance from the hospital, killing French soldiers and injuring some cattle. The French have a way of their own when it comes to suture wounds. Some of the cattle had their entire necks laid open by shrapnel. One Frenchman was seen pinning the hide of a cow together with safety pins, while another Frenchman was milking the cow so the milk would not be lost in case the animal cashed in. But the cow survived in spite of the novel surgery with safety pins and continued to contribute regularly and liberally to the comfort of the soldiers before they moved on."

From an American Nurse at Coblentz, Germany

INSTRUCTOR: Mention two dietetic errors.

STUDENT NURSE: Flat feet, from standing in the bread line.

NO PLACE FOR FAMILIES

An officer out walking with his wife and two children happened upon a sentry.

"Halt, who comes there?"

"An officer and his family."

"Advance, Officer, and be recognized. Family, mark time."

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Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Vol. 1
No. 10

July
1919

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GREENSBORO, N. C.

The Best Reason for Reconstruction

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross

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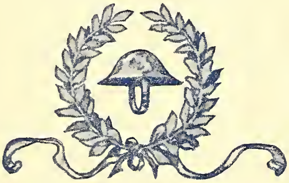
WORLD WAR I PAMPHLET COLLECTION

The Creed of the Disabled Soldier

ONCE more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide, and to feel that I have a place in the world—seeking no favors and given none—a MAN among MEN in spite of this physical handicap.



CARRY ON

Volume I JULY, 1919 *Number 10*

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army

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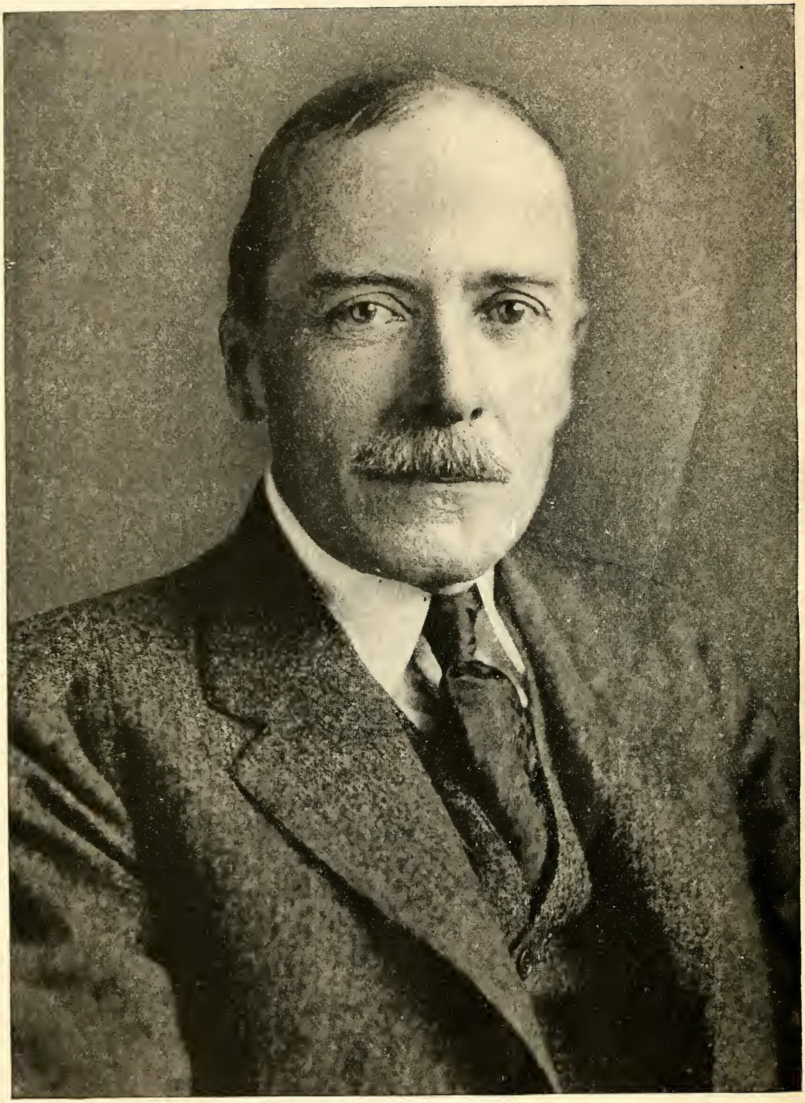


DR. LIVINGSTON FARRAND, CHAIRMAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE, AMERICAN RED CROSS

KEEPING BUSY HELPS CURE THE MENTAL CONDITION

The Wounded in Mind

By Dr. Thomas W. Salmon

Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene (Recently Colonel, M. C., U. S. A.)

IN the neuro-psychiatric ward of one of the large army general hospitals is a young soldier from overseas who wears no wound chevron on his right sleeve although the arm covered by it ends at the wrist. He is sad and rarely speaks unless spoken to. If the medical visitor asks how he came to lose his hand he moves his lips without answering. If the question is repeated he replies, with much difficulty in framing the words, that he would rather not say. When pressed in a kindly manner he hesitatingly makes this statement, shame and sorrow mingling in his face: "Well, sir, it was this way. I was in the Argonne forest. I was scared—and homesick—and I blew my hand off with a hand grenade." Unless the visitor has special knowledge of mental diseases and reads the lesson of the sad demeanor and retarded speech he is apt to think that this is only a glimpse of one of the darker sides of war. If, however, inquiry is made into the history of this patient it is discovered that he was courageously engaged in a charge against a machine gun position when his hand was blown off by the bursting of a shell which killed several of his comrades. The young soldier suffers from a rather common and fortunately extremely recoverable type of mental disease known technically as manic-depressive psychosis because it has phases of excitement and depression that often alternate. The sadness that constitutes the central symptom of the phase of the disease from which this soldier suffers is accompanied by thoughts and delusions in harmony with his emotional mood. Soon, with proper treatment, a change will come about and then if the patient's surroundings are what they should be and his awakening interests skillfully utilized, he will get well. Then his wound will no longer serve only as a point about which to group delusions of unworthiness characteristic of his disease.

In another hospital there is a lieutenant who won the Distinguished Service Cross. It would be interesting to quote in full the account of the deed for which this award was made but, so strikingly did it stand out in the column of citations in which it appeared in the newspapers, to do so would be more than likely to disclose the patient's identity. This young officer is suffering from the same mental disease as the man with the amputated hand and he is prevented by his distressing delusions of unworthiness from accepting the medal that he won on the field of battle. Fortunately he too will recover and the award which now only intensifies morbid feelings of self-deprecation will become a source of pleasure and pride.

In another hospital is a soldier whose brain was pierced by a fragment of bursting shell. Entering his skull, this tiny missile followed a course determined by the innumerable chances that govern the progress and arrest of an object in flight. Had it rested finally in a certain locality it could have been easily extracted through one of the skillful procedures of modern neurological surgery. Had it lodged in another place or passed through different structures it would have given rise to blindness, to local and unimportant paralysis, to paralysis of the entire side of the body, or to alteration of one of the special senses. A combination of certain factors in physics, ballistics, fate, and anatomy of the human central nervous system led to the lodgment of this piece of enemy steel where its presence and the processes that it set up resulted in grave changes in the young soldier's personality and thus he became a 'mental case'. A bright and sunny nature changed to one in which suspicion and irritability predominated. Memory commenced to show slow impairment and as, unfortunately, there are no surgical or other means of relief the outlook for this soldier is a slow darkening of the mind which in the end will cut him off from communication with this world and those in it whom he loves. He lost his mind to help us win the war. Throughout his life the minds of others must do for him what his own cannot.

AWAKENING INTEREST THROUGH GAMES

The stories of these three soldiers are taken almost at random from those of 3,000 men with mental diseases (some recoverable and some not) who have been returned from the A. E. F. What are we doing for men suffering from invisible wounds such as these?

Thanks to the mental examination of recruits in the camps in the United States, the rate for mental diseases in the A. E. F. was the lowest in the history of any expeditionary force. This means, for one thing, that the task of caring for the soldiers who came back to us with mental diseases is not *numerically* a formidable one. There are as many new cases of mental disease admitted every year to the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, where they receive skillful individualized treatment, as have been returned from France.

From the earliest period of preparation for war the Surgeon General of the Army has stood strongly upon the principle that the resources at his disposal were for the benefit of the mentally ill as well as those afflicted with other illnesses or the injured. The ignorant and cruel idea that if the brain happens to be the seat of disease or injury the patient is outside the fields of medicine and nursing found no place in the army's conception of duty. When the base hospitals at cantonments were built neuro-psychiatric wards of the most modern design were provided. Through these wards, staffed by specialists in this branch of medicine and by nurses and enlisted men who had received training in the care of mental and nervous cases, passed no less than 30,000 soldiers with mental illness. In these cases the problem faced was a relatively simple one for many of the patients had had mental disease before their admission to the army and it was desirable after a period of emergency care to place them in the hands of their friends or in suitable hospitals in their own states.

A different problem was presented by mental cases among the soldiers returning from France. These, it must be borne in mind, originated among a highly picked body of men and it is apparent not only from this fact but from the symptoms that many of them present that the disease is due or is aggravated by the conditions of active warfare. The hospitals of the army of occupation had hardly been established before psychiatric wards were in active operation at Coblenz and Treves and physicians, women nurses, and occupation instructors were ready to receive mental cases. In the various 'collecting stations' and in the big special neuro-psychiatric hospital at Savenay, every attempt was made to continue treatment and encourage a healthful attitude toward their disease in the soldiers awaiting transportation to the United States. At home psychiatric departments have been provided in all large general and base hospitals receiving overseas cases. Special wards and in one instance a special hospital have been provided at ports of debarkation. With the closing of larger general hospitals it was found advisable to concentrate the care of overseas soldiers in one large psychiatric hospital—General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Virginia. Here in the National Soldiers' Home that has been taken over entirely there is being developed under the hands of some of the best trained men in this branch of medicine a modern hospital for the treatment of mental diseases, with all that that implies. Patients arriving at Newport News are admitted within a few hours after their ship has dropped anchor, and those arriving at the Port of New York reach Hampton within a day or two.

Careful examinations to determine not only the type of disease but the precise situation that has brought it into existence, attention to physical requirements, psycho-therapy, the use of occupation and diversion with special reference to the needs of individuals and outlining future care including vocational education all form part of the work of this institution. More important than any of these, except perhaps scientific diagnosis, is the spirit of understanding, sympathy, and hopefulness which officers and men alike are attempting to create in every room and ward of this great special hospital. Restraint, confinement in rooms, the employment of bars, idleness, or any other factor which will tend to degrade or humiliate patients whose illness happens to be in a field little understood and so often wrongly judged is not permitted to find a place in this hospital.

Many of the mental cases now being received have nearly recovered in France and will entirely recover at General Hospital No. 43. Just how large this percentage is cannot be determined but it seems likely that more than half of all patients admitted can be discharged, after a period of treatment, to their own homes. A close liaison has been established with the U. S. Public Health Service for the continued care of others. This medical service of the Government is to provide the hospitalization to which the War Risk Insurance Act entitles each discharged soldier requiring it. The Public Health Service has made arrangements with those state hospitals that reach a sufficiently high standard of excellence in the various states to provide continued care for uncured cases at the expense of the Government. Rigid inspection will make it possible to supervise this care.

CARPENTER SHOP

MENTAL CASES IN CARPENTER SHOP

It is necessary that everyone to whose attention such cases may come should bring them to the notice of the nearest representative of the United States Public Health Service. In most instances this can be done through the agency of the American Red Cross which is undertaking to provide after-care and psychiatric social service for men already discharged from the military service. Unfortunately a curious survival of the old feeling that mental diseases in some way carry with them a stigma unknown in other types of disorders often leads the relatives of patients and others to refrain from seeking treatment for them. In many other instances the situation and its remedy are obscured by applying the term 'shell shock' to mental diseases. Those who fall into either of these errors fail in their duty toward patients whose own judgment is often incapable of securing for them the treatment they urgently need, and who, therefore, are dependent upon the judgment of others. 'Shell shock', as is now becoming pretty well known, is a term correctly applied to only a very small percentage of the abnormal nervous conditions arising in battle. It was used very little in the A. E. F. after the first few months, the names of the various neuroses being employed instead to designate the functional nervous diseases of war. It may seem to the mother or wife of a soldier with mental disease that something is gained by substituting this term for one which properly describes the mental illness from which the patient suffers. There are even physicians who from mistaken kindness have encouraged this form of self-deception. It should not take much reflection, however, to convince one that such an evasion is apt to be extremely harmful to the patient by deferring the kind of treatment that he so urgently requires and giving rise in the end to disappointment and chagrin. The functional nervous diseases which in the A. E. F. were called 'war neuroses' constitute quite a different problem in military medicine and reconstruction.

Its difficulties have not caused the army to evade the problem of the soldier with mental disease. If the community, his friends and relatives and the soldier himself contribute the kind of aid needed and maintain the proper attitude it will not be said of this war as it could well be of others that the most serious kind of diseases received the least efficient care.

Help Us Help You

By Captain Arthur H. Samuels

AMERICA would present a sorry spectacle, if at the very consummation of victory she forgot her pledges to the men who brought her peace at any price—the price of body. Much more to be pitied than the wounded men themselves would be the men and women who would allow their promises of support to fall empty because the tumult of arms has ceased.

The people of the United States will stand *with* you and *by* you. It is a small obligation for them to meet. But it can come only with your help.

Getting back to your job is not a sentimental journey. It is over a hard, practical road and there will be no pitfalls unless you yourself dig them.

I recall Weber and Fields some years ago in one of their close-up conversations:

"I bought one of them Whitely exercisers," said Weber, "but it ain't done me no good."

"Maybe you ain't used it," Fields suggested.

"Oh, do you have to do that?"

All of the opportunities—publicand private—that may be offered to you are utterly worthless unless you *use* them.

Do not, however, lose sight of the fact that you will receive only what you honestly want and go after; and that the support you get depends entirely on the support you are willing to give to *yourself.*

At the beginning of our part in the war, those of us who started this little magazine were told that 'Carry On' as a name would not be understood in this country. We thought it would. We adopted it; and it persisted.

Today it is your watchword—and ours. Hang on to it. Stand by it. Think it; live it. Make it carry you on and on and on.

To Our Disabled Soldiers

By Charles Hanson Towne

THE other day I saw the traffic on Fifth Avenue held up while two wounded soldiers safely crossed the street.

It was a wonderful sight. No one minded the delay in the least—indeed, the people in their taxis and limousines seemed proud that thus, for a brief interval, they could show these men how glad they were to wait for them as they slowly hobbled over the pavement.

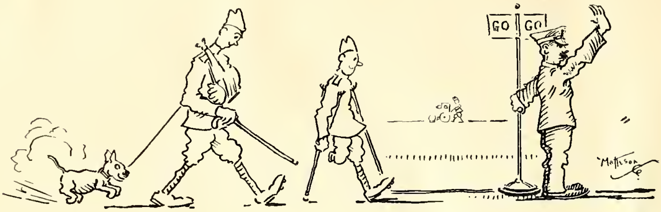
But as I watched the men, I thought how easy it is to pay tribute to a wounded soldier—while he is still wearing his uniform. For the uniform is a symbol, a mark of his fighting and sacrifice. A limp arm in khaki—ah! how noble it looks! But when our men drift back to civilians' clothing, and peace is signed, and the old level days return, the temptation comes to forget what our boys did for us through long hours of peril and pain.

If we see a man then with one leg and a crutch, will we give him only a passing thought, and say, "Poor fellow! perhaps he was in a railroad accident!"—and fail to remember Chateau Thierry, the Argonne, and all those splendid battlegrounds where civilization was saved?

No! America will never forget! We will recall the agony and the fire, and pass on to our sons the great story of those terrible days when the world lay almost—but not quite—under the heel of the Hun.

Each of your hearts was a torch; and we who could not fight took some spark from your flame to light us on our way when the earth looked black indeed.

You saved the world—you saved Democracy. And America, the greatest of all democracies, can never forget.



THEY HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT OF WAY

Concerning Soldiers and Art

By Helen L. Slack

PERHAPS the most important plan for future civilization which has come from those busy brains in Washington is the teaching of art to wounded soldiers. If the world has given the young American the reputation of being matter-of-fact, money-making, materialistic in his philosophy of life, then Uncle Sam has devised a way of proving his true character quite the opposite. Throughout his ante-bellum days, the American soldier found himself restricted as to time for artistic delights, incapable of releasing himself from the servitude of masters who kept his nose in a book, or business managers who insisted that he exclude all ideas not directly pertaining to his job. However, after journeying through that country best loved by artists and going on the most idealistic of missions, it took only a few weeks of idleness in a camp hospital to make him express his soul in some handicraft that was truly beautiful.

In Ward X, Base Hospital, Camp Dix, there were rows and rows of white beds, each occupied by a sick boy who had given some part of his flesh and blood for France. There was Davis, with almost half of his face shot off, painting red roses on a black enameled stool. When visitors looked at him, pityingly, he laughed out of the good side of his mouth and answered them that he was "a handsome guy, once." The boys told of how they had taken him for dead over there, of how the trench was partly dug for him, when he suddenly breathed. They made a rough stretcher and carried him to the nearest hospital, where he was worked over many hours until he revived. He himself never referred to the uncanny incident, but was happy and contented in the present, with paint-brush and saw and scraps of wood.

Next to him was Hoymer, who lay for months and months on his back, one foot stretched in a steel frame, his arm scarred with shrapnel wounds. His bed was very gay. Two paper roses adorned its head and at the foot a half-finished loom kept close company with a bottle of Dakin's solution. He waved a shuttle of pink silk in the air, as he wildly discussed the subject of hand-loom weaving with Davis. The latter was trying to persuade him that no tapestries in the world could equal the Gobelin ones. He had seen those chaps working on them in the little studios over there, hour after hour, day after day, sometimes weaving an entire story like that of St. Bernard, or Joan of Arc. Hoymer, however, would not concede that anything was ahead of those which hung in the hospital in Paris, which he gazed on while waiting for his arm to be temporarily set. To prove his side, he drew forth from the bottom of his barracks bag some very crumpled but highly cherished post cards. To close the argument, he said, "Why, man, the brown and green they used was just like the mignonette in my grandmother's garden." He whistled a while as though remembering some happy moment of his boyhood, then reached for his loom to weave another little motive in the design already intricate.

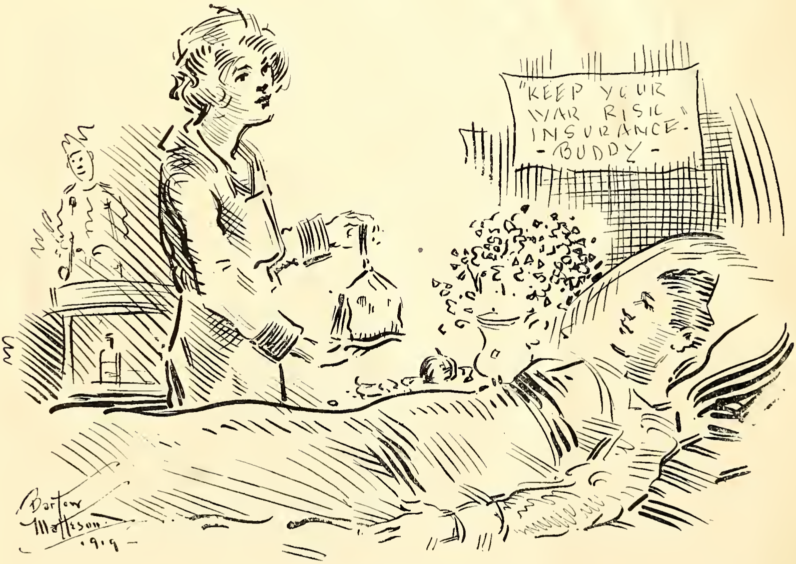
Across the aisle from him was Mariano, a typical young American of the sort that is fully so in spirit, if not in much else just yet. His crutches were by his side, for his leg had one of those wounds that persist in staying open many, many months. He was making a basket of the sort used commonly in the old country, but appreciated here as something unusual. It was rarely beautiful in its curve and as strong as one could wish. His eyes were on a little red-covered book entitled 'English for Foreigners' and one could see by the expression on his face that he could hardly wait for the time when 'Miss Bluebird', as they called the aide, could stop and teach him a few more words. He and Georgiapulis, a young Apollo straight from Greece, were never quite able to settle which country had given the most to civilization, Italy with her Renaissance painters of holy Madonnas, or Greece with the miraculous sculptors of ancient times. Sometimes, Larsen, the young Swede who used to lead them all in gymnastic exercises would chime in to say that his country gave something too, for it taught the other peoples how to do wonderful work in wood. As a silent testimony, he held in his hands a pair of book ends designed with strangely twisted trees and carved with the greatest care.

Once a young college girl visited the base hospital with two baskets of home-made cookies. As she looked about, she remarked on the barren appearance of the ward, due she believed to the lack of wall pictures. On reaching her house, she rummaged in the attic until she found several charming pictures which she sent down to brighten the corner, so to speak, for the wounded heroes. The boys were delighted. The subjects were simple ones, of wood and cloud and stream, bits of the good out-doors they had not seen for months. One boy, whose back was covered with scars, sat propped on his pillows a whole day mounting them on soft brown mats. "Who painted that one?" he asked, pointing to a bit of the Barbizon country. When the aide told him it was by Monet, he said, "How do you spell it, sister?" He repeated it once or twice to himself, then he said, "Do you know, that looks just like the little stream where I used to catch sunfish when I was a boy. When I get out of here, I'm going to find out from that fellow

WITH PAINT BRUSH AND SAW AND SCRAPS OF WOOD how he did it and then I'll show you something." As a preliminary step he began sketching his memory of the scene on a K. of C. envelope. If the technique was a bit faulty, the spirit and dash was irreproachable.

One of the most interesting characters in the ward was a cowboy from Montana whom the others called 'The Walrus'. The boys all loved him. They called him 'white' because he had taken off his own gas mask and put it on the head of a wounded comrade, trusting only in luck to escape the cloud of gas. He was too big in physique for a hospital bed, his head spilled off one end, his feet off the other, but nothing ever affected his good nature. When Miss Bluebird asked him what he would prefer for his bedside occupation, he surprised her somewhat by saying, "I'd like to paint one of those little silk bags for my girl back home." So he took his little wood-block, carved it with his jack-knife, then asked for a palette on which to mix his colors. He laughed to himself as he squeezed out the tubes and said, "Honest, sister, I never expected to have one of these here palette machines on my clumsy hand." When the whole thing was finished, he fingered the silk almost lovingly and murmured, "I wonder if she'll believe I did it." The aide smiled reassuringly as she placed it over the radiator to dry.

Sometimes, when the smell of ether was strong in the ward, and some sick 'pal' was rolled in from the operating room for the fourth or fifth time, there would come a gloom over the boys. Then they would turn to Ray. Ray worked on unflaggingly, rain or shine. He used to be the one most tense with pain when he first came from the boat, but a small chain of beads had solved the problem. He could count them and forget. He could weave


"KEEP YOUR WAR RISK INSURANCE" - BUDDY -
Bartow Matteson ·1919·

I WONDER IF SHE'LL BELIEVE I DID IT!

them in shapes of flower and leaf and slowly relax so that Nature could the easier work her miracle of healing. His right hand was shot through and through with holes but that could not keep him from commandeering the left.

The boys are constantly changing in Ward X, some are getting well and going home, others are planning on college courses which shall put them on a higher plane in spite of their disability. However, they are much the same. They tool the leather, carve the wood or paint the poster, to the same old tune of 'Smile the While'. They have suffered everything, but voluntarily they are bringing their minds back to the natural state where they think on the things that are beautiful. Art is a long road but it is indeed a primrose way and the feet of these lame walk gladly therein. It may be that the boys like Hoymer and Ray and Mariano will be in the end the leaven to lighten the whole lump.

An Open Letter

From Rupert Hughes

WHEN the founders of our nation wrote that "All men are created free and equal," they were not blind to the fact that certain men were taller than others, fatter, leaner, wiser, stronger, lighter, or darker. And they realized that being free did not mean that freedom would never have to be fought for.

Yet they meant what they said and this latest greatest war saved their glorious doctrine from ruin.

The war left you injured men neither free nor equal in a certain sense. You suffered wounds, diseases, disablements, that hamper your freedom and your equality. But the war also gave you a wonderful superiority to the countless citizens who have no memories of battles to revel in, no wounds to point to as medals of distinction, no proof at all that they rallied to the defense of mankind.

You have come home, many of you, feeling perhaps that you are "rich only in great hurts," as Shakespeare said. But you are rich in more than hurts: You are rich in pride in the everlasting test of your mettle. You fought like tigers; you endured your wounds like patient martyrs; and you have established a record for American manhood that has never been and never can be surpassed.

The courage that sustained you in the battle and in the worse hells before and after battle, will sustain you in the purgatory of everyday life.

They say that republics are ungrateful. You will have occasion to say that they are forgetful. But people do not mean to forget. They are simply busy. They can spare only a little time from their jobs, their families, and their ambitions for celebrating other men's achievements. And every man, woman, and child of us has his own disablements of one kind or another, the richest, strongest-seeming and happiest-looking.

You will not expect to be greeted with cheers everywhere you go. Your rescue from a feeling that other people neglect you is to take care not to neglect yourselves. Get busy!

Life is a battle for bread and butter and comfort. You have shown that you are not afraid of anything. You will not show the white feather before the new problems. Having proved to the world that you are unconquerable in war you will show that you are unconquerable in peace.

We who are unwounded carry a great wound in our hearts. We envy you. Do not envy us. Do not let your courage fail you, nor your handicaps whip you. To quote Shakespeare again, "Disable not thyself!"

Recreation in Hospitals

By Elbert K. Fretwell

Director of Recreation in Hospitals, Department of Military Relief, American Red Cross

BETWEEN the acts of 'Eyes Right' given by the soldiers, sponsored by the Red Cross, at Fort Bayard, April 28, 1919, Lieut.-Col. Rockhill stated the central idea of the recreation program of the Surgeon General's Office and the Red Cross. Speaking to the hospital audience he said: "It is better to do things for yourself than to have others do them for you."

This recreation program for hospitals, drawn up about the time the armistice was signed, recognized that while such passive entertainment as theatrical shows, moving pictures, concerts, boxing bouts, phonographs, player pianos, baseball games, and auto rides was necessary, yet even for these sick and wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines, the real success of the program finally depended on getting the patients to provide recreation for themselves and for their fellows. "Out of the grandstand and into the game" has been a kind of slogan for the corps of recreational leaders.

Self-activity is necessary if the patient is to stimulate his own initiative and spirit of co-operation. At Fort McHenry and Walter Reed the one-armed baseball teams defeated their opponents—two-armed teams that played with one arm tied behind their backs. At Fort Des Moines Field Day, June 17, there was a hot game between the one-armed and the one-legged team. At the Memorial Day Field Day at U. S. General Hospital No. 3 at Colonia, N. J., there was a one-legged foot-ball game. The contestants, a baker's dozen to a side, lined up on opposite sides of a net, stretched taut, but several feet higher than a tennis net. A half dozen Soccer foot-balls were given to one side for the 'kick-off'. The idea was to kick the ball over the net, and so far over the net that the other side would have to hop fast to get the balls in position for the return kick. A ball kicked over the net counted a point, and twenty-one points was the game. At this same meet there was 'The Amputation Walk' wherein the artificial leg men lined up and one by one did this stunt: Walk along a wooden rail shaped like a rail in a railway track and no broader, over two inverted V-shaped obstacles about the height of a curb-stone, bend and pick up a stone. The contestant who did this in the shortest time won. Then there was this contest for one-armed men: Four men sat side by side and at command loosened their leg wraps, took off a shoe, then put it on again and tied the leg wraps. The best time was just three minutes—and any two-armed man who is in uniform knows that's fast. It was amazing to observe how deftly and quickly the contestants worked. Following this there were crutch races, wheel-chair potato-races, wheel-chair fifty-yard dashes. At Camp Custer they have had wheel-chair drills, at Fort Sheridan decorated wheel-chair parades. It is a matter of regret that the wheel-chair pool players at Cooper-Monatah were never able to contest their skill with the one-armed pool shooters at Walter Reed. The legless croquet team at McPherson claim they can lick any hospital team of their kind in all U. S. A. The idea of getting in the game prevails.

In the baseball game of the one-armed *vs.*

OUT!

the one-legged at Fort Des Moines a player yelled: "Gee, I'm glad I can still swat the old pill." This boy doesn't want some misguided soul to say: "O my dear boy, you've lost a leg, have a chocolate." He's a regular human being, a little 'busted up' as he would say, but with spirit even more dauntless than before he set out for the Rhine.

Certainly every game that was ever devised in any gymnasium, on any playground or athletic field can be found in some hospital. Camp Pike has baseball, basket-ball, volley ball, dodge, push, medicine ball, tennis, boxing, wrestling, croquet, rope-whipping, knot-tying, signaling, modified military drill, map drawing, prisoners base, quoits, horse-shoes, sack, potato, and three-legged races. (The successful athletic director is the one who can modify these games and sports so cripples can play). Oteen has had twenty volley ball games in one day.

Athletics, however, is only one phase of the active recreation program. Community singing, under regular leaders, has been a part of the life of practically every hospital—singing before the regular shows in the convalescent houses, singing between reels at the moving picture shows, singing in the wards. Camp Jackson has a glee club, hospital quartet and a minstrel club. They gave eight concerts during the Victory Loan Campaign. Camp Pike has had competitive singing between groups from different states. The singing in the two big debarkation hospitals in New York, Greenhuts and Grand Central Palace, has been better than one could dream of being possible.

Nowhere has the singing been more necessary than among the psychopaths. At the Messiah Home Hospital in New York one observer says: "I visit this hospital regularly but never before have I witnessed such a transformation in the patients as I did last week. There were 130 present in the mess-hall where the 'sing' was held. Some came in weeping, one particularly seemed thoroughly grief-stricken. One kept kneeling in front of a dummy window, evidently thinking it was a High Altar. All were in a highly nervous state, but the moment the 'sing' began, all

CHARIOT RACE UP TO DATE

tears stopped. The poor chap kneeling in front of the imaginary altar sprang to his feet and joined the bunch singing heartily. In about five minutes a complete transformation had taken place in the whole crowd and everybody was singing with a real zest. It was the rollicking peppy camp songs that "did the trick." Music has helped the psychopaths. One of the psychopathic wards at Fort Benjamin Harrison had been noisy at night. The Red Cross Field Director supplied a banjo for an especially restless and sleepless colored patient. All day he strummed and crooned to it. It was necessary to take it away from him in order to get him to eat or to go to bed. But he slept that night and the ward was quiet.

Music and morale go together but dramatics and 'Stunt Nights' are also important. In the hospital at Camp Sherman a leading part in a play produced by the Red Cross dramatic director was played by a patient in a wheelchair. At this same camp such plays as 'The Zone Police' by Richard Harding Davis, 'Food' by de Mille, 'Cupid in Khaki' by Booth have been produced. At Camp Lewis the performers in 'Stunt Nights' became so successful that under the name of the 'Camp Lewis Players' they are now on the road professionally. Fort Riley has had a great circus with many of the acts in the sawdust arena put on by patients. The theatrical entertainment, however, has not been limited to what the men themselves could produce. The professional actors have been generous in their contribution.

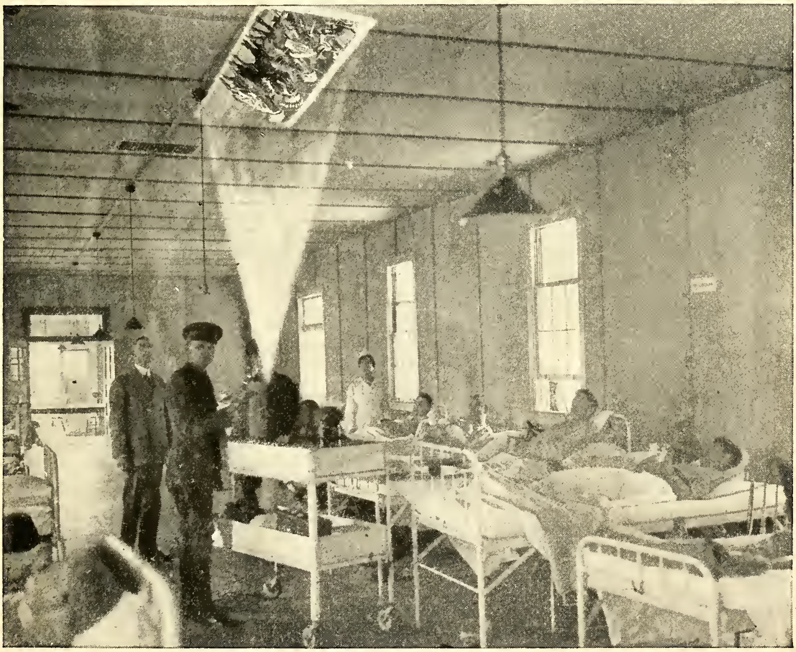
More omnipresent than anything else have been the moving pictures. Movies in the houses of all welfare organizations in the hospital zones, movies in the wards, even movies on the ceilings for bed patients. There has been an endless variety of entertainment. There has not been a 'dark night' in the Red Cross auditorium in the hospital at Camp Stewart in five months.

Perhaps the greatest single service to the Recreation Program of the Surgeon General's Office and the Red Cross has been rendered by the American Library Association. They have provided libraries in every Red Cross convalescent house and with their trained librarians have made reading not only possible but attractive to every patient and corps man, aides, nurses, and officers.

The program of recreation was worked out jointly by the Surgeon General's Office and the Department of Military Relief of the Red Cross and has been carried on in Reconstruction Hospitals under the supervision of the Chief of the Educational Service. The Red Cross, the K. of C., the 'Y', and the J.W.B. have contributed generously and have assisted in making this endeavor a success.

It is an expression of the desire of the American people to provide everything that is practicable in the way of reconstructive recreation for our sick and wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines—our own men who for their Country stood ready to give if necessary their last full measure of devotion.

* * *



MOTION PICTURES THROWN ON THE CEILING FOR PATIENTS

CARRY ON

Editorial Board

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Editoral Office in Division of Physical Reconstruction, Surgeon General's Office, Washington, D. C.

Publication Office, 311 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Editorials

The Last Issue

This number will be the last issue of Carry On—at least the last issue under its present editorial staff. Colonel Billings and Lieutenant Vaughn have already received their honorable discharges. The editor expects to be back in 'mufti' by the time this number appears.

Competent medical officers with long years of service have been selected by the Surgeon General to continue to direct the work of reconstruction of the disabled soldiers. Many of the officers and enlisted men, nurses and aides who have been conducting the work in the hospitals will remain in that service until the promise of the War Department to the disabled soldiers is fulfilled, namely, maximum restoration for all. But it is questionable whether the reduced force will be able to continue the publication of Carry On.

That this magazine has fulfilled a great mission is testified to by the thousands of letters which have been received from the disabled soldiers, from their friends and relatives, and from many disabled civilians. Just today a letter came from a man saying: "Five years ago I lost both legs. I thought I was done for for good! I haven't made much effort until lately. Your little magazine has been a great help to me and I am beginning to make progress."

General Munson, Chief of the Morale Division of the General Staff recently said that Carry On had helped the folks at home to help the disabled soldiers to get well, that it had become a great morale agency among our people.

We feel that it has not only been of some benefit to the soldiers but it has helped to awaken the people of the country to our neglectful attitude toward the hundreds of thousands of disabled men and women constantly in our midst. Today great national organizations, both medical and lay, several state legislatures and the Federal Government are carefully considering this problem—the best means of preventing disabilities and, when they do occur, the best methods of rehabilitating the disabled. This problem among the soldiers has caused us to see the light.

Every one of the millions who have contributed to the American Red Cross have helped to make possible the publication of this magazine. You have had a definite part in its accomplishments. Has it completed its mission?

Even though this is the last issue of Carry On as a Surgeon General's publication surely that powerful agency of the people, the American Red Cross, will devise some means of continuing this propaganda—the reclamation of disabled men, lest we forget.

The greatest force for morale is appreciation —deep, genuine appreciation. To be effective, however, it must take a substantial form.

* * * *

To the Editor:

I have been intensely proud of my position as a member of the Advisory Board of Carry On. It has in some way brought me into a certain intimate contact in a spiritual way with every wounded soldier who has come within my view. With two sons in the service at the time of the armistice I have always felt that every boy in uniform belonged to me, and whenever a regiment has passed by me all the men in the entire command have personalized themselves as sons of mine. The men who have suffered from wounds in battle have won for themselves and their families an imperishable renown, and it gives me a new sense of pride and exaltation when I see these wounded men with their unconquerable spirits rising above physical wounds and making themselves still, each for himself, the master of his own fate. The country is going to hold these men always in its heart of hearts as among its most precious possessions, and the feeling of reciprocal love between the nation and its wounded heroes will increase in proportion just as these men make themselves useful and inspiring as leaders, each in his own walk of life.

Samuel Harden Church
President, Carnegie Institute
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Promise

The American Red Cross is spoken of as the Greatest Mother to the American Soldier and Sailor. No prouder mother ever lived than she when contemplating the spirit of service, the unselfishness, the manhood, and the prowess of her millions of sons.

And after we had been in the war awhile and our soldiers began to be disabled by sickness and disease and then later they began to return with the frightful disabilities of war wounds this mother's heart was filled with sadness and she yearned to shower pity upon these disabled soldiers. But the stoicism, the cheerfulness of most of the sufferers, the grit and determination to make good once more in spite of the handicaps, revealed a new side to the character of the American soldier and the grief of our people was turned to pride and joy. They realized that these disabled men were not down and out, were not seeking a soft berth and charity in the form of being kept for the rest of their lives by the Government, but were only asking a chance to be physically restored as far as possible and retrained for new work whenever that was necessary.

Over there the Red Cross was your friend. It was the friend of the soldiers over here. And it was the friend, helper, and comforter of the soldiers' families while they were away from home. Today and for years to come the American Red Cross stands ready to be your friend and counsellor. You men who are fighting to overcome the handicaps the result of the war will find in every community a Red Cross committee anxious to be of service to you in any way.

This message is a promise—a promise from that mother of all soldiers—the American Red Cross. She is proud of you, of your spunk and determination to do it yourself, but if you ever need her she is waiting with open arms to give you the aid, the incentive, the comfort that you crave.

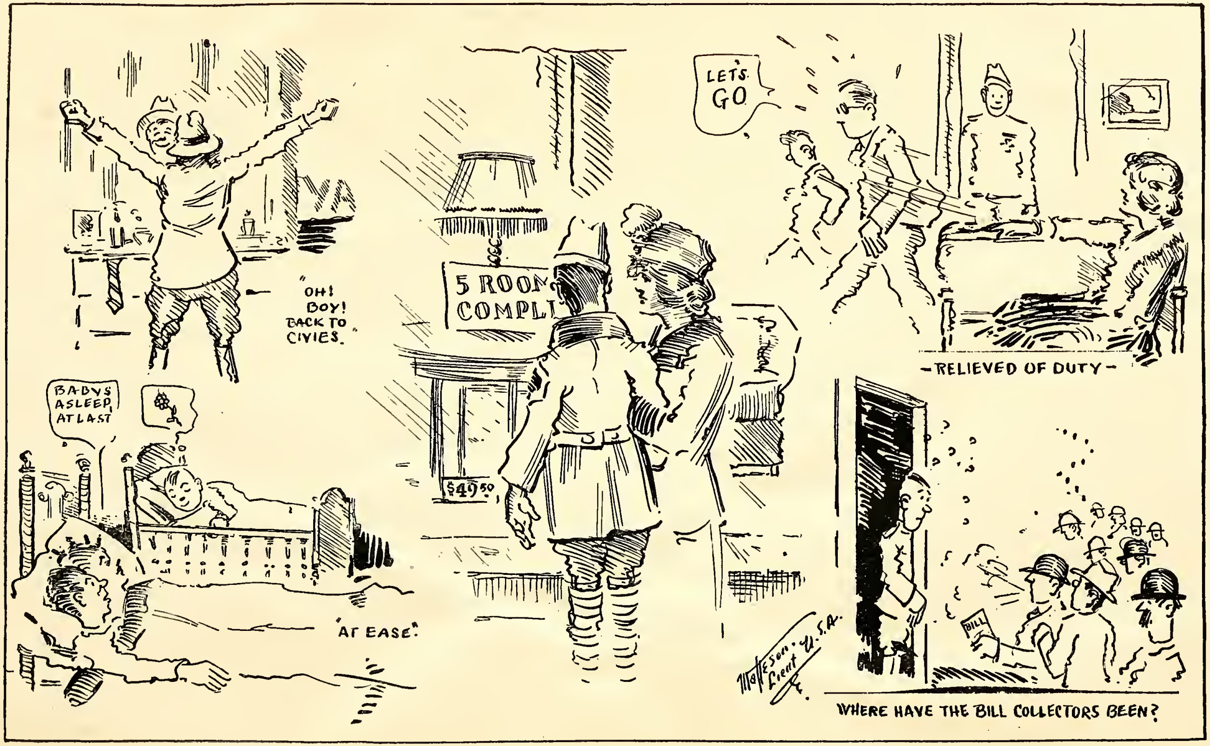
Hospital Newspapers

Besides Carry On, there are forty-two hospital newspapers published under the direction of the Surgeon General. In some hospitals the patients themselves publish these papers while in others expert newspaper men supervise the publication.

With the decreasing number of patients many of the hospitals are being abandoned with the result that several newspapers are now publishing their farewell issues. There is something pathetic in the passing of these little newspapers which have furnished both amusement and comfort not only to the patients but to their friends at home as well. Their editors may lay down their pens with a sense of duty well done.

The *Come-Back* at Walter Reed hospital is now the largest hospital newspaper being published. Much of its material is syndicated not only for the other hospital papers but for many of the leading dailies in the country. This weekly is rapidly becoming the connecting link between the soldiers, the patients, and their families. The Army Pictorial Supplement of the *Come-Back*, published once a month is the newest innovation. This paper has become a permanent institution of the army.

The farewell message of the editors of Carry On and the other newspapers is "Good luck, Come-Back."


"OH! BOY! BACK TO CIVIES."
BABYS ASLEEP AT LAST
"AT EASE."
5 ROOM COMPL
$49.50
LET'S GO
BILL
Matteson. Lieut. U.S.A.

—RELIEVED OF DUTY—

WHERE HAVE THE BILL COLLECTORS BEEN?

Twice A Deserter

This soldier won three decorations for bravery in Belgium

As the boys return home, there come to light many unique stories—some tragic, some humorous, but all throbbing with the spirit of conflict and with the inimitable courage with which the American soldier met every crisis.

For variety and unusualness of experience, the case of 1st Cl. Pvt. Albert Claessens, as reported in *Trench and Camp*, seems to be about as striking as any that have come to public notice.

Claessens, a Belgian by birth, was in the Nineteenth Regular Infantry, U. S. A., in 1914, with which command he served on the Border in the Mexican trouble. He deserted in order to join the Belgian Army and fought from December, 1914, to August, 1917, with the Fourth Lancers.

For cutting the enemy's forward telephone communication at Ypres on August 7, 1915, after four volunteers had been killed one after another, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre. He was hit twice in the leg while working under machine-gun fire.

For rescuing a lieutenant and three men who had been cut off by water while establishing a forward post on the Yser in July, 1916, he was awarded the Belgian War Cross. He pushed four logs and carried a coil of rope through No Man's Land up to his neck in water to the marooned outpost and then towed the men safely back while being bombed by trench mortars.

For holding a bridge over the Yser with six other men against three or four companies of Germans at Dixmude from 7 o'clock one morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon without relief and cut off by shell fire, Claessens was again given the Belgian Military Medal.

For a while, life was less eventful for Claessens. He merely put in seven months as a sharpshooter; saw his bunkie's head half torn off by a dumdum bullet in an outpost; was wounded by shrapnel in the thigh; was stabbed by a bayonet while repulsing a raid on the parapet of the trench, cleaving his opponent's head in twain with a single downward sweep of his heavy sabre.

Meanwhile his two sisters had been killed in an air raid on Antwerp; his aged father and mother were refugees in England; his three brothers had been killed in battle, the last one, Alphonse, having first won seven decorations for himself.

His organization, the Fourth Lancers, had been cited six times and had received a regimental decoration. Yet the strangest feat in its history was yet to come. In July or August, 1917, the lancers were resting on the seacoast at Craveline, between Dunkirk and Calais, when a guard saw something out on the beach beneath the fog. The major was called and ordered 'To Horse' sounded, because he recognized the object as a stranded submarine.

Saddles awash in the surf, the troop galloped out toward the submarine, firing at it with carbines. A sailor appeared and waved a white flag. So the major and another officer went out in a fishing boat and brought back the entire crew of thirty-two men, although some of them treacherously jumped overboard and one tried to kill his captor with a revolver.

Before leaving the submarine, the commander had set a time bomb and the submersible soon caught fire. Eight mines exploded and tore the vessel apart. The crew, under guard, were later set to work bringing in the wreckage and the officers were forced to help.

The submarine was found to be the U-39, a mine-layer, making its maiden trip from Zeebrugge.

By that time Claessens felt impelled to return to the country of his adoption, since the United States was then taking an active part in the war. He applied twice for his release so that he could join an American unit, but finally he stowed away on a ship sailing to Savannah. He gave himself up to the authorities as a deserter, was summoned before a court-martial but not punished, and assigned to the Sixty-first Coast Artillery. He spent seven months in France with that organization, but it saw no active fighting, so Claessens spent his time uneventfully as cook in the colonel's mess. Later he was transferred to the supply company.

He pictured the horrors of warfare in devastated Belgium most vividly. When the country was flooded, troops could move only on the roads and since the roads were known to the enemy, they were subjected to constant shell-fire.

"Going up to the line," he said, "we'd often dodge from tree-stump to tree-stump along the edge of the road, past scores of horribly wounded men screaming in agony. It was a nightmare.

"There were no trenches. We carried sandbags, and, lying in shell-holes, filled them and built a parapet in front of us. The Germans used concrete pillboxes which were difficult to take; I saw 114 men killed in one night destroying two pillboxes. It was necessary to dynamite them in the face of machine-gun fire.

"Wherever there was action, there King Albert was sure to be. His pockets were always full of chocolate and cigarettes. He was known to have carried wounded men on his back. He was a soldier among soldiers and he is king among kings."

Down, But Not Out

By Robert S. Brookings

President, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

A MAN may be down but is never out" applies especially to those heroic men who have had the courage to face death and come back to us maimed for life.

The courage that faces death knows no physical handicap and the loss of an arm or leg, or both, seems to have stimulated rather than discouraged our doughboys and as they go through life cheerfully carrying on who can estimate the far-reaching influence of their example. They require no other decoration as evidence of distinguished service and the nation's never ceasing gratitude must be their partial reward.

A HOME RUN

They Shall Not Pass

Hushed is the cannon's roar, the war is past,
The foe has bowed his gory head in death.
At fearful cost the world has been made fit
To be a dwelling place for freeborn men.
I with my comrades gave the best I had
Nor ceased till carried bleeding from the field,
Broken in body now this task is mine
To marshal all the forces left to me
That I may make a place for me and mine
In this new world which I have helped to make.

And now behold, I face another battle
Fiercer than any fought in bloody France,
Foes in the guise of friends are ranged against me
With weapons deadlier than the German sword;
They ply me not with shrapnel but with drink
And with the gas of fulsome flattery,
Laurels are piled upon my brow until
I cannot see the goal I'm aiming at,
And siren songs with soft caressing words
Are used to lull my soul in slothful sleep.

They shall not pass the barrier of my pride
Nor grind to dust my manhood's citadel,
My soul is mine, and it is all I have
And by the sacred mem'ry of the dead
I must and will possess my soul in honor
Nor suffer it to match my broken body.
I will have none of maudlin tears and pity,
The sacrifice I made was freely made,
And with the mem'ry fresh of those who sleep
On Flanders field, I spurn cheap adulation.

Give me of your wise counsel, help me learn
Some useful work, then give me work to do,
And when I stand once more a man 'mong men
Earning my daily bread with brain or brawn
And asking neither charity nor pity,
Then will I clasp your hand of approbation
And smile a proud reply to your "Well done."

By J. W. Jorgensen

BEWARE OF THE ONE-ARMED SOLDIER

The Soldiers Who Remained Here

By Major Joseph Bondy

They placed us in some stinking hole
In heat and cold and damp
The lives we lived might try the soul
But we built the training camp!

We builded camps where men were made
We builded bridge and town
We moiled with plow and hook and spade
Forgotten and unknown!

THINKING man will never cease to wonder at the miracle of a seed. Lifeless and inane, it means nothing by itself; but when the earth envelops it, and the dew and the sun and rain work their will upon it, it becomes a thing of life as the miracle unfolds.

It sends its tiny roots into the soil, and a tiny stem towards the sun; but the stem enlarges only as the root enlarges, only as the root gathers its substance from the soil, and builds first the stem, then the leaves, and then the flower. But there would be no flower without the stem; there would be no stem without the root, that hidden away, delves and nourishes, and in fulfilling the destiny of the seed wrought the miracle of a growing plant, from which comes the perfect flower!

Thinking man knows now that our boys went across the water to fight; but they must not forget the men who went into the swamps, the forests, and the wilderness, to build the training camp, the debarkation place, the cantonments, the barracks, storehouses, and thousands of buildings to start the boys on their way and keep them in trim for victory. Nothing that was done across the water could or would have been done without the construction and preparation work here. The fighting army, which was the flower of our endeavor, grew upon the stem and was nourished by the root of our toil and our privation; and among those who toiled, who ran the root into the soil, that sustenance, cheer, food, health, and power might be given to the boys across the sea, the divisions remaining on this side toiling day and night did their mighty part.

Those who went across the sea, the flower of the Youth of the World—we honor them; but those who delved and moiled, in cold and heat, in rain and dust, in sand and mud; who because they were ordered to remain at home, (by the same power that ordered the fighting army abroad), remained and did their full duty as the root and stem; who, obscure, unseen, and unknown, nourished the flower and made victory possible; let it not be forgotten that they too played their part in winning this victory; and whatever betide, what they did here contributed to the victory that was won across the sea!

Army Relief Society

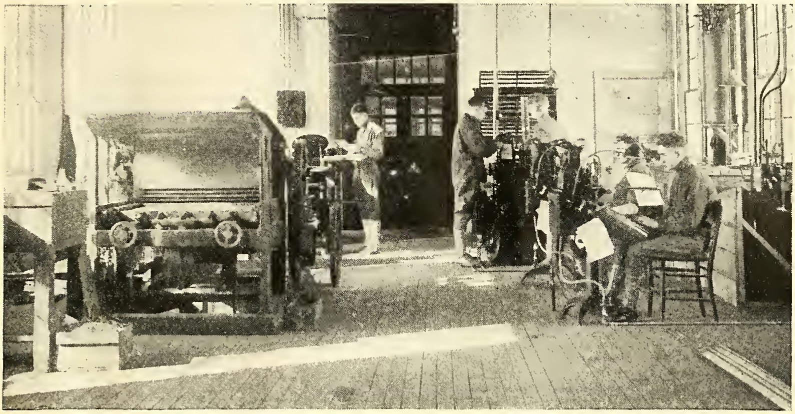
The attention of the regular army is called to this society which is anxious to have its services availed of wherever they can be of assistance.

The aims of this organization are:

To provide relief for the widows and orphans of officers and enlisted men of the regular army.

To supervise and procure educational opportunities for such orphan children.

Applications for aid, advice, or information may be addressed to the president, Mrs. Henry L. Stimson, 275 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



HOME OF THE "TROUBLE BUSTER"

Reconstruction at Fort McHenry

By Major Wilson H. Henderson, S. C., U. S. A.

ABOUT the middle of February, 1918, the first reconstruction work with overseas patients to be done in this country began at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2, located at Fort McHenry, Md. At that time there were no special buildings or any equipment for this work. A beginning was made with a few typewriters, a few telegraph instruments, and some woodworking tools, which were loaned for the purpose. Since that time this work has developed until there are now four buildings devoted entirely to this purpose.

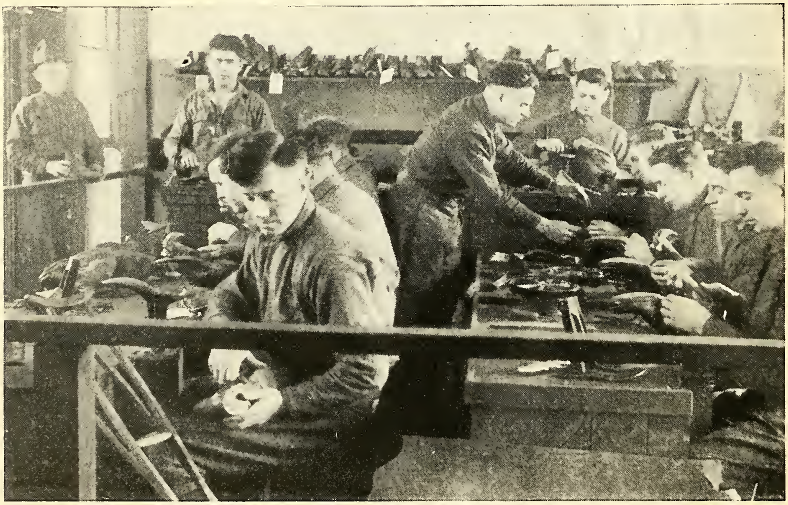
The school buildings are equipped to give instruction in the usual academic branches, mathematics, preparation for civil service examinations, shorthand, typewriting, etc. There is also equipment for architectural and mechanical drafting; jewelry and watch-making; mechanical dentistry; commercial art, cartooning, and sign writing; telegraphy, both wireless and Morse; dictaphone operation; tailoring and the cleaning and pressing of clothes and hats; agriculture, including greenhouse operation and home gardening; public speaking and salesmanship; shoe-making and repair; carpentry, cabinet-making; printing, including press work, hand composition, and linotype and monotype operation; electric house wiring, armature winding, and motor and dynamo operation; the theory and practice of the gas engine; automobile repair, construction and operation; oxy-acetylene welding; barbering; and house exterior and interior painting.

A corps of instructors is constantly working in the wards. They will begin in the bedside instruction in the theory of the gas engine; initiate the study of electricity through simple electrical appliances which can be operated at the bed; begin a course in mechanical drafting by doing the drawing while in bed; interest the patient in cartooning, in bed; or begin the study of telegraphy. The telegraph school is connected by wire with all the wards, and patients confined to their beds can converse by wire with patients in any other ward, as soon as they learn the alphabet.

When the patient is able to leave his bed and ward, he then goes to shop or school and continues the instruction already begun, and if he is discharged and is to enter instruction under the Federal Board for Vocational Education he has made a considerable start on his career of re-education.

In so far as possible, the work done in the shops is for the hospital. The educational print shop issues each week 3,000 copies of the *Trouble Buster*, which is edited, printed, and published by and for the patients and enlisted men. In addition, this shop has printed over one million blanks and forms for use in the hospital. The shoe shop has repaired over 2,600 pairs of shoes. The auto shop has kept the automobiles of the hospital in repair. The Western Union Telegraph office located at the hospital, receives and sends all messages for the hospital. Some idea may be gained from this work when it is realized that in one month this office collected over $300 toll, which is in addition to the government messages received and sent. The cabinet shop has made over 250 tables, in addition to innumerable pigeon holes and cabinets needed in the construction of the hospital. The real value of this work as a curative measure and its effectiveness in accomplishing its purpose is shown by the following. For obvious reasons the names of soldiers are omitted.

One corporal from the 5th machine gun battalion returned to this hospital, after eleven months in France, having been gassed to such an extent that he could not speak above a whisper. He had been raised on a farm and, like many other farmer boys anxious to leave the country, had hung around a railroad office sufficiently to get interested in this work. While in bed he took up the study of telegraphy. Later he completed a course of instruction, was transferred to this detachment, and is now in charge of the Western Union Telegraph office on this Post. Twenty-two other men who have been instructed in



MAKING AND REPAIRING SHOES

REPAIRING THE HOSPITAL FURNITURE

this school are now employed as commercial telegraphers. Five are teaching telegraphy in other hospitals. Twenty-four men have been taught shoemaking and repairing sufficiently to make a living at it when they leave the hospital.

One young man came to the hospital from France, with a diagnosis of paraplegia—paralysis from the hips down. He was in a sad condition mentally. He said that he liked to draw. So drawing material and a teacher were provided. At first his drawings were obviously the product of an unsound mind, being mostly submarines, kaisers, etc. Gradually they lost this character and showed a rare individuality. In two months he had drawn himself back to a normal condition and was discharged.

Another mental case was very much disturbed. He could tell little concerning his former occupation or his home. One day he drew a piece of machinery so well that the ward surgeon sent the drawing to the educational office to see if any one could tell what it was. It was a crank shaft, and the instructor knew at once that this man had been a draftsman. He was sent to the drafting room where he was surrounded with drawing instruments, parts of machines, and all the paraphernalia of the drafting room. Gradually he began to remember that he had done this work before and that he had worked in a tool room in Akron, Ohio, and the association with drawings gradually brought back former habits and thoughts, and the man has been discharged cured. Each case is studied, and the work prescribed is designed to fit the needs of that particular case.

Perhaps the most surprising thing one meets in a reconstruction hospital is the impudent optimism of the men; regardless of their injuries they seem to be cheerful. Of course, many of them have a grouch, but this is only superficial, as a rule. One meeting these men and working with them day by day cannot but feel the deepest admiration for their nerve, their absolute disregard of pain and discomfort, and be proud that he has been associated with such a fine group of men as that which constitutes the American army.

THE GET-A-WAY

The Get-A-Way

By Robert E. Hewes

IT'S all in the get-a-way.

The man who gains a lead at the start of a race or who loses distance is going to be either advantaged or handicapped at the finish.

Likewise, the man who gets the earliest start in any race of life, be it business or love, has the chances in his favor.

The man who is down and out may come back and make good, but he will never get where he might have arrived had he started right.

Don't wait awhile, get started right now, and keep going.

It's all in the get-a-way.

A Message

THIS is just a little sketch of what one man, who has seven inches of what was once a good left arm, has accomplished in the short space of five years.

I lost the greater part of my left arm on June 12, 1912, at the age of thirty-four. I was working at the occupation of lineman at the time, and as that is work at which two good hands are necessary, I was cast into the depths of despair and could see nothing but a dark future ahead. I had always been healthy and very active, and my spirits rose as soon as the first shock was over, and things didn't look as bad as they might. In less than a month I was back at work, this time as inspector of electrical installations. From that I have been railroad-crossing inspector, right-of-way agent, and am now working for a big telephone company at a good salary.

I have a wife and two children. We have lots of good times, camping out and fishing, and it's quite a trick to stand in a swift running stream and hook a trout, take it off the hook, and put it in your basket with only one hand.

I always have a vegetable garden in the summer, and have no trouble taking care of it with my hand cultivator.

So, friend, don't think the world is lost if you have the misfortune to become handicapped, for you will find that with the right disposition you will have no trouble in getting along in this world. Don't let any one help you; learn to do things for yourself and you will soon find that you will get along with one hand, with few exceptions, as well as you did with two. I have found it so. Let independence be your watchword.

The Morale of a Base Hospital

By Major Frank J. Sladen, M. C., U. S. A.

Camp Sherman, Ohio

MORALE is now a recognized implement of warfare. Conspicuous through the ages, good morale has at last in the twentieth century forced its way into army organization to the extent that a branch of the General Staff is entrusted with its interests and activities. It has come to stay, we are told. We should hope so, is our answer.

When the switch in thought is made to a base hospital, one can see the problems of the individual patient in morale are multiplied many times. Five separate communities are here involved, the patients, the nurses, the enlisted men, the doctors, and the patients' families and friends. All of them contribute to the morale of the base hospital. All of them are so interrelated and dependent upon one another that the total effect on analysis must needs be a morale no higher than the lowest of the five.

I am reminded of the kind-hearted lady with the doughnuts as an example of how completely the morale of one of these is the morale of the five. She came with others in the days when overseas boys were fewer. One could imagine her thoughts of the boys who were returning as patients after creating a debt which she felt personally and yearned to repay. Her friends shared her thoughts and so she came laden with good home sweets. This particular leader carried a large, open basket of fresh homemade doughnuts, the fragrance of which well advertised her wares in advance. As she entered one of the wards, she chanced upon Bowles.

Now Bowles is a sergeant first class in the medical detachment. He entered the service to fight the Germans. He didn't choose the base hospital. It was forced upon him. In two years he has learned to mop floors, peel potatoes, and carry ice. He can attend a patient in need like a skillful male nurse. He knows how to write a patient's history and can carry out the administrative work of a ward better than most ward surgeons.

He is still in the service, at this time, when he feels it is all over and there is no further chance of getting across. He never gave up hope until it was blasted by that bloomin' armistice. But he is game and is now giving the best in him to the convalescent buddies by instructing in the educational department in the science and art of salesmanship. This was his line in Cincinnati before the war. He is a fine chap but peculiarly sensitive and very much at outs with the fate which allowed his younger brother to get over, get wounded, and get back into the opportunities of a life time in education. Whereas, he, entering service at the same time and with the very identical purpose—they talked it over, walked down town, and enlisted together—he says he must go home and answer the query, "Well, Bowles, where in the world have you been? What did you do to win the war, like your brother?" He is going to answer, "I was down at Camp Sherman in the Base. I was the orderly who swept out the nurses' quarters, in the great war."

Now, you know my two characters well enough to understand the scene in the ward hall-way. The lady picked out an especially tempting doughnut and thrust it toward Bowles with, "Are you an overseas boy?" When the reply came, "No, Ma'am!" the doughnut was quickly returned to the basket and borne elsewhere.

Bowles said he didn't care—but he did. So did the nurses and the doctor and the other detachment men on the ward—and on the other wards. The story went through three of the hospital communities as fast almost as scandal travels. These three happen to be the groups making big sacrifices to enable the Government to give the best professional skill and care to our wounded boys. The lady belongs to the fifth group, those outside the hospital interested in the patients as families or friends.

It had been better actually and practically to have given those doughnuts one by one to everyone in the hospital personnel and not a single one to a patient—to carry out our kind-hearted lady's desire to do something for the patients. Aside from the fact that the well and strong can digest doughnuts better than the sick, everyone must see that the wounded lad in the base hospital will receive that type of care which reflects the morale of those caring for him. Discourage, depress, dissatisfy the doctors, nurses, or orderlies—not consciously but none the less actually—they cannot and will not be of the same full measure. Encourage, stimulate, reward those caring for the sick and there is a happier ward, a more comfortable bed, a more attractive tray, and a more refreshing night's sleep for every patient on the ward. The incident is true and serves to bring out the complexity of the hospital state of mind, or attitude, or morale.

The morale officer of the base hospital coordinates the influences in these five but delegates to others in the individual groups the responsibilities of detailed activities. A morale board must operate, not an officer. Measures affecting morale, at this time when overseas patients are returning and the "war is over," so to speak, must needs be physically and psychically recreational first of all. The healthy body through competitive exercise and games, in the fresh air, each day, if possible, will beget a healthier mind and attitude towards finishing up this job of caring for the sick and wounded. Patients from France had only begun to reach this interior hospital when the armistice was signed and a natural morale influence was destroyed, namely, the hope of getting over. Consideration of personal comforts, stimulation of confidence in fair handling of claims for discharge, a full measure of credit for the sacrifices which are seemingly being made without due material or spiritual return, a comradeship of united purpose and similar difficulties, these second in importance the influences gained from physical betterment.

Directly the morale of the patients is a matter of personal relation with the ward surgeon and the charge nurse. The first stimulates the boy's confidence that his case is in good hands; the second provides that feminine interest and sympathy which he relishes. Some nurses more than others can give an air of real comfort and coziness to a ward ordinarily cold in its plainness. When she tells you to "come at lunch time and take a look at our trays all set up for serving if you want to see something," then you can know you have found a fountain head of patients' morale.

With overseas patients, a pass home as early as consistent with his physical ability to travel is the biggest booster for his morale. It is a difficult decision in many instances. By regulations medical officers who sign are held responsible for the wisdom of having allowed him to go.

The educational department does worlds for the thirty to forty per cent. available for its opportunities. It and the gymnasium and the department of physiotherapy are centers for morale influences among patients. Above all they stimulate in the men the sense of accomplishment by their own effort as well as by those caring for them.

Recreational measures abound. It is common any time of day to find convalescents of limited activity playing croquet on the lawns between wards, occasionally robed in dressing gowns. One cannot overlook the Red Cross House, always crowded.

It must be emphasized that most of the patients are transients and as a rule do not present the problems in morale of the permanent staff. The exception is that smaller group who must remain for weeks of care and persistent professional effort. No influence for these less fortunates is so strong as that which flows from their homes and loved ones.

No special endeavor was necessary with the detachment men before the armistice was signed, because of the constant changes in the units repeatedly forming and leaving from their midst. Since then, however, the medical detachment above all others has deserved attention. The doctors and nurses at least are continuing to follow their civil professions. But these boys are not. Most of them were never in a hospital before the war. And now they find it difficult to understand at times why they are held when everyone else is being demobilized. The lady with the doughnuts does not help their personal happiness and contentment.

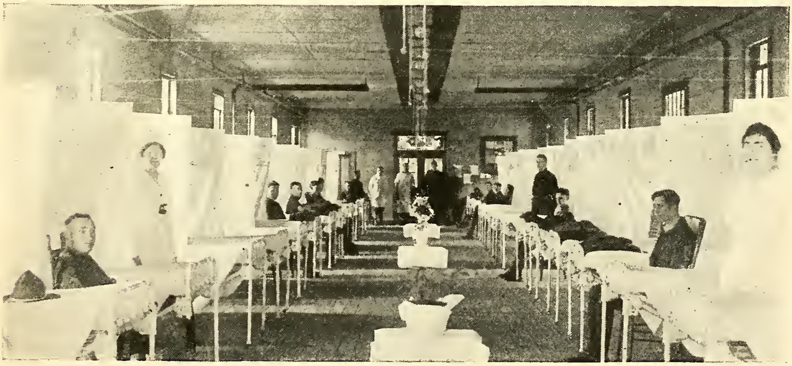
One splendid undertaking is the opening of a night school in the quarters of the educational department. This has served to prepare many men for their step back into the civil world even better equipped.

Baseball and foot-ball teams do their part but the hospital hours are overlapping and recreational opportunities for many at any one time are hard to arrange.

The Glee Club started in the minds of the detachment men and has become famous even outside the camp.

The club rooms in the detachment have done the most for the most men. An entire barracks has been equipped with games and comforts, the walls are stained and windows curtained. Its attractiveness fills the off hours of many.

Strongest and deepest influence of all in these days, alike in nurse, doctor, and detachment is the comradeship of service. The war is not over for this group of workers until the last wounded boy is well. In our hearts is as great a fellow feeling for each other, as great a sense of understanding of common difficulties faced and overcome, as any divisional insignia expresses in the boys from France. This is especially true of those who served together in the various hospitals in the days of the influenza epidemic. Morale in the base hospitals in this country would find constant strength in the pride of organization, the *esprit de corps*, which is fostered by the coat-sleeve insignia.



COME AT LUNCH TIME AND TAKE A LOOK AT OUR TRAYS

Getting Acquainted

By Dr. Rupert Blue

Surgeon General, United States Public Health Service

To say 'farewell' to wounded and disabled heroes and their families in the last issue of Carry On is really just to say 'good-bye' to this means of reaching you, speaking with you quite often and in some small way expressing the gratitude all of us feel for your heroic sacrifice.

Fortunately, for me, it will be a long time before I have to say 'good-bye' to boys I have grown to love. Congress has designated the United States Public Health Service to look after the wounded, disabled, discharged soldiers, sailors, marines, and nurses in cooperation with the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

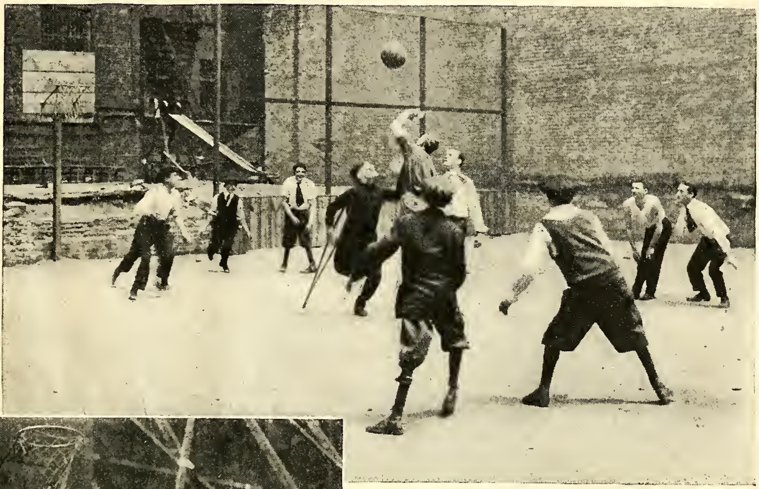
Instead of bidding 'adieu' we are really just beginning to get properly acquainted and I wish to say that the Public Health Service will do everything which a grateful nation could wish to keep the boys happy and put them back on their feet as quickly as is consistent with efficiency.

They Couldn't Down Him

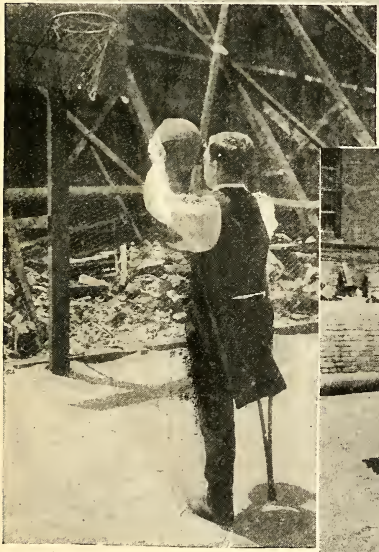
By J. E. Harding

When I was seventeen years of age, I met with an accident and lost my right leg eight inches from the hip. Since then I have had several accidents some of which have laid me up from six weeks to six months. About five months after my leg was amputated I went to work for the Western Union Telegraph Company in Indiana, where I worked for about seven months. Then I went to work for a rubber factory, for which concern I worked about one and one-half years. Then I went to work for a livery company where I worked seven years. While driving for this company I was thrown off a Victoria and broke my shoulder-blade and collar-bone. I was in the hospital for about six weeks. I then returned to work for this company for some time. Next place I worked was in a shear factory where I worked one and one-half years. I came north and went to work in the lumber camps, where I was kicked by a horse and received a severe abdominal injury, which necessitated two operations, which laid me up for six months. I have been at my present occupation for about three years. I am a chauffeur and drive from fifty to two hundred and fifty miles a day. In spite of my trouble I have always been happy. I am married and have three children—four, seven, and ten respectively. I have managed to support them well and am practically out of debt.

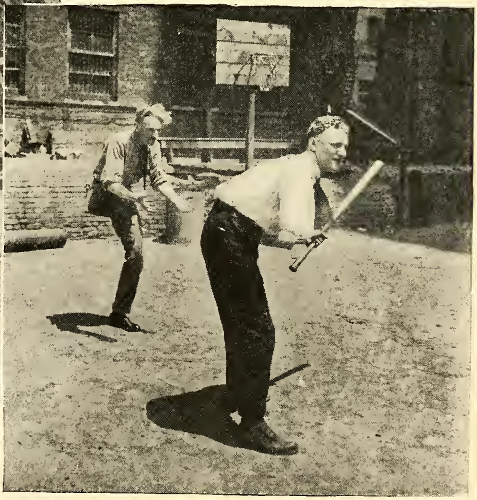
Cripples Hold Their Own Athletic Meet



The Red Cross Institute Club Holds Daily Basket-ball Practice



Trying for a Goal. The Club's President is a Good Athlete



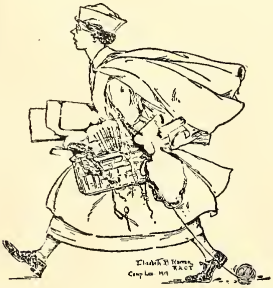
'Stork' Mulliken Catching and a One-armed Batter Waiting for a Good One

News and Exchanges

Doing His Bit

A big darky was being registered. "Ah can't go to wah," he answered in re exemption, "foh they ain't nobody to look afteh ma wife."

A dapper little undersized colored brother stepped briskly up and inquired, "What kind of a lookin' lady is yoh wife?"



The bluebirds who've come to Camp Lee
To give it a taste of O. T.
(If in doubt, see above),
Have fallen in love,
Now who do you think it can be?

Have they dared on a private to smile?
Or the S. G. O.'s temper to rile?
Oh no, for you see,
It's been whispered to me,
Heart and soul they love work, all the while.

The Easiest Way

An American soldier brought in a Hun prisoner recently and found the fellow had a pocket full of French money. The dough-boy looked at the money, the picture of fine restaurants in Paris loomed before him, and then, tapping the Hun on the shoulder, he said:

"Kamerad, kannst du craps schutzen?"

From The Trouble Buster

Easy Money

A discharged soldier with his young wife recently went on a shopping tour in Washington. Ex-soldier, very tired and not having much interest in walking the aisles of a department store, sat himself down in the lobby and promised his wife to stay there until her return. Soon he was fast asleep. In a reclining position, with his hat in his hand, he was enjoying a quiet nap. When his wife returned she was shockingly surprised to see a dollar and a half in her husband's hat.

* * * *

Extract from a soldier letter, repeated by a censor who had a sense of humor:

Somewhere in France.

Dear Ma: I have saved a little money, and when I get back home I'm goin' to buy me two mules, and name one of 'em Corporal and the other one Sergeant; then I'm goin' to lick hell out o' both of 'em!

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